



Margaret E. Sangster.

Home Life Made Beautiful

IN STORY, SONG, SKETCH AND PICTURE.



Out of the infinite
Sea of bliss,
The great All-Father
Has sent me this
Drop of the ocean
Of life divine;
Joy of my being,
Baby mine.

Never was gift
So fair to see,
Angels of heaven
Might envy me.
Thrills my soul with
The wonder and bliss
That the great All-Father
Hath sent me this.



Once in the home
There were only two,
Three are complete,
And heaven breaks through,
Flooding with glory
The fair home nest,
Where Father and Mother
And Babe are blest.

This is *my* Baby I
Sweet as a rose,
Sweet as the bud
That must yet unciose.
Out of the Infinite
Come to be mine I
bless Thee and praise Thee,
Father Divine.



WRITTEN, EDITED AND COMPILED BY

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"On the Road Home," "Little Knights and Ladies," "With My Neighbors," "Poems of the Household," "Home Fairies and Heart Flowers," "Hours with Girls," "May Stanhope," etc., etc.

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DEDICATION.

Years and years ago, when I had never written a line for publication, and told my stories only to please those who climbed into my lap and clamored to hear twice-told tales again, there was a quaint little maiden whose face always grew bright at my coming. She is now a matron, a mother, a mistress of the manse, the beloved of her husband's congregation and herself the successful writer of stories. She is still to me, my little Lucy, one of the dearest of my friends, and I fancy how surprised she will be when this book, finding its way to that Southern city among the hills where her home is set, shall be opened in the happy hour after supper with the household group looking on.

To Lucy Randolph Fleming I dedicate this volume with the love of all my life.

Margaret E. Sangster.

BROOKLYN, November 3, 1896.



PREFACE.

IN the old days a preface was usually addressed to the Gentle Reader. Perhaps this was because at one time a prejudice was attached to learning as unfit for men at arms, for the soldier and the knight who had to carry on the world's warfare and work. At all events the reader was supposed to be a person of peace, gentle, kindly, lovable, as women are imagined to be, and as men living in the quiet atmosphere of books can hardly help being.

But this has been changed in the progress of history, the Gentle Reader is no longer of one sex or of one occupation. We find the Gentle Reader everywhere, and to him and to her I address this volume on the art of upbuilding and of keeping fair and sweet the pleasant home. For a pleasant home is a necessity to us, and let it be ever so plain or ever so elegant, it is not home unless it ministers to what is best in our nature and gives scope to our energies, a reason for our ambitions, a place for our children to grow in, and a haven for us from the storm and the tempest.

I do not care Gentle Reader mine, whether you dwell on a farm or in a crowded city, whether your home is by the great ocean or beside a brook, whether you have a long bank account

or a pittance, whether you have lived many years or are young and have life before you. Home matters more to you than does any other thing on earth." You need a book like this to give you glimpses of what the household may be, how heavenly, how divine; you want this book for a gift to your son or your daughter or your intimate friend, and I offer it to you, therefore, with the confidence that in its pages you will find just what you are looking for, and that you and I shall henceforth walk together in a goodly fellowship and in happy converse.

So, "Home Life Made Beautiful" starts on its blessed errand through the world.

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CHRISTMAS—"THERE'S A SONG IN THE AIR."

HOME LIFE MADE BEAUTIFUL.

Home life and Heart life.

The New Home.



TENDER and sacred interest attaches itself to our thought of the new home, by which we mean the home first set up by a newly married husband and wife. It may be, in its way, of the order of a tent, simply a room or two in a boarding-house, or, better, because containing more true homeliness, a modest apartment on an obscure street. But be it what or where it may, this new home is a starting point for influences and events which shall reach forward to eternity.

Whenever possible, the home should begin in housekeeping, the young married people assuming at once the state and the responsibilities of householders. In these days the wife has acquired some skill in domestic economy in her girlhood; it is the fashion for girls to be trained in the frugalities and made competent to the good management of the house, and skillful cooks not a few may be found among our college women. I have always held, however, that there is nothing so mysterious or so difficult about housekeeping that it need alarm the most inexperienced novice. Any moderately intelligent young woman ought to grasp the principles of housekeeping and put them into creditable practice in six weeks, especially if she have as a motive the pleasure and profit of the man she loves best out of the whole world. Once it may have been a more formidable task to keep house notably to the comfort and well-being of a family, but applied science and wonderful modern conveniences have smoothed the path for the feet of the bride, and she cannot, unless in a new country, encounter many obstacles to success.

To the new home let wife and husband bring entire confidence on the subject of finance. How much can we afford to spend? or, How little must we get along upon? are pertinent questions. It is cowardly to shirk the responsibilities of home-making because the exchequer is limited. Granted that one has a settled sum per week or month, however small, common sense and simple arithmetic will indicate how to apportion it. Rent, fuel, food, furnishing, these cost money, but

rent is foundational, and that, or whatever stands for it, must show the style in which the young people may live.

So far as the outside world is concerned, it will care very little whether the new home is a brown-stone front on an avenue or a flat over a shop. Our friends, if they are worthy the name, care for ourselves, not for our environment, and less than we sometimes think are any beyond our immediate kindred concerned about our external abode. I have seen the most brilliant throng in a brilliant circle of exclusive society people gathered in the tiny rooms of a bit of a house in a bit of an obscure court in the most unfashionable quarter of New York, but the young people whose home this was were of that fit and favored few at whose table a crust has the flavor of ambrosia. Build the new home on the self-respecting cornerstone of freedom not only from debt, but from worry lest debt should be incurred. Build it next on a strong and broad and deep anchorage in this stormy world,



A COUNTRY HOME.

that of perfect love and changeless trust. Nothing but love will endure the stress and strain, the wear and tear of living. Love, true love, must pulsate in the atmosphere of the new home. In the very beginning let the altar of the Lord be set up, and in no circumstances suffer it to be neglected. A blessing asked at the table, family prayer, the habit of church-going, the habit of Sabbath-keeping—these go far to insure the lasting happiness of those who have entered into relations which are not for a day, nor for a year, but for all time. The new home will have its occasional flurries, for two people brought up under different family influences cannot settle at once into complete harmony. But the little breezes will blow away and the sun come out the brighter, if there be love, conscience and mutual respect on the part of the married pair.



Going to Grandpa's



Grandpa's Table



Thanksgiving Dinner

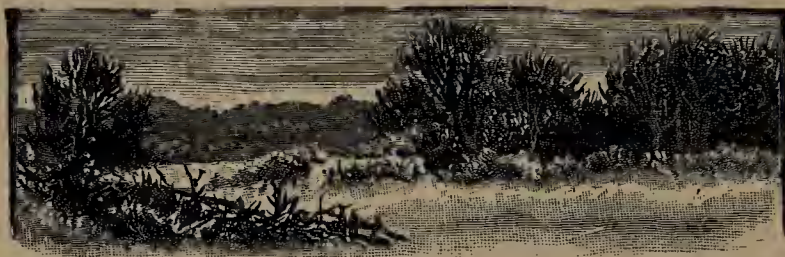


Blind Man's Buff



London Bridge

It is customary to speak of the wife as *the* home-maker, but this is only a partial truth. Husbands have as much to do with the happiness of home life as wives have. It is as certainly a husband's duty as it is that of a wife to be a cheery, bright-spirited comrade on the road, and an agreeable inmate of the household. If a man thinks otherwise, it shows him to have been badly brought up and deficient in observation. Neither party *alone* is the home-maker. The sweet privilege of home-building belongs to both.



A LEVEL LAND.

When to Marry.

There are sacrifices enough in this world, sacrifices which must be made and which, involve what suffering they may, yet bring in their sweet following "afterward," a recompense of reward. But, also, there are sacrifices—some larger, some smaller—which women offer up on various altars, and they amount in the end only to heartache and disappointment, having done nothing by way of good to anybody concerned. I sometimes think that we women need to be warned over and over against our constitutional tendency to unnecessary and uncalled for sacrifice. Not long ago I heard a case in point. It is only one of many, but as an illustration it will serve my purpose here.

Away in a Western village, on the edge of a prairie, a sweet girl lived in the home she and her mother shared with her two bachelor uncles and her grandmother. The family were well-to-do, with ample fields and well-stocked barns. Every one was in perfect health, there was no cloud of any sort on the domestic horizon, when, one bright day, the thing that happens in many young lives happened in Mary's. A young man, suitable in age, social position and Christian character, fell in love with her, courted her assiduously and received her promise to be his wife. Thus far no obstacle had intervened to prevent the two lives which had apparently grown up from childhood to complement each other from uniting and fulfilling their destiny. An unexpected one was presently raised in the opposition of the mother and one of the uncles to the wedding, an opposition as unreasonable as it was surprising.

"There is no occasion for Mary to marry for several years," said the mother. "She is well situated as she is, and her life is so easy and so sheltered that I cannot consent to her undertaking one which will probably be harder."

"She is the only young creature about the house," added Uncle Ben, "and we cannot spare her. Besides, her marriage would entail a good deal of extra expense. Luella [her mother] would have to keep hired help if Mary went away, while Mary and she get on smoothly together. The thing is not to be thought of for a long time. Of course the young people may be engaged if they choose."

Selfish as these special pleadings were, they sufficed to induce the delay of Mary's marriage to John for twelve long years. Each remained faithful to the other, but Mary's old people steadily grew older and more "set" in their ways. Mary herself lost much of her girlish charm. John gradually hardened and became cynical and morose, and the freshness and spontaneity of the early love were dissipated in the long strain of the slow and disappointing course of a foolishly protracted betrothal.

It came to pass that one day last summer John tied his horse at the gate-post and walked up the path to the side door with the step of a man who had arrived at a resolution not to be trifled with. Mary was, as usual, busy about her work. The old grandmother sat at the window knitting as she had been knitting, probably, when John's first wooing began. I don't know where the mother was nor the uncles were at the moment, but John wasted no words.

"Take me or leave me, Mary," he said. "Either step into that phaeton, drive to the minister's with me and marry me this morning, or give me up forever."

The look in his face was like the glow in a smoldering furnace. Mary hesitated.

"Mother"—she began.

"It has come to this," interrupted John, firmly, "that you must choose between your mother and your husband. It's take me or leave me—to-day."

"Mary!"

It was the grandmother who spoke; her voice quivering and high-pitched, but earnest and still sweet in its cadence.

"Mary, John has the right of it. Put your bonnet on and go with him. I never approved of this putting him off, myself, and I wish he hadn't stood it so long. It's been a sacrifice that nobody's ever appreciated, the whole of it."

And Mary went. What fullness of blessing may still be for her and for John remains to be seen, but this is evident—they have lost the first beautiful spring-time of their days, they have known the taste of hope deferred, they have done, in haste and without dignity, that which should have been worthily and appropriately done years ago. The beautiful bridal, the gradual adaptation of the two

young hearts to one another, the place of the new family in the community, were sacrificed, one and all, to maternal caprice and avuncular avarice.

Long engagements are often inevitable. On the one hand the prospective husband may have kindred dependent upon him, or an inheritance of debts which must be paid, or his way to make in the world. The future wife may not throw aside a duty to an ailing mother, or to children, younger brothers and sisters whom she must educate. Circumstances are sometimes relentless. As a rule, however, long engagements are a great mistake, and when due to the feminine disposition to indulge in needless sacrifice they are almost criminal.

Comrades on Life's Journey.

A beautiful woman, with a crown of red gold hair and lustrous eyes, a woman of wonderful charm of manner and grace of movement, she seemed the ideal wife of a pastor, the very woman to enlist the sympathies and win the admiration of a congregation.

"My wife is a very great help to me," said the young minister, proudly. "She is my best critic, my other self, and she supplements everything I do. She is always beloved wherever we go."

"I try to be my husband's comrade," said the dear little woman, modestly, and instantly into the mind of one listener flashed the thought: "Yes, of course you do! And isn't that just what every wife, every husband should be, each to other a comrade? Partners in business, fellow-travelers on a long journey, disciples of one Master, why not also everywhere and in all circumstances comrades?"

Comradeship implies a certain congeniality of tastes and an appreciation of the difficulties and hardships common to the road and to those who travel it. These are not invariably equally felt by both in the married state or equally divided between them, for in the most perfect union there are differences of temperament which may make what is to one a mere pin prick, to the other a dagger thrust. Comradeship forbids distrust and petty jealousies. There cannot be harmony where vanity or ambition or lack of confidence introduces

The little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute.

The wife who is her husband's comrade in the highest sense will, for his sake, endeavor to keep abreast with him in study and in contact with the world. She will not—and this is more important than some dream—she will not suffer her motherly love for her children to interpose a distance between herself and their father. A mother's absorbing devotion to her babies has been known to keep her



THE MOTHER'S HOUR.

"We will read our Bible together
At the tender close of the day,
And my darling and I will seek to find
To Heaven the Master's way.
We will read our Bible together,
And then we will kneel and pray."

so occupied and to so engage all her thoughts that the babies' father has felt solitary and has drifted away from the anchorage of home.

Not only when the heat of summer forces the wife to take her brood from the heated town to the sea or the hills is the business man left alone in a silent house, but many a husband sees little of his wife, can seldom have her companionship to go about with him, because her maternal ideal is higher than her conjugal standard. Keep the balance even. As I heard a husband say one evening: "Helen and I are trying to live as if we were one soul. Our children have never heard us differ.

If we disagree about their management it is never in their presence. They belong to us both and we to them and to each other."

Here was the true comrade spirit. And the husband, bringing home day by day the fresh, breezy atmosphere of the outdoor world, to what end did he woo and win his wife if not to make her blessed among women to the very end? He should not seek other comradeship than hers and it is his part never to leave her out of any plan of work or pleasure.



PULLING TOGETHER.

Hand in hand to the better land the true comrades go, growing like one another even in feature and expression as the years impress upon them their molding touches.

Pulling Together.

No disquiet ever really invades the household where husband and wife having no separate interests and no opposite and competitive ambitions, invariably pull together.

Let sympathy and frankness characterize your winsome life at home, and there will be few clouds seen to pass.

There is something very lovely in seeing a woman overcome those little domestic disquiets which every mistress of a family has to contend with, sitting down to her breakfast-table in the morning with a cheerful countenance, and endeavoring to promote innocent and pleasant conversation among her little circle. But vain will be her amiable efforts at pleasure, unless she is assisted by her husband and other members around; and truly it is an unpleasant sight to see a family, when collected together, instead of enlivening the quiet scene with a little good-humored chat, sitting like statues, as if each is unworthy the attention of the other.) And then, when a stranger comes in. It is as if a new influence had entered, a new leaven had permeated the loaf; one is smiling and chatty, the other gracious and benignant. No beautiful home life here, but deceit and an evil example, bad for children and young people, and immensely deteriorating for the persons most concerned. Particularly in the discipline of children there should be perfect accord between parents, and in all questions involving the common interests of the home there must be pulling together, pulling in absolute union and unbroken harmony of desire, purpose and behavior.

What We Owe to Fathers.

The old meaning of the word husband, signifying the bond that unites the family, perhaps even the foundation on which the home rests, appeals to us with a new pathos when we observe how little some husbands and fathers are considered by those who depend upon them for support.

Personally, if you set aside the pride a man has in the old family name, and the love he feels for and receives from wife and children, he gets very little of material advantage for himself out of the constant activity of his life. Many a clerk toils patiently a whole week during long hours, drudging over columns of figures, handling heavy bales of goods, helping by faithful industry to build up a great business, in the profits of which he never expects to share, does all this year after year without complaint, and unselfishly devotes almost his entire earnings to the comfort and luxury of others. His wife has all the help he can compass in the management of the home, his children at the public school compare very favorably in dress and appearance with those of his employer, his boys and girls take music lessons, play lawn tennis, engage in diversions for which he has no time. Frequently they understand very little of the monotony which prints crow's-feet around the father's eyes and makes him early middle-aged.

Certainly a man is in duty bound to look well to the ways of his family, and the American husband is the last person on earth to crave pity for doing his duty.



Indeed, the good man of the house asks no compassion of the critical observer, is often not aware that he is in any sense an object of sympathy. Yet we not uncommonly find that he is very much left out of the calculations of the family when plans for pleasure are in order. Tom, the bright sixteen-year-old lad, would be surprised if his father should volunteer to accompany him to the foot-ball game, always providing that the older man could obtain the necessary half-holiday to do so. Emily girds at the restraints imposed by her father's old-fashioned notions of propriety, and thinks her own slight knowledge of the world sufficient for self-protection. It is quite possible that the good man of the house is a trifle unwelcome of an evening in the parlor that his money furnished, and finds himself left to the seclusion of the dining room and a rest on the shabby lounge, where he used to dandle the babies before they had grown too big to romp with him. There are American fathers, richer and poorer, who suffer from absolute loneliness as the years creep on, who seem to their families in reality very little beyond bread-winners and purse-holders.

The good man of the house, we submit, has a right to be treated with loving consideration by wife and children. Though occasionally he may repeat in their hearing a twice-told tale, or expect them to laugh at a jest which is somewhat worn, it is small credit to young people to be patient and polite, even deferential, to their father. The loving wife, as a rule, *is* patient with the husband, tolerating his foibles and humoring his moods, knowing full well that in the years of their wedded lives he has always done the same with hers. But youth is impatient, and papa's partiality for an old hat or a faded umbrella, or a coat that has seen service, or an antiquated piece of furniture, is sometimes vexatious in its irreverent eyes. Let the good man have his fads and pursue his hobbies, not only without protest but with all the aid young feet and hands can render.

Another commonplace right of the husband and father is to be properly fed and starched and mended under his own roof. If he have a preference for corned beef and cabbage, or other homely fare, over what he is pleased to denominate French frippery in cooking, by all means let him be gratified. Let his linen be immaculate; not frayed at the edges nor minus its buttons. A man is usually a marvel of helplessness where needles and thread are concerned. He may be pardoned a little irritation if the one button on the back of the neck is missing from his shirt, or if his stockings present yawning rents. Wife or daughters should have looked to this.

The thing to be continually sought after is that paterfamilias shall have a good time at home, a time of freedom from care and of dignified ease. Love, especially from younger to older people, should not be chary of demonstration. The young, strong shoulders should lift the loads which have grown heavy to those who have long borne burdens. It goes without saying that the father who,

from the beginning, has been wise in his dealings with his household will, as a matter of course, receive the attentions which are his due. Mark we say *wise*. Far too often the generosity of a father fosters selfishness in his children.

Earthly fatherhood, imperfect though it be, gives to our poor mortality the truest conception of the divine Father, who gathers us ever, when most we need it, into the sheltering circle of the everlasting arms. We cannot be too tenderly thoughtful for the good man of the house.

A Commonplace Letter.

It seemed so little, the thing you did—
Just to take the pen in your hand
And send the warm heart's greeting, hid
'Neath the common two-cent stamp of the land.
But over the mountains and over the plain,
And away o'er the billowy prairies went
The small, square letter, to soothe the pain
Of one who was fretted with discontent.



THE HOME FROM WHICH THE LETTER CAME.

She was ill and tired; the long, hot day
Had worn itself to the merest shred;
The last of the light, as it ebbed away,
Fell on her patient needle and thread.

A shadow came flying across the space
 Where the fading sunlight filtered through;
 There was just the gleam of a sweet young face,
 And a voice said, "Here is a letter for you!"

The quick tears blurred in a sudden mist,
 But she brushed them away, and then she smiled,
 And you should have seen how she kissed and kissed
 The postmark's circlet, like a child.
 Why, the name brought back the long ago
 When she dressed in her best of afternoons,
 When she found it a pleasure to sit and sew,
 And her seams were hemmed to tripping tunes.

Poverty, change, and the drudgery
 Of work that goes on without an end,
 Had fettered the heart that was light and free,
 Till she'd almost forgotten she had a friend.
 The people at home so seldom write,
 Her youth and its pleasures lie all behind;
 She was thinking bitterly but last night
 That out of sight is out of mind.

Now, here is your letter! The old hills break
 Beyond these levels flat and green,
 She thrills to the thrush as his flute notes wake
 In the vesper hush of the woods serene.
 She sits again in the little church,
 And lifts her voice in the choir once more,
 Or stoops for a four-leafed clover to search,
 In the grass that ripples up to the door.

It was very little it meant for you—
 An hour at best when the day was done;
 But the words you sent rang sweet and true,
 And they carried comfort and cheer to one
 Who was needing to feel a clasping hand,
 And to hear the voices she used to hear;
 And the little letter, the breadth of the land,
 Was the carrier dove that brought home near.

—From "On the Road Home."

The Patter of Little Feet.

Up with the sun in the morning,
 Away to the garden he lies,
 To see if the sleeping blossoms,
 Have begun to open their eyes.

Running a race with the wind,
 With a step as light and fleet,
 Under my window I hear
 The patter of little feet.

Now to the brook he wanders,
In swift and noiseless flight,
Splashing the sparkling ripples
Like a fairy water-sprite.

No sand under fabled river
Has gleams like his golden hair,
No pearly sea-shell is fairer
Than his slender ankles bare.

For the rosiest stem of coral,
That blushes in ocean's bed,
Is sweet as the flash that follows
Our darling's airy tread.

From a broad window my neighbor,
Looks down on our little cot,
And watches the "poor man's blessing"—
I cannot envy his lot.

He has pictures, books, and music,
Bright fountains, and noble trees,
Rare store of blossoming roses,
Birds from beyond the seas.

But never does childish laughter
His homeward footsteps greet;
His stately halls ne'er echo
To the tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "sparkling picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings,
Sometimes a sleeping cherub,
(Our other one has wings).

His heart is a charmed casket,
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
And no harpstring holds such music
As follows his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems to unbar the city
Whose builder and maker is God—

Close to the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl,
The eyes of our other angel—
A twin-born little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed
To guide his footsteps aright;
So to live that I may be ready
To walk in sandals of light—

And hear, amid songs of welcome,
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of heaven,
The patter of little feet.

My Childhood's Home.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

There's a little low hut by the river's side,
Within the sound of its rippling tide;
Its walls are gray with the mosses of years,
And its roof all crumbled and old appears;
But fairer to me than castle's pride
Is the little low hut by the river's side.

The little low hut was my natal nest,
When my childhood life's Spring-time blessed;
Where the hopes of ardent youth were formed,
And the sun of promise my young heart warmed,
Ere I threw myself on life's swift tide,
And left the dear hut by the river's side.

That little low hut, in lowly guise,
Was soft and grand to my youthful eyes,
And fairer trecs were ne'er known before
Than the apple-trees by the humble door
That my father loved for their thrifty pride—
That shadowed the hut by the river's side.

That little low hut had a glad hearth-stone
That echoed of old with a pleasant tone;
And brothers and sisters, a merry crew,
Filled the hours with pleasure as on they flew;
But one by one the loved ones died,
That dwelt in the hut by the river's side.

The father revered and the children gay
The graves of the world have called away;
But quietly, all alone, here sits,
By the pleasant window in summer, and knits,
An aged woman, long years allied
With the little low hut, by the river's side.

That little low hut to the lonely wife
Is the cherished stage of her active life;
Each scene is recalled in memory's beam,
As she sits by the window in pensive dream,
And joys and woes roll back like a tide
In that little low hut by the river's side.

My mother—alone by the river's side
She waits for the flood of the heavenly tide,
And the voice that shall thrill her heart with its call
To meet once more with the dear ones all,
And forms in a region beautified
The band that once met by the river's side.

The dear old hut by the river's side
With the warmest pulse of my heart is allied,
And a glory is over its dark walls thrown
That statelier fabrics have never known;
And I shall love with a fonder pride
That little low hut by the river's side.

Little Ah Goo.

JOHN PAUL, BOCKOCK.

Little Ah Goo is pudgy and odd,
With a bright blue eye and a sapient nod,
And a voice as soft as a wood-dove's coo—
Answering everything, "Goo, Ah Goo!"



LITTLE AH GOO.

There's something sweet in our house ;
I'm surprised you did not know it !

Little Ah Goo has a neck like milk,
And hair as soft and as smooth as silk,
Pigeon toes like a Chinaman, too,
And even a queue has little Ah Goo.

Little Ah Goo has an open smile,
And cheeks that dimple like velvet pile,
And a mouth like the bow that Cupid drew,
As it gently murmurs, "Goo, Ah Goo!"

Little Ah Goo is but nine months old,
With ages of loveliness into them rolled,
And merry all day as a piping merle
Is little Ah Goo—she's a baby girl!



My Own Fireside.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

Let others seek for empty joys,
At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst far from Fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away,
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide,
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own fireside!

My own fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside?

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine:
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask, What joys can equal thine?
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou, my own fireside?

What care I for the sullen war
Of winds without, that ravage earth—
It doth but bid me prize the more
The shelter of thy hallowed hearth;
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth;
Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
That glads my own fireside!

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
 Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
 Where life's vexations lose their sting;
 Where even grief is half subdued;
 And peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
 Then let the world's proud fool deride;
 I'll pay my debt of gratitude
 To thee—my own fireside!

Shrine of my household deities!
 Bright scene of home's unsullied joys!
 To thee my burdened spirit flies,
 When Fortune frowns, or Care annoys,
 Thine is the bliss that never cloy;
 The smile whose truth had oft been tried;
 What then are this world's tinsel toys,
 To thee—my own fireside!

O, may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
 That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
 Thus ever guide my wandering feet
 To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
 Whate'er my future years may be,
 Let joy or grief my fate betide,
 Be still an Eden bright to me,
 My own—my own fireside!



My Wife and I.

JOHN LAPRAIK.

When I upon thy bosom lean,
 And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
 I glory in the sacred ties
 That made us ane wha ance were twain.
 A mutual flame inspires us baith,
 The tender look, the meltin' kiss:
 Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
 But only gi'e us change o' bliss.

I'll lay me there and tak' my rest;
 And if that aught disturb my dear,
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
 And beg her not to drop a tear.
 Hae I a joy? it's a' her ain!
 United still her heart and mine!
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,
 That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

Ae Fond Kiss.

Sir Walter Scott's saying that "the four lines beginning 'Had we never loved sae kindly,' contained the essence of a thousand love-poems," is almost as well known as the song itself, which is Burns at his sweetest.

[Arranged by EDWARD S. CUMMINGS.]

1. Ae fond kiss, and then we sev - er; Ae fare-well, a - las! for - ev - er;
2. I'll ne'er blame my par - tial fan - cy, Nae - thing could re - sist my Nan - cy;

Deep in heartwring tears I'll pledge thee, War - ringsighs and groans I'll wage thee.
But to see her, was to love her, Love but her, and love for ev - er.

Who shall say that for - tune grieves him, While the star of hope she leaves him?
Had we nev - er loved sae kind - ly, Had we nev - er loved sae blind - ly,

Me, nae cheer - fu' twinkle lights me, Dark despair around be - nights me. Ae fond kiss.
Nev - er met—orne-ver part - ed, We had ne'er been bro - ken - heart - ed. Ae fond kiss.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment; love and pleasure!
 Ae fond kiss and'then we sever;
 Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Ae fond kiss.

—From "*Famous Songs.*"

The True Secret of a Perfect Marriage.

It is Harriet Prescott Spofford, who writes beautifully about wedded life, summing up its possibilities for growth and discipline as well as its joys in the pithy passages which follow:

Some pessimistic person has said that most marriages are unhappy. This is to say that most lives are unhappy. Yet on the whole life is a comfortable affair to the majority, and those who, looking back at the close, could pronounce their past quite unhappy would be an exceedingly small number. The greater proportion agree with the first criticism that was ever passed upon the world,—that it is very good,—too good, in fact, for those who would better try to deserve it before they make a business of decrying it. But good as the world is with all its exterior blessings, its blue sky and golden sunshine and green earth, it would be an insufficient one but for the greater blessings afforded by domestic life. And the very root and stay of domestic life is marriage.



That there can be sweet and fine domestic life where there are only unmarried members of a family to maintain it, or where friends combine about a mutual hearth, is true; but no one will compare such hearths to those round which a father and mother sit and see the fire shine upon the rosy faces of their children. And no one will pretend that any other companionship is quite equal to that of a marriage where either member is complementary to the other and the union perfect. Of course in speaking of marriage good, and sound marriage is meant, for no one has a right to judge of such a thing except at its best. We cannot judge of marriage by an average, because the statistics for such an average are unattainable;



J.H. Hipsley

Eccles, ix. 8

but we believe that there is such a thing as a perfect marriage possible, and so we have a right to use that as our standard.

Nor is there any joy in existence comparable to the joy of loving,—a joy so keen as to be close upon the shadow of pain, as every mother knows who yearns above her sleeping child; and nothing but marriage, with its perpetual association of two hearts, with the multiplying occasions brought by children, affords this power of loving the fullest exercise. How much rounder and completer must be the soul that has been shaped by these experiences, how much wider must be the horizon of its thoughts and feelings, how much greater its capabilities!

Surely, then, marriage is a school of life as great as and more beneficent than any other. Unruly scholars, truants, and dunces there may be in it; but to those who learn its lessons and apply its precepts the results of the teaching should be broader and deeper than anything under heaven. Not that it is without disciplines and rigors; indeed it would be of little service to one's growth if it were lined with roses.

Yet the ordeal, says Mrs. Spofford, is not after all so severe, it is not setting one's unshod foot upon flints; it is once in a while giving up one's preferred way, it is sometimes preserving silence for the sake of peace, it is forgetting one's self till God and nature remember. And what are such duties and efforts in comparison with the recompense—the recompense of a purified and exalted being, the recompense of trust and praise and tenderness received, of trust and admiration and tenderness given—and how much more precious are these great delights for the alloy of the trivial hardships! Gold that is all gold, without alloy, will not pass current; it needs the little alloy, that it may not rub away and disappear in our hands; life without vexation would be weakening and worthless. When we see that house where a true marriage reigns, where the father is that bond of the house from which the Saxons coined his title of husband, where the mother moves like the soul of order and sweetness, where the children are fearless and fond, we see a home which is only a miniature cosmos, and whose light shines out like a star.

Devotion to Home and Country.

A. K. M'CLURE.

Take the sunny side of home. The home is the sunniest side of every great people. Without devotion to home there can be no devotion to country. The home is the cradle of patriotism; it is the fountain of happiness not only to individuals, but to nations as well, and it is the one spot of earth that should be guarded from needless shadows. Enough must come to each, even when most faithfully guarded by all the multiplied offices of love; but few there are who make their homes what they could or should be.

Common Sense in the Home.

Were one to draw deductions from the fiction of the period, he would reach the conclusion that simple loyalty in home life and the absolute integrity of wedded love were things out of date and relegated to tradition. Few of the novelists of to-day content themselves with describing society as it really is; they draw their material from the exceptional infelicities and occasional blunders and wretched calamities of life rather than from the peaceful and gentle conditions which, heaven be praised, still prevail largely among civilized and Christian people.

Fiction to the contrary, the fact is in evidence, and can easily be proved, that the fidelity and happiness of true hearts builds up everywhere among us the fair edifice of ideally blessed life—home life, dignified, serene, interesting, hallowed. Daily our trains carry thousands of passengers whose background in life is the sweet and sheltered home. Fathers and sons go from the tranquil household to the world—the shop, the office, the market—in the morning, and return at evening to supper and the company of their families. The home happenings, the engagements, weddings, journeys, triumphs, trials, gains, losses, plans and ambitions make life's main interest for most men and women.

Therefore it is that the home enlists our sympathetic and cordial thought, when bride and groom, entering it, begin their course together. Probably it is a modest home, if, having only small means, the two have been brave enough to decide that they will live according to their income, and that they will ignore display and assist one another. A little apartment, a small house, close calculation, a willingness to serve one's self, a determination to incur no debts, and a basis of entire confidence underlying all, the new home is well started.

From the outset the home should be hospitable. Not to the extent of keeping open house, so far as meals and lodging are concerned, for a throng of kindred and friends; this is manifestly impracticable and should not be attempted, even if relatives are so thoughtless as to demand it. I have known the finances of a young couple seriously invaded by the effort they have made to entertain freely and frequently a large family connection, who fancied that they made up possible loss to John and Betty by sending them invitations at Thanksgiving and presents at Christmas. A little dinner or luncheon may be given inexpensively and daintily now and then, however, and John should be encouraged in the feeling that when he chooses he may bring home a friend without its occasioning to Betty more trouble or care than the setting on the always neatly appointed table another plate and cup. Company brightens wit and broadens conversation, and in their absorption in one another the youthful husband and wife do not wish to grow narrow.

One of the most important steps to be taken at first when the home is being established is the regulation of its money affairs. The income may be smaller or

larger, but the amount does not affect the fact that its administration must be according to an intelligent and mutually understood and approved system. Accounts must be kept. The wife should have her allowance for domestic purposes, and beyond this, even, if very small, her personal allowance, so that she need not ever have to ask for her share of the family funds, nor do more than consult her husband, if she choose, as to the disposition of *her* money.

Husbands and wives are in a sense business partners, and often able to advise one another to advantage if the affairs of the firm are concealed from neither. That a man should love and respect his wife and discount her ability and judgment on matters involving the spending of money or the giving it in charity, shows that he has been very unfortunately reared.

Money is only one subject in which the new home needs to be careful when laying its foundations. Quite as important in every aspect is the decision which brings the new family into the integral life of a church. From the very beginning pew rent should be as much considered among the essentials as house rent, and the wedded pair have their place and their work in some congregation, where the pastor values the young married people of his parish as a most influential element in the success of his endeavors. Attendance on the weekly prayer meeting and the Lord's Day services will bring nothing but blessedness to the new home.

Grace before meals and a family altar will consecrate the pleasant household life and should by no means be neglected. Our modern rush and the intensity of the world's insistent pressure make regular family worship difficult for those who do not recognize its immense importance nor regard it as an obligation. Whatever the difficulties in the way, if regarded in the light of duty, family worship, either in the morning or the evening, can be maintained in the Christian home. Sweeter than honey and the honeycomb are the statutes of the Lord, if daily studied, regularly read and prayerfully followed by the two whom God hath joined together and to whom he has given the privileges and opportunities of a household of their own.

Home Life of Famous Men.

Among the records of wedded life and love scattered through literature, we find many beautiful testimonies to the faith and truth and sacredness of the married state. Some are brief, some are long; all are interesting to the thoughtful reader.

Among the most entertaining accounts of courtship and marriage is the one given in his published life, of the wedded state of that eccentric and gifted clergyman,



THE HOME WHICH HONORS THE LORD'S DAY WILL BE HONORED BY THE PRESENCE
OF THE LORD. (41)

THE REV. ROWLAND HILL

Many stories have been told of this good man's carelessness as a husband, but these, like his public allusions to his wife, "are utterly," says his biographer, "without foundation." He was only amused at most of the anecdotes related of him, and said, "I wonder at people's invention;" but when told it had been reported that he had made some remarks in public on Mrs. Hill's dress, he exclaimed with indignation, "It is an abominable untruth—derogatory to my character as a Christian and a gentleman; they would make me out a bear."

He was married to Miss Tudway, his brother-in-law's sister, on the twenty-third of May, 1773, at Marylebone Church, and his choice could not have fallen on a lady more calculated to promote the happiness he was permitted to enjoy, in a union of nearly sixty years' duration. He immediately went with his wife into Somersetshire. On the Trinity Sunday following he was ordained deacon to the parish of Kingston, at a stipend of forty pounds a year.

The following was the first letter to Miss Tudway, than which anything more old-fashioned can hardly be imagined:

"MY DEAR MADAM.—I am told by my dear sister that you are no stranger to a very important correspondence in which you are a person very intimately concerned. Suffer me, dear madam, with the utmost simplicity, to speak all my mind.

"And first, I think I can safely say with all my heart, as before the presence of God, that I love your person. Without this, on both sides the question, there can be no real happiness in such a connection as you know is upon the *tapis*. Permit me also to say that I am fully persuaded of the truest work of grace upon your soul; and though I know the sincerity of your mind makes you at times doubt of everything, yet your very doubts, to me, are the strongest evidence of the sincerity of your heart. Thus, as a man and a Christian, with your leave, would I be glad to make choice of you as my partner through life. But now, dear madam, let us, above all things, consult matters honestly before God as to your union with a poor worm in the character of a minister of Christ. Here I will be explicit, as I mean above all things to be honest before God.

"The present plan of labor, to which it seems evident it has pleased God to call me, will frequently compel me to leave my home, wherever it may be, and to take up at times the life of an itinerant; and such a life as this you must expect will sometimes be attended, as to myself, with hardships and contempt. Were your kindness for my person, however it might be the language of love, to make you attempt to dissuade me from this, such discussion would not only be a burden upon my mind, but also, if not complied with, a grief to yourself. And now, dear madam, if such an union should take place, do you think you could make

your mind perfectly easy in thus giving me up to the service of the Lord? Can you be contented to see me a despised pilgrim for my once despised Master, rejected for my labors; overpowered for my God? . . . Should you be enabled to love me, on the one hand, and yet to give me up when called to it on the other, suffer me to frame to myself the happy idea of being possessed of such a companion in tribulation, and such a partaker of my joys, as will give me reason of thankfulness to the day of my death. .

“Thus much you have of the dark side of the question, and I choose that you should know it, as I would not deceive you on any terms whatever; in other respects, as I am sure I love your person, I shall always think it my pleasing duty to make your life a happiness to itself. . . .”

The understanding, accordingly, with which Miss Tudway accepted the offer of Rowland Hill, while in the fervor of his youthful zeal, was never forgotten nor evaded by her, nor did she, “in a single instance, during the whole term of their union, suffer personal convenience or inclination to impede such movements as he considered it his duty to make.” Gifted with a sound and discriminating judgment, she managed with peculiar tact the difficult task of controlling her husband’s ardent nature, “without checking his usefulness or activity; and the weight of her influence was so nicely balanced that it restrained but did not repress, it wisely directed but did not dictate.”

The somewhat stilted and formal air in which gentlemen of a former day made love, has few better examples than in the candid letter of Rowland Hill, which evidently excited no displeasure on the part of its recipient. She treasured all his letters and this one was duly inscribed by her, as “the first.”

Everybody has heard of the tenderness of the great Dr. Johnson for the lady who became his wife. To modern ideas, the worship of his contemporaries for the good doctor is not a little perplexing, but it was sincere. We own a great regard for the independent young student who preferred to fight his way through the university unaided, and threw out of the window the pair of new shoes which had been left at his door, but the very quality of independence which compels our admiration may have helped to make the great scholar and lexicographer rather boorish in the drawing-room.

But he was an adoring husband.

When speaking of his wife to Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson had nothing to complain of but her “particular reverence for cleanliness,” which seems at times to have caused him a good deal of annoyance. “This “pretty charmer,” as he sometimes gallantly styled his wife, was, says Garrick, “very fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance; her swelled cheeks were of a florid red, produced by thick painting, and increased by the liberal use of cordials; glaring and

fantastic in her dress, and affected both in her speech and general behavior." This account is probably somewhat exaggerated. At any rate, Johnson thought her a beauty, which may be explained by his imperfect vision.

Boswell gives us a curious account of the wedding, and relates an amusing anecdote of how Johnson from the commencement managed his wife, who seemed inclined to get the upper hand. "Sir, she had read the new romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and when I rode a little slower she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore passed on briskly till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it, and I contrived that she should soon come up with me; when she did, I observed her to be in tears."

On another occasion when they were traveling together, a gypsy examined his hand, and told him his heart was divided between a Molly and a Betty; but though Betty loved him the best, he took most delight in Molly's company. "When I turned about to laugh," he said, in telling the story, "I saw my wife was crying. Pretty charmer, she had no reason." But it so happened that there was a Molly Aston whom Johnson much admired; for he was by no means blind to the charms of the fair sex."

Singularly beautiful is the love story of the missionary, Robert Moffat, whose name is blended with all the heroic sacrifice and self-denial of the early South African Missions. Concerning his young wife, Mr. Moffat wrote:

"Mary, my own dear Mary, is now far distant from a land endeared to her, being the place which gave her birth, and which still contains a circle of friends who are entwined round her heart; but more especially endeared as the residence of you, dearer than all besides. She is now separated from those scenes and from you; but let this comfort you, that although in a land of strangers, she is under the care of our ever-present God, and united to one who speaks as he feels when he promises to be father, mother, and husband to Mary, and will never forget the sacrifice you have made in committing to his future care your only daughter."

They were married on December 27, 1819, in St. George's Church, and at once commenced that devoted sphere of missionary life which has made their names justly honored and revered. For over fifty years they labored together, "finishing her course" in 1872, when Moffat wrote to his old friend and fellow-worker, Roger Edwards, of Port Elizabeth, as follows:

"The black border has, I presume, already told its tale, that I am in affliction. Yes, it is even so; for the wife of my youth, the partaker of my joys and sorrows for more than half a century, has been taken from me. She is gone to



GRAVE OF AN AFRICAN CHIEF.

the many mansions to which she has been daily looking forward with the full assurance of faith for more than sixty years. . . . The last words she spoke, about an hour before she expired, were begging me to go to bed, as Jeanie's presence would suffice. As she said she could not sleep till I should go, I only hid myself for a few minutes. She did fall asleep, but it was the sleep of death."

Eleven years afterward, in 1883, Moffat was laid in the grave, and he, as was observed at the time of his death, "has left an abiding name as a pioneer of modern missionary work in South Africa."

His glorious successor in the work was the world-renowned David Livingstone, who, until 1844, never thought of marrying, fearing that a wife would handicap him in his career.

But he met his fate at last and forgot the idle words he had written to a friend one day, a year or so before, "There's no outlet for me when I begin to think of marriage but that of sending home an advertisement to one of the papers, and if I get very old, it must be for some decent sort of widow. In the meantime, I am too busy to think of anything of the kind."

Little did he think when he penned these words how soon he was to change his mind; for in the following year a new star appeared in his horizon, "destined to give a bright complexion to his life." This was Mary Moffat; and who, as Dr. Blaikie writes, could be better "fitted for his wife than one born in Africa, the daughter of an eminent man and honored missionary, herself familiar with missionary life, and gifted with the winning manner and the ready helping hand that were so peculiarly adapted for this work? The case was clear as possible, and Livingstone was very happy." In due time they were married, settling down at Mabotsa in a house of which he was both architect and builder. But they were not permitted always to remain together: her health, and his expeditions as a missionary, causing many sad separations.

Thus Lord Shaftesbury, addressing a meeting in London in 1856, in honor of Livingstone's return home, concluded with a few well-chosen expressions of the high regard in which his wife was held. "That lady," he said, "was born with one distinguished name, which she had changed for another; she was born a Moffat, and she became a Livingstone. She cheered the early part of our friend's career by her spirit, her counsel, and her society. Afterwards, when she reached this country, she passed many years with her children in solitude and anxiety, suffering the greatest fears for the welfare of her husband, and yet enduring all with patience and resignation, and even joy, because she had surrendered her best feelings, and sacrificed her own private interests to the advancement of civilization, and the great interests of Christianity."

These were no unmerited words, for how truly and devotedly Mrs. Livingstone was attached to her husband, and how intense and keen were her feelings of

suspense in those weary and anxious months, when she was expecting him home, may be gathered from the poetical welcome which she had prepared for his return in 1856, in the fond anticipation that they would never part again. Indeed, as Dr. Blaikie tells us, "those who knew her in Africa, when, 'Queen of the wagon,' and full of life, she directed the arrangements and sustained the spirits of a whole party, would hardly have thought her the same person in England."

But her self-denial and patience were at last rewarded, and no one save herself knew or could realize the joy of that hour when she embraced him safe back from the many perilous risks to which he had been exposed. Thoroughly enthusiastic, and full of genuine frank love, are the lines of welcome which awaited him—

"A hundred thousand welcomes, and it's time for you to come
From the far land of the foreigner to your country and your home.
O long as we were parted, ever since you went away,
I never passed a dreamless night, or knew an easy day.

"Do you think I would reproach you with the sorrows that I bore?
Since the sorrow is all over, now I have you here once more,
And there's nothing but the gladness and the love within my heart,
And the hope so sweet and certain that again we'll never part.

* * * * *

"A hundred thousand welcomes! how my heart is gushing o'er
With the love and joy and wonder thus to see your face once more.
How did I live without you these long, long years of woe?
It seems as if 'twould kill me to be parted from you now.

"You'll never part me, darling, there's a promise in your eye;
I may tend you while I'm living, you will watch me when I die;
And if death but kindly lead me to the blessed home on high,
What a hundred thousand welcomes will await you in the sky.

"MARY."

Separated, however, again, as they were destined soon to be, in addition to going through many hardships and deprivations in their travels, Mrs. Livingstone had the comfort and satisfaction of being near her husband when she died at Shupanga. Her illness was sudden, and her death rapid, and when the end came, "the man who had faced so many deaths and braved so many dangers, was now utterly broken down and seen weeping like a child, and so terminated a noble and unselfish life, and one which had been of unspeakable value to the great missionary traveller." The following extract, quoted by Dr. Blaikie from his *Journal*, will show the state of his heart at this trying period—

"It is the first heavy stroke I have suffered, and quite takes away my strength. I wept over her who well deserved many tears. I loved her when I married her, and the longer I lived with her I loved her the more. God pity the

poor children, who were all tenderly attached to her, and I am left alone in the world by one whom I felt to be a part of myself. Oh, my Mary, my Mary! how often have we longed for a quiet home, since you and I were cast adrift at Kolo-beng. Surely the removal by 'a kind Father who knoweth our frame means that He rewarded you by taking you to the best home.'"

And yet, despite her seriousness of mind and her anxiety to devote herself to good works, Mrs. Livingstone was merry and lively in her home life, as we learn from another extract from her husband's journal—

"31st May, 1862.—The loss of my ever dear Mary lies like a heavy weight on my heart. In our intercourse in private there was more than would be thought by some a decorous amount of merriment and play. I said to her a few days before her fatal illness, 'We old bodies ought now to be more sober, and not play so much.' 'Oh, no,' said she, 'you must always be as playful as you have always been; I would not like you to be as grave as some folks I have seen.'"

It was this sensible and candid conduct which enhanced her charms, and rendered her presence in society all the more popular. By a happy combination, which is more or less rare, she inspired a cheerful playfulness into life, which made her religious influence more attractive, and disarmed prejudice against missionary enterprise. She was, in short, no ordinary woman; and, when the sad news of her death reached this country, it was generally felt how heavy the blow was to Livingstone in his isolated and lonely work.

The married life of Norman Macleod was another beautiful instance of the saintly goodness and consistency which have been daily displayed by so many of our eminent men in their homes. What he was in the world he was in his private life, and the day (August 11, 1851) on which Catherine Ann Mackintosh was united to him, found her one of the most fortunate of women. For incidental allusion to his domestic life henceforth, we must refer to his *Correspondence* and *Journal*, in which we find many of those quaint touches of humor so thoroughly characteristic of the man. Thus, writing to his wife from Kirkaldy, October 2, 1854, we have a charming specimen of his style of writing—

"Kiss my boy for me on his birthday, and pray with me for him, that whatever else he is, he may be a child of God."

On another occasion, during his wife's absence with his family in the country, he wrote the following humorous account of his lonely condition—"Why do you leave me here to be devoured with rats and grief? This house is horrible! I am afraid of ghosts. The doors creak in a way that indicates a clear connection with the unseen world. There are noises too. How slow must Hades be if spirits find Woodlands Terrace at this season more exciting! How idle they must be if to frighten a parson is their most urgent work! And yet on my honor I believe there is one going at this moment up the stairs."

Although a deeply religious man, yet he wisely, in his home life, delighted to share with his children many of those recreations to which some parents might either have been indifferent, or opposed. When a chance piper, for instance, arrived, and the floor was cleared for a reel, he heartily enjoyed and cheerily applauded, writes his brother, the merriment of the dancers. What he felt at such times he has thus tenderly and pathetically expressed—

“Dance, my children ! lads and lasses !
Cut and shuffle ! toes and heels !
Piper, roar from every chanter
Hurricanes of Highland reels !

“Thus a gray-haired father speaketh,
As he claps his hands and cheers;
Yet his heart is quietly dreaming,
And his eyes are dimmed with tears.

“Make the old barn shake with laughter,
Beat its flooring like a drum;
Batter it with Tullochgorum,
Till the storm without is dumb.

“Well he knows this world of sorrow,
Well he knows this world of sin;
Well he knows the race before them,
What’s to lose, and what’s to win !

“Sweep in circles like a whirlwind,
Flit across like meteors glancing;
Crack your fingers, shout in gladness,
Think of nothing but of dancing.

“But he hears a far-off music
Guiding all the stately spheres;
In his father-heart it echoes,
So he claps his hands and cheers.”

Religion, happily, did not make Doctor Macleod bigoted (why should it ever have that effect?), and it was his judicious toleration of such amusements that made his influence more appreciated. At the same time, he was equally watchful of the spiritual welfare of his children, for, writing to his eldest daughter from Balmoral when she went to school at Brighton, he says—“I would sooner see you sick and poor, with the love of Christ, than the queen of the whole world for ever and ever without it.” When his busy and honored life closed in 1872, Queen Victoria in writing to his brother from Balmoral used no exaggerated language when in her ever sympathetic manner she wrote thus—“To his family—his venerable, loved, and honored mother, his wife and large family of children—the loss of this good man is irreparable and overwhelming! But it is an irreparable public loss, and the Queen feels this deeply.” Few bigger men have ever lived than Norman Macleod, and few who left a larger space of emptiness when they went away from earth.

The following thoughtful words uttered by Dean Mansel with much tenderness, truth, and beauty, at the period of his marriage, in the year 1855, with Charlotte Augusta Taylor, are of special interest as indicating his views on this point; few men having been more beloved in their home life than he was—

“I have long since been aware that the reserved and meditative habits produced by a studious and solitary life are not favorable—I do not say to the possession, but certainly to the exhibition, of such qualities as are most attractive

in winning attachment. No man, believe me, is more deeply to be pitied than one whose whole training is exclusively intellectual; who is practiced day by day in laboring exertions of the thinking faculties, with no corresponding opportunities for the development of the feelings and affections, which were designed by God to bear their part in the formation of human character. Such training can but mar and mutilate the living soul of God's Creation, to put in its place a lifeless and distorted image of Man's fashioning, in parts overgrown and monstrous, in parts stunted and dried up. . . .

"There is but one remedy for this. The affections must be restored to their proper place in the everyday life, and suffered to find their daily food and nourishment in those relations which God has designed for their development. I say 'but one remedy,' for even the religious feelings are, in their influence upon the heart, moulded and modified by the mental character. . . .

"When we see how graciously God has availed Himself of human affection as the type and symbol of our relations toward Him; how the love of a Father toward his children is sanctified as the image of God's love to Man; how the husband is bidden to love the wife as Christ loved the Church; we feel how much more fully and deeply these things speak to the heart of those whose human affections have been permitted to grow and blossom and bear fruit; who know how deep is their obligation of love and gratitude to that God who has given them so much to love on earth."

Such sentiments were fully borne out throughout his married life, which was in "every way pure and lovely," as one remarks who knew it best. His home was bright and peaceful, and all who came within the sphere of his personal attraction felt its lovable and gentle influence.

In his struggles on behalf of the principle of religious equality, Edward Miall's name has become a household word. However unpalatable his views may have been to many, it would be difficult to find a man whose private life was marked by a greater consistency, or whose married life throughout was more true or genuine. The frankness of the man is displayed in a letter which he wrote to his future wife, Miss Holmes, on the eve of his ordination, in November, 1831, wherein he says:

"I think I shall see you before my ordination. But if not, let me deliver my unbiased sentiments upon the subject of your coming over on that day. I consider it to be a service scarcely less important to you than to myself. The feeling it is calculated to excite, and the impression it is calculated to make, ought to be experienced by my companion through life. It is of moment that you should know my duty as well as I; that you should be a witness to the vows I take upon myself, in order that you may constantly remind me of them, and stimulate me to accomplish them."

That he was wise in his choice is testified by his son, who thus writes: "How nobly throughout a life entailing no ordinary amount of self-denial the wife bore her part in cheering and sustaining her partner at home, when he was sorely beset by detractors and calumniators, no less than by obstacles of a more disabling kind, none know so well as those who in the home circle shared with him in her enduring love and solicitude."

His principles, which not only provoked hostile criticism, but necessitated his constant absence from home in their explanation and defence, oftentimes exposed him to the unkindest censure from would-be friends, which would have dispirited most men. But his equanimity of mind was undisturbed, and his correspondence at such times was hopeful and cheerful.

If we would gain an insight into the felicity of his home life, we find a charming illustration in a sweet and touching letter which he wrote to his oldest daughter, then at a boarding-school, dated September 8, 1848:

"MY DEAREST DAUGHTER LOU:—Another birthday of yours comes to remind me that I, as well as you, am growing older. To-morrow you will be fifteen, just that age from which, as from a hill-top, you see outspread before you the region of womanhood.

"In the distance I dare say it presents itself to you clothed with many charms—bright, cheerful and attractive—smiling as a summer morning, waiting only to be entered upon in order to yield you its abundance of rich enjoyments. Perhaps your busy mind has already searched the outline of your future plans, and you are beginning, in anticipation, to weigh your pleasures on the one hand against your responsibilities on the other.

"I see no good to be gained by abruptly putting an end to dreams that must and will be dreamed, but perhaps a little sober warning from your papa, who loves you dearly, will not be mistimed nor useless.

"My experience, then, my beloved girl, has taught me, as I suppose most people's have, that all things seen in the future, by the eye of our imagination, and through the medium of our affections, are greatly magnified, and often very much distorted. The pleasing looks far more pleasing than it is, the painful far more painful. . . . It may be useful for you to understand that solid and substantial satisfaction in life is to be gained not by building air castles, nor by impatiently sweeping with the glass of hope the horizon of the future; but by doing every day what the day requires, and leaving the morrow to its own care and enjoyments. This requires confidence in God, and love to Him; trust in His goodness and gratitude for His favors. And these dispositions of heart I trust you will diligently and prayerfully cultivate. . . . Your mamma and I are thankful for every proof of your good conduct, and our best wish for you is that you may be a useful and a happy Christian."

And the tenor of this letter was that of his daily life; for, when the death of Mrs. Miall occurred in January, 1876, after a short illness,—“of a disposition habitually grateful and reverent, he was less disposed to repine and succumb to the emotion of grief, than to cherish with silent thankfulness the remembrance of a happy union extending over five-and-forty years, and a passing away which

was, as he expressed it, a few hours after the mournful event, ‘like a beautiful sunset.’” As his son further adds—“With what a truly healing, consoling effect the great verities of the Christian faith wrought upon his spirit, was indicated in nothing so much as in his tremulous but fervent repetition of the first verse of his favorite hymn.

‘Eternal light, eternal light . . .’

He alone probably of the family circle at that moment recalled the ordination service at Ware, in which the author of this hymn took a prominent part; his wife, then Miss Holmes, being among those present.”

For these instances we are indebted to a charming work published abroad, “The Loves and Marriages of Some Eminent Persons,” from which quotations have been liberally made. The compiler, Mr. Thistleton Dyer, has ranged over a very wide field and made his selections with judicious care. Let us take a peep with him at one whom we all love:

“It was a proud night with me,” remarked Sir Walter Scott one day, “when I first found that a pretty young woman could think it worth her while to sit and talk with me, hour after hour, in



THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS.

a corner of the ball-room, while all the world were capering in our view.” This early acquaintance, it appears, began in Greyfriars’ churchyard, where, rain beginning to fall one Sunday as the congregation were leaving church, he offered his umbrella to a certain young lady, whose home happened to be at no great

distance from his own. It is to this little incident he probably alluded in a later paragraph—"There have been instances of love-tales being favorably received in England, when told under an umbrella, and in the middle of a shower."

The friendship between these two soon ripened into something very much like love, and Scott for several years nourished the idea of an ultimate union with this lady, who was very highly connected, and had prospects of a fortune far above his own.

As is often the case with early loves, this was terminated by the young lady marrying a more recent, and, as she considered, a more eligible suitor. That Scott was deeply attached to her, and keenly felt the disappointment, may be gathered from the following letter addressed to a friend:

"I had, to anticipate disappointment, struggled to repress every rising gleam of hope; and it would be very difficult to describe the mixed feelings her letter occasioned, which, *entre nous*, terminated in a very hearty fit of crying! I read over her epistle about ten times a day, and always with new admiration of her generosity and candor—and as often take shame for the mean suspicions which, after knowing her so long, I could listen to, while endeavoring to guess how she would conduct herself."

But, about two years afterward, he met at a ball a young lady whom he had once before seen when out riding, with "a complexion of the clearest and lightest olive; eyes large, deep-set, and dazzling, of the finest Italian brown, and a profusion of silken tresses, black as the raven's wing." This was Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, the orphan daughter of Jean Charpentier of Lyons, a devoted Loyalist, and a ward of the Marquis of Downshire, whom he married on the twenty-fourth of December, 1797. She had a moderate fortune, and Scott in a letter to his mother says, "Her temper is sweet and cheerful, her understanding good, and her principles of religion very serious." At this time he had a fair income—his career as an author being full of promise—and every year he acquired increasing fame from the continued success of his literary productions. His home life, in spite of his incessant work, was bright and happy; and he was the companion and playmate of his children, to whom they never look in vain for their enjoyments. Between them there was little or no reserve, and many a pleasant anecdote is told of the mutual love and frankness that existed between father and children. One day when little Walter came from his daily visit to the High School, with his face stained with tears and blood, his father said, "Well, Wat, what have you been fighting about to-day?"

The young boy replied, with much confusion, that he had been called "a lassie." "Indeed," said Mrs. Scott, "that was a terrible mischief to be sure."

"You may say what you please, mamma," Wat indignantly replied; "but I dinna think there's a *wauf*er (shabbier) thing in the world than to be a lassie, to



SUCH FUN.

When grandpa comes,
And grandma, too,
Then we have fun,
I just tell you !

sit boring at a clout." On inquiry it appeared that the *Lady of the Lake* had suggested the ignominious nickname.

The next anecdote is an amusing illustration of how Scott was regarded by his children. "My man," said a gentleman to little Walter, "you cannot surely help seeing that great people make more work about your papa than they do about me or any of your uncles. What is it, do you suppose, occasions this?"

After considering for some moments, the little fellow replied, "It's commonly *him* that sees the hare sitting." The children were justly proud of their father, and he of them.

In 1819, when he seemed almost at the point of death, he called his children round his bed, and blessing them, bade them "farewell." "For myself," said he, "my dears, I am unconscious of ever having done any man an injury, or omitted any fair opportunity of doing any man a benefit. I well know that no human life can appear otherwise than weak and filthy in the eyes of God; but I rely on the merits and intercession of our Redeemer. God bless you! Live so that you may all hope to meet each other in the better place hereafter. And now leave me, that I may turn my face to the wall." But he was to recover and do much good work ere his end came—thirteen years afterwards—September 20, 1832; his wife's death having taken place in the interval on May 15, 1827, in the midst of all his well-known pecuniary troubles.

A strange feeling of happiness, mingled with sadness, must have been experienced by Robert Southey and his bride, Edith Fricker, on their marriage in Redcliffe Church, Bristol, November 14th, 1795. At the church door there was a pressure of hands, and they parted with full hearts, silently, and in tears—Mrs. Southey to take up her abode in Bristol with his friend Cottle's sisters, still calling herself by her maiden name—her husband to cross the sea on his way to Lisbon, with his uncle, Mr. Hill. At this period, it is true, Southey had little right to marry, for when he sought Edith and asked her to become his wife before his departure, he was virtually penniless. Indeed, he was at a loss how to pay the marriage fees, and buy the wedding-ring; for oftentimes during previous weeks he had walked the streets dinnerless, no pence in his pocket, no bread and cheese at his lodgings. He was therefore in no marrying position, and if his friend Cottle had not lent him the money for the ring and the license, it is doubtful whether even his marriage could have taken place. But once having secured Edith as his wife, he agreed to go abroad, that he might learn foreign languages, and read foreign poetry and history. Unpropitious as the present seemed to the young couple, "powers more benign leaned forward to brood over the coming years, and to bless them. It was decreed that his heart should be no homeless wanderer; that, as seasons went by, children should be in his arms, and upon his knees. It was also decreed that he should become a strong toiler among books."

On his return from the Continent he stayed for a short time in this country, and on going back to Lisbon took his wife with him, and, although at first opposed to the idea of residing abroad, she soon became reconciled when she saw the vine-trellised walks, and the lovely by-lanes, with their blossoming olive-trees, roses, and oranges. In 1801 they returned to England, and eventually settled at Keswick. And some idea of the happiness of his home may be gathered from the following written in 1809—

“I have five children; three of them at home, and two under my mother’s care in heaven.” He then goes on to say—“Bertha, whom I call Queen Henry the Eighth, from her likeness to King Bluebeard, grows like Jonah’s gourd, and is the very picture of robust health; and little Kate hardly seems to grow at all, though perfectly well. She is round as a mushroom button. Bertha, the bluff queen, is just as grave as Kate is garrulous. They are inseparable playfellows, and go about the house hand-in-hand.” Among the inmates of his home, to overlook Nelson and Bona Marietta, with their numerous successors, would, writes Professor Dowden, be a grave delinquency. “To be a cat was to be a privileged member of the little republic to which Southey gave laws. A house, he declared, is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is in it a child rising three years old—a kitten rising six weeks; ‘the kitten is in the animal world what the rosebud is in the garden.’ Lord Nelson, an ugly specimen of the streaked, carrotty, or Judas-colored kind, yet withal a good cat, affectionate, vigilant, and brave, was succeeded by Madame Bianchi, a beautiful and singular creature, white, with a fine tabby tail. ‘Her wild eyes were bright and green as the Duchess de Cadaval’s emerald necklace.’”

Although the maintenance of this home was entirely dependent on Southey’s pen, anxiety about his worldly affairs never caused him a sleepless night; but the same did not apply to his wife, for upon her the cares of this life fell more heavily. Sorrow, too, however imperceptible its influence might seem, left its mark unconsciously upon her, although she quietly managed everything in her husband’s home until the sadness of afflictions made her helpless. But no one could have appreciated the joys and pleasures of his home more than Southey, saddened at times as these were by sickness and bereavement. Indeed, how dearly his heart rested in his home only his own words can tell—

“Oh, dear, oh, dear! there is such a comfort in one’s old coat and old shoes, one’s own chair and own fireside, one’s own writing-desk and own library—with a little girl climbing up to my neck, and saying, ‘Don’t go to London, papa; you must stay with Edith!’—and a little boy whom I taught to speak the language of cats, dogs, cookoos, jackasses, etc., before he can articulate a word of his own. There is such a comfort in all these things, that transportation to London for four or five weeks seems a heavier punishment than any sins of mine deserve.”



HALLO PAPA DEAR !

(57)

And yet amidst all the bright sunshine of his Keswick home, clouds were to gather round it, and Southey was to lose his boy Herbert in 1816. How deep his devotion was is amply proved by his conduct at this trying time, and Mary Barker, who watched over the little patient; thus writes—

“Herbert! that sweetest and most perfect of all children on this earth, who died in my arms at nine years of age, whose death I announced to his father and mother in their bed, where I had prayed and persuaded them to go. When Southey could speak, his first words were, ‘The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!’ Never shall I forget that moment.”

Poor Southey, the very pulses of whose heart had played in unison with the sound of his son’s laughter, felt in his early death as if he had passed at once from boyhood to the decline of life, pathetically remarking that “the head and flower of my earthly happiness is cut off.” At the same time, he added, “I am not unhappy,” for “I have abundant blessings left; for each and all of these I am truly thankful; but of all the blessings which God has given, this child, who is removed, is the one I still prize the most.”

Soon time, the great healer of sorrow, did much to dissipate his sorrow, although, by a strange irony of fate, it was all renewed ten years afterward with dread exactness; for in July 1826, Isabel, “the most radiant creature that I ever beheld or shall behold,” passed away. Once more the sunlight of his love was darkened; and on the day when the body of his bright Isabel was laid in the grave, Southey’s courageous heart fairly gave way. In solitude the tears flowed; and although the names of his lost ones were never openly uttered, “each one of the household had, as it were, a separate chamber in which the images of their dead ones lay, and each went in alone and veiled.”

Great as these domestic losses were, yet, as the years passed by, the gloom still hung over his home, and he was to experience another terrible calamity, for on October 2, 1834, he writes—

“I have been parted from my wife by something worse than death. Forty years she has been the life of my life; and I have left her this day in a lunatic asylum.”

At such a trying crisis he tried, as far as possible, to forget his wretchedness by steadily pursuing his work, and when in the spring of the following year it was found that the poor sufferer might return to spend the short remaining time that was allotted to her on earth in her home, it was marvelous, we are told, how Southey, although no longer happy, could be contented and cheerful, and take pleasure in the pleasures of others. But the end was not long delayed, for his wife gradually wasted away, growing weaker and weaker, and died on the sixteenth of November. And so closed the long union of forty years, which whilst bringing

much happiness had throughout been tinged with sorrow. Henceforth his life, even when he recovered from his wife's death, and had married Caroline Bowles, was one of subdued happiness; and, as Prof. Dowden says, "if any future lay before him, it was a cloud lifeless and gray."

His second marriage was in every way suitable, because he had known Caroline Bowles for twenty years; and having long been in constant correspondence with her, a warm and lasting friendship had sprung up between them. What little remained of life he therefore gave to her, and she, by her literary tastes and sympathetic heart, used all her influence to cheer what otherwise would doubtless have been a forlorn and cheerless existence.

Some idea of her high character may be gathered from the womanly letter she wrote to him when his life was daily drawing near the end—

"I bless God that you are supported, as you assuredly are, by Himself. What arm but His could bear you up under the crushing weight you are appointed to bear! But for His sake do not think of sending from you your dear filial comforters. You say you sometimes think you should be as well without them. It would be a tempting of Providence to isolate yourself so unnaturally."

One of the chief charms of biography is that it shows us how simple and sweet and strong are the affections of good men and women, the leaven of loyal and tender love making the whole loaf of existence sweet.

"In thy face, dear wife," said Bunsen, when dying, "I have seen the face of God."

Emily Chubbuck, the third wife of that remarkable man, Adoniram Judson, wrote from Burmah, after her marriage to him, that she had often wondered at the devotion to him of such women as Ann Hasseltine and Sarah Boardman, his first and second partners. "But," she naïvely remarked, "I wonder no longer. With such a man any woman is perfectly blessed."

The lives of the Gurneys of Earlham, that great Quaker family, who so rejoiced in good works, and of whom came Elizabeth Fry of sainted memory, and Samuel and Joseph Gurney, the eminent philanthropists, are fruitful in instances of marriages which were little short of heavenly in their unclouded felicity.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert furnished in their marriage a proof that the highest worldly station is not incompatible with happiness which would make delightful the lowliest cottage.

Owing to the singularly ill-judged method of James Anthony Froude, the world in general has come to fancy that the union of Thomas and Jane Carlyle was ill-starred and uncongenial.

From a deep comprehension of the peculiarities of the Scottish character I credit the apparent crustiness of the sage to the dourness which in his countrymen overlies a deep tenderness of nature and an unswerving constancy. He and Jane had

both vocabularies of their own, and they were apt to write more than they would have said in sober words, but the two loved and on the whole suited one another.

On her tombstone in Haddington Church is this epitaph, a beautiful tribute from him who knew her best and missed her most:

“In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common; but also a soft invincibility, a clearness of discernment, and noble loyalty of heart, which



A FOAM-TOSSED SEA.

Life's stormy sea, by storms is often swept,
But sunlight breaks, and we are safely kept.

are rare. For forty years she was the true and ever-loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of the works that he did or attempted. She died at London, April 21, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

The Wives of Great Men.

The great man stands boldly before the world. His wife is potential, but little seen.

In the recently published Family Letters of the Rossettis, the editor, Mr. William G. Rossetti, takes occasion to pay a filial tribute to the mother, who filled a large place in his love. As the wife of an artist and the mother of a family of artists and poets, this lady was encumbered with care, for though brains in plenty were in the circle, they were not largely endowed with practical talents.



MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

A remark attributed to her, to the effect that she had longed for intellectual keenness in her husband and children, but sometimes wished that they had also had more common sense, reminded me of the pithy expression of an American lady, whose daughter had married a well-to-do merchant. She said, "We have never had anything but genius in the family. It will be a change to have a little money, too."

The biographer of Dr. Holmes calls attention to the tact, charm, ability and exquisite unselfishness of Mrs. Holmes, who, during a long and happy married life, made her husband's success possible by the constancy with which she kept the home atmosphere radiant and serene, the comfort she maintained in the household, and the ease with which she enabled her husband to pursue his own occupations. Not long ago, in a drawing-room company composed of elegant society women, I heard an eminent clergyman say of his wife, "She has always stood between me and the world. She has made it possible for me to be a public teacher. A thousand interruptions, a thousand difficulties are every week removed from my path by her gentle and efficient aid!"

It would seem that a great man more than any other, needs a loving and unselfish comrade in his wife. Princess Bismarck thus aided her husband by loyal companionship and self-sacrificing support. Mrs. Gladstone has been as a ministering angel to the "Grand Old Man," since the years when he and she were young together. The theory of the "new woman" would put aside the lovely old-fashioned ideal of wifedom which is founded in the primitive needs of the race. But theories aside, in plain daily life, men require the comforting, sustaining and stimulating companionship of congenial natures in their wives, and both great men and commonplace men seem alike in this.

"W. has been writing his book," said a friend to me, "and I have been mounting guard before the door. I have seen the visitors, quieted the children, given him the sort of breakfasts and dinners he likes best, played the music he prefers, kept the machinery from creaking. I have a large share in W.'s books, though nobody ever knows what it is."

Mr. D. was at the turning-point of his career," said Mr. D.'s partner, speaking of a man who had recently died in very sad circumstances, "but he never held up his head after his wife was taken away. He lost ambition, and things slipped away from his grasp. If she had lived, D. would have been known far and wide as a successful man. But he really ceased growing and stopped caring for things when he lost her."

It is an interesting study, this of the relations of men and women. And it may almost be taken for granted that a truly successful man in any line must have an able, but a very unselfish wife, one who does not mind being merged in the white light which aureoles her husband.

Homely Flowers and Simple Hearts.

In the spring, when everything is awakening to new life, hepaticas smiling in the woods, arbutus lifting its sweet, shy face from the shelter of the pine needles, leaves unfolding on the bare trees, the world full of beauty, one's heart turns lovingly to the familiar dooryard bloom. The dear old-fashioned things that come every year, that the mother tends and the child may pick, that make the bouquet for the sick chamber and fill the basket on the sacred desk, that offer themselves for the breastknot of the youth who goes courting and for the posy of the Puritan maiden on her way to the meeting house—who does not feel a new thrill of gladness when the May days bring them back? Chief among dooryard favorites is the sturdy lilac, with its plummy sheaves, its honeyed fragrance, its fidelity to its old dwelling-place. Call it a grandmother's flower if you will, for it has the purity, the strength, the endurance, the resolution, the fibre which made our New England grandmothers queenly and saintly.

Speaking of homely flowers leads us to a thought of the charm there is in homely virtues. An elderly woman passed through a room in which I was sitting the other day—a woman evidently beyond her sixtieth year. She was what is technically styled as “made-up” to look very much younger, and with the tinge of rouge, the pearl-tint of powder, the delicate penciling of eyebrows and the shadowing of eyelids, united with a wonderful coiffure and a costume fit for a girl in her twenties, the lady fondly fancied that she could cheat the observer into thinking her still in the flower of her youth. Vain delusion! The elaborate toilet deceived no one, and the pity of it all was that it obscured in the minds of some whom she met the real grace and charm which were the woman's own, notwithstanding her petty vanities.

One longed to say to such a woman, “Do not try to regain that which has evaded you, do not even seek to keep the semblance of it. Emulate the honest garden flower, and be what you are. At every age the good woman is fascinating, and fifty, sixty or seventy has as many claims on the homage of society as eighteen has or twenty-five.”

As a rule, the desperate effort to simulate youth defeats itself. Attention is called by cosmetics and an exaggerated style of dress to the very points which the foolish matron would prefer to have unnoticed. Health, good-temper, self-poise, calmness, serenity, the gentleness and repose which are won by conquest over trial and by the disciplinary experiences of life, are the birthright of middle age, as grace, eagerness, ambition, fire and fervor belong to the period of youth.

Have we strayed from our text? It may look so to you, dear reader, but the sturdy bloom of the spring brings to my memory, each recurring year, a picture of one so gracious, so energetic, so inspiring, that it is hard to believe she

is out of the world when the lilacs woo the bees at her door. A Welsh woman, who had come in her girlhood to America, she exemplified, to my mind, the worth of homely contentment, the importance of real values. Was there a concert or a lecture given in the little inland town where she lived, and was there near by some factory girl or struggling clerk who ought to have this pleasure and could not quite afford it, Mrs. V—— resolved herself into a quiet committee of ways and means to make the outing possible.

Was the pastor a little disheartened, his path hedged about with difficulties, her cheery voice and greeting, her capable hand, brightened and relieved the situation. She loved to potter about her garden, and always had beds of little fragrant things, geraniums, mignonette, pansies, blooming lavishly on purpose that they might be given away, long before "flower missions" had been thought of and named. Her life flowed tranquilly on for threescore years and ten, doing good wherever it touched other lives, setting in motion influences which are blessing a thousand lives to-day, yet it was always uneventful, obscure, retiring; it was the homely life of a home-keeping, home-loving woman, around whose door were the invisible angels of peace and love. With the Shunammite, she might have said, "I dwell among mine own." The bloom of May in field and garden bed brings her back to my thought.

Look for the Main Spring.

One should not be too introspective, yet it does no harm occasionally to interrogate one's inner consciousness and scrutinize closely one's motives. The kind action gains immensely in value if it be prompted by the right motive, and the most generous gift is the fine gold tarnished if the intrusion of a low motive has spoiled it. Our Saviour emphasized this in His frequent injunction to secrecy and quietude, so far as prayers and almsgiving were concerned. The devout petitioner must enter the closet and shut the door. The right hand must not know what the left hand did, nor the left hand have cognizance of the deeds of the right. High motives—motives far above worldly ambitions or the praise of men—were enjoined by our Lord.

Should the conscientious Christian disciple look into this matter, he or she would occasionally be shocked to discover a low motive creeping meanly around the roots of an apparently justifiable action. Self-will furnishes the low motive which prompts the offended Christian to take no active part in a church organization, for example, where unfortunately his wishes were not duly considered. Something about the church music does not please him, so he stays away from church, excusing the act to himself as a dignified protest, while all the time it is merely an exhibition of temper. He is not altogether in touch with his pastor, therefore,



though a fluent and acceptable speaker, his voice is seldom heard in the prayer meeting. Wounded self-love or hurt vanity is the low motive which often masquerades in the robes of humility.

It is, however, in the giving of gifts that one oftenest waylays the base motive. To have one's name conspicuous on a subscription list will sometimes cause a man to double or treble the amount he is willing to contribute even to a good cause. The cause gains by this, but the man suffers, for all giving in the direction of benevolence, whether of money or personal sympathy, should be on a high plane, on a plane in which the low motive has no share.

A very charming book has recently been occupying all my spare moments, and readers of that classic, "Memorials of a Quiet Life," may like to hear about this later work of Augustus Hare, "The Story of Two Noble Lives." Briefly stated, the book is the memoir, largely given in letters, of two beautiful sisters, the Ladies Charlotte and Louisa Stuart, one of whom became Viscountess Canning and the other Marchioness of Waterford. The character of the latter, Louisa Stuart, is impressive from beginning to end, from its lofty sincerity, its abhorrence of anything mean or small. A touching incident near the end of her life came to light after she had gone.

"When her things were being distributed the distributors were surprised to hear that 'the old man' most earnestly begged for something; it was for her old sealskin jacket. It was thought a singular request at first, but he urged it very much; he should treasure the jacket as long as ever he lived. He had been walking by her donkey-chair in the road when they found a female tramp lying in the ditch very ill indeed. Lady Waterford got out of her chair and made the man help her to lift the poor woman into it. Then she took off her own jacket and put it on the sick woman and walked home by the side of the chair, tending and comforting her all the way." "But it was not my lady's putting her jacket on the woman that I cared about," said the man, "but that she did not consider her jacket the least polluted by having been worn by the tramp. *She wore it herself afterward*, as if nothing had happened." A beautiful illustration this of doing good from the most uncalculative and unselfish motive.

In the training of children the greatest care should be exercised to keep the motives noble. "You must behave well, for Aunt Jane is coming and she always notices little girls. If you are rude Aunt Jane will not invite you to visit her next summer and children have splendid times at Aunt Jane's." Here the little one is incited to gentleness of deportment from a low motive—the hope of being asked to visit her relative. The same thing might be put in a different way, thus: "Aunt Jane will be here this afternoon. We want her to enjoy herself very much, and it will help her to do this if you will be very thoughtful and kind. It is so nice to give people pleasure when they come to see us."

Instances will occur to the reader but, as a rule, in child training one should aim at elemental principles and not at superficial results. In ourselves and in others, so far as in us lies, let us keep the motives of our action high. "Look up and not down ; look forward and not back ; look out and not in ; and lend a hand."

The Amenities of Daily Life.

I think one of the most common forms of incivility as seen in daily life is the failure to show interest in what people are saying to you. This lack of interest,



GOING HOME.

excused on the score of preoccupation, or absence of mind, or inattention, throws an effectual chill on family or social intercourse, and acts as a wet blanket wherever it is found. The fact is that when people are together, they should be interested in each other's talk, and each other's concerns. Letters, the morning paper, one's own thoughts and plans, should be put aside in the family, and whether in the sitting-room or at the table, a common life shared should make possible common conversation and polite intercourse.)

I was a very little girl when my father gave me a rule for conduct which has never ceased to have with me the force of an obligation. "Always look at the person who is speaking to you. Always look straight at the person to whom you

are speaking." The practice of this rule makes one a good listener, and a good listener is as essential to pleasure in conversation as a good raconteur.

The whole secret, or nearly the whole secret of personal magnetism and popularity is in this habit of giving deferential attention to what is going on about you. Next to this comes, and it has a high place in family amenities, the keeping in the background your grievances.

Where people are sensitive, and the greater the scale of refinement the greater is apt to be the sensitiveness to the moods of others and to praise or blame, it is inevitable that feelings will be hurt.

But my grievance, even if it be positive and well-grounded, is my personal affair, and must not be permitted to intrude upon the peace of the household. It is mine, and therefore it is my privilege to put it with other unpleasant things quite out of sight. No personal slight, no personal sorrow, no individual infirmity, should be allowed to cloud the general happiness.

Among the neglected amenities of life, one finds often the scarcely veiled indifference of the young to the old. Younger people are so full of vitality, so occupied, so *rushed* in these busy days with their engagements and their pleasures that they too frequently have scant consideration for their seniors. (But age has its rights as well as its privileges, and it has a claim on the courtesy, the patience, and the respect of those who, however young they may be now, will, if they live long enough, in time be old themselves.)

Among the needless brutalities of daily life is a habit of brusque and indiscreet candor. "What a hideous bonnet you have; pray, where did you get it? You look like a fright!" I heard one sister say to another, and I felt most indignant. The bonnet may or may not have deserved the comment; that was a matter of preference, but the young woman capable of so rude a remark should have been made to wear a penitential sheet with holes for her eyes until she had learned better manners. "You are looking very ill," if repeated often enough, will make even a well person a temporary invalid, and, where disagreeable truths will do no good, and no principle is involved in their expression, it is better not to utter them. Silence is sometimes, not always, but often, golden.

The Young Teacher.

One morning a tall young man was seen riding at break-neck pace toward the school-house. Flinging himself off his horse, he opened the door and walked in, without so much as a knock, apology or doffing of his hat. A cowboy with spurs, schapps, sombrero and lariat was a new sight to Miss Selby, but with ready tact she concealed her surprise and quietly asked, "Would you like to become a member of this school?"



THE YOUNG TEACHER.

"Miss Selby kept bravely on."

"Well, I don't know, I'll see how I like it;" and with this ungallant speech he sat down in the nearest seat and proceeded to view the situation. The teacher treated him as if cowboys had been always her friends, showed him books and pictures, explained the class work, and even sought to evoke some spirit of gallantry by asking him to move a heavy table for her.

"Why don't you move it yourself?" was the gruff query, which entirely failed to daunt the little mistress. For two days he came and went as he pleased, and often amused himself by throwing paper wads, and in various ways seeking to distract the attention of the pupils. The little strategist outmatched him at every point. Each child refused to take notice of his pranks, for had she not made a nice little speech to them the second morning, before he came in, in which she put them on their honor to show the untaught fellow a model school? At the end of the second day he surrendered, and throwing down his sombrero, said humbly: "I know I hain't behaved decent; but I hain't been to school since I was a little shaver, and I didn't know how to act. I knew better'n I've done though, but I did hate being bossed round by a girl, awfully, specially one that can't ride horses and rough it. But you're a cute one. I can't get ahead of you, an' I shan't try. If you'll forgive me, I settle down to study, for I like this school first rate." This long speech was quite an effort, and he paused, looking up at Miss Selby shyly to see whether he had said the right thing.

A long talk followed, and was closed by Jack's saying: "You've made me ashamed of myself."

From that time a wonderful change came over the burly, kind-hearted cowboy. He studied as humbly as a little child, and as diligently as any scientist. Nothing escaped him. He was content to take his place with those who were years his junior and to begin with subtraction and primary geography. With all the vim that characterized him when riding the plains he threw himself into acquiring knowledge. . . . He had times of showing extreme restlessness. The school house would seem to him like a prison; the old life on the plains beckoned to him. He would act as if suffocating and in bonds. One day he could bear the restraint no longer. To dash over the prairie was a necessity. He rose abruptly, left the room without permission, mounted his horse and rode for hours. The teacher feared he had gone as suddenly as he had come and would never return. But next day he was in his place, repentant and pleading for readmittance. "I meant to keep the rules, but I felt in prison. My old habits got the better of me. I must get out."

"Why did you not ask to go?" inquired Miss Selby.

"The longing for the wild life overwhelmed me. I never knew when I walked out until I was on my horse."

Jack was a constant attendant in the Sunday School, which Miss Selby held regularly. From miles around the people gathered to a service, half church, half

Sunday School, for both old and young were to be interested. About half-past ten o'clock of a Sunday morning the little teacher might be seen coming over the prairie, creeping under the wire fence as gracefully as circumstances would permit, in the presence of her entire audience, who never went inside until she arrived. She performed the duties of janitor, usher, organist and preacher, gliding from one office to the other as if she had followed each until she were an adept in the separate arts. Jack took great pride in assisting at these services, helping with the singing, taking it upon himself to be usher, and making himself generally useful. One would not recognize in the polite, studious young man the rude cowboy of a year ago.

The second winter proved the severest in the history of the settlement. Stock perished on the prairie; the horses which the children rode to school shivered in the frail shelters built for them in the rear of the yard; and the teacher had hard work to keep fire enough to warm the room. Snow choked the chimney, and ran



BURIED IN SNOW.

in sooty rivers to the floor: wraps had to be worn all day. The wood supply failed, and the horse sheds had to be burned for fuel. A week of such weather had passed, and Jack, who had heretofore been

punctual as the sun, failed to appear. Anxious inquiries were made for him, when his father sent word that he was very sick; would the teacher come to see him? Soon as school was over, she mounted her pony and set out for the three mile trip. The cold was bitter; the snow so crusty and deep the pony could not go faster than a walk. Miss Selby kept bravely on until the log cabin was reached. Jack lay in a room in which were his five brothers and sisters. He was threatened with pneumonia. Even to the teacher's inexperienced eye it was evident that Jack was very ill, and she urged sending for a physician. It was no small undertaking to secure one, the nearest being twenty-five miles away. But a kind neighbor volunteered his services, and meanwhile Miss Selby took her place by the bedside. Jack talked incessantly of school, of his last lesson in geography, and muttered, "I tho't that little teacher couldn't rough it, but she's a plucky one." Midnight, and the doctor came, too late to check the ravages of the disease. The next day a pall seemed to hang over the school. Gone was its eager, busy aspect, gone the merry zest for study. Suddenly a hush fell upon all. Jack's father had driven up, and according to the custom of the region was waiting for Miss Selby to appear. She went out swiftly,

standing in the deep snow, her head bare to the bitter wind, while she raised her face questioningly to the speaker.

"Jack is dead, and he wanted you to conduct the funeral, and his mother and I wish it, too."

"O, it is not fitting. I never heard of such a thing. I could *not* do it. I don't know how," she gasped in broken sentences.

"But it was Jack's last wish; besides, how could we get a minister? The traveling is terrible; the nearest one is twenty-five miles away. You must do it, Miss Selby; we all know you can; we'd rather listen to you than to a preacher. Don't you preach for us every Sunday? We'll leave all arrangements to you," he pleaded tearfully. Then the heroic spirit of her Puritan ancestors awoke in the little teacher. She gave one glance at the wind-swept, snow-covered prairie.

"I will do it," she said firmly, and returned to the waiting pupils, feeling that the weight of the world had suddenly fallen upon her young shoulders.

It was no time for regrets. There was work to be done, and speedily. She trained the school choir upon several suitable hymns; she directed the making of standards upon which the casket might rest; she covered them with black, and partitioned with ribbon the seats to be occupied by the mourning family; she trained an usher in his duties, selected bearers and arranged the room for the funeral company. She then went to the home to help cover with black cambric the rude pine coffin, and when all was completed she shut herself into her room to prepare for the address upon the morrow. What should she say? Like wildfire had the news spread that the "teacher" would conduct the exercises, and she knew the people of the settlement would come in spite of wind and weather. She meant to use her opportunity, to enter the open door. She must *not* fail. All night she wrote and prayed and planned. It took some courage to face the skeptical audience, with their interest-me-if-you-can air, and more to stand close by the dead, and some self-command to inspire the weeping choir with self-control. The little teacher had not yet outgrown her childish fear in the presence of death, but it must not appear now. Her voice trembled as she read the Scripture, grew firmer while she prayed, and gave no uncertain sound as she held her audience in close attention to the end. She spoke briefly of the dead, earnestly to the living. The people were moved to tears and to loyalty. The little teacher had won a victory.

The procession wound its way up the bleak hillside, the choir sang, then the teacher, chilled and trembling, standing in the deep snow, read the burial service, its solemn words sounding out faith and hope to ears all unused to them.

Disease, from exposure, fastened itself upon the teacher, and she went down to the gates of death. Time would fail to tell of her people's loving ministrations. Slowly she came back to life. The snows have now gathered thickly among her

brown tresses, and when people whisper, "nervous strain," she only smiles, while a far-away look creeps into her eyes, and there flashes before her mind a picture of a broad prairie, a lonely hillside grave, a crowd of wondering people, a group of sorrowing children, snow piled high; and standing in the midst the trembling "Little Teacher." We have taken this beautiful and touching story from the columns of *Christian Education*. It is worth reading many times and remembering.

Financiering in the Firm of Wife and Husband.

Not a little good common sense is needed in managing the financial affairs of any family, wherever it may be. Few people are aware of the trouble wrought in home life by the mere matter of money. Men, who trust their wives with everything else, the care of the children, the conduct of the home, the management of the family's social relations, stop short when it becomes a question of giving the same dear and trusted wives the independence about funds which they claim for themselves. To do them full justice, the great, kind-hearted blundering fellows do not begin to know how women dislike to ask for money. I have known a matron, whose life had been a happy one with her husband for nearly forty years, still blush and hesitate before she could bring herself to show him her empty pocketbook. Another, the wife of a rich man, could not go to a certain entertainment, for which she had tickets, because she had not car-fare, and still another went without needful winter clothing, because she had no money to purchase it, while her husband's means were ample. Men may condemn this sort of conduct as childish and silly, and perhaps it is, but let them suppose the case reversed. Would they go to their Jane or Mary and ask her for money to buy a new hat or a pair of boots, or for luncheon, or any other little need or possibly extravagance?

Don't let us blame the married pair too much for the state of affairs which has been handed down from the fathers. Mechanics and laboring men indeed give their wives a control of their wages, which other bread winners seldom find themselves willing to do. What is desired is equal partnership and the fullest confidence, and in home financiering the wife and husband should fully share the responsibility, since she who saves equals him who earns in the exchequer-department of the family.

A very bright and witty writer has told us that husbands are a little prone to shirk the part of counsellor, as well as of dispenser in this matter of money.

Most men hate to talk over money matters with their wives. The general accusation against men has been, ever since we began to hear anything about the matter, that they did not let their "women folks" know anything about their



THE FRUIT
OF THE
SPIRIT
IS
LOVE

Gal. v. 22.

financial affairs. Consequently, the sudden death of the head of the family usually plunged those dependent upon him into financial chaos, out of which dishonest executors and lawyers evolved such elements as they chose.

Probably in some cases this reticence on the part of men is wise. Some women cannot bear the strain of uncertainty and worry which business men often carry with, at least, outward calmness from one year's end to another. Women's nerves are tenderer, and they feel none of the excitement of competition which often supports men in their crises. The very magnitude of the interests involved almost paralyzes women sometimes, and it would generally be foolish for a man conducting large mercantile concerns to attempt to acquaint any members of his family, not directly and actively at work with him, of the daily progress of his undertakings. But the smaller financial pros and cons of the domestic order, the final arrangement of the property in case of death, the amount of insurance, the proportion to be laid by in each year, these are affairs which should be thoroughly understood between husbands and wives.

Not long ago a rich man, who had insisted upon the making of a will by each of his younger relatives, died suddenly without himself having made any will whatsoever, thus throwing unexpectedly weighty cares upon his heirs. This is only one more illustration, added to dozens which everybody knows, of the way in which we all hold theories in regard to personal financial management, yet do not practically carry them out.

"But my husband simply won't talk about money," sighed one intelligent woman. "If I say after dinner in the evening, 'George, let's discuss the various bills which are due, and see about settling them,' he says: 'Why will you spoil my evening, Maria, when I am so tired? For pity's sake, give me a little peace! I have been worrying about money matters all day.' As he had had at least three months of evenings without them, I felt that he might give up this one to the detested work, but I obediently kept still. The next morning, perhaps, I ask him again. 'O, I mustn't go to my business all worked up about money,' he says, and so on. There is never a time that he likes."

This situation exists oftener than we think. The consequence is that possibly as many as half the whole number of well-to-do wives hardly know whether or not their husband's lives are insured. Even if they know this much, they cannot tell for what sum nor in what companies, nor whether the insurance is for their own benefit entirely, or for that of others. Few women know how much money their husbands have in bank, or in stocks or bonds, or how it is distributed. It is safe to say that while many, perhaps most, women keep some sort of an account of their personal expenses and are called on frequently to tell their husbands how they have spent every ten dollars which has been handed to them, the husbands rarely render such accounts to the wives; though in order to reach the best results

in the joint management of the family funds, each should know how much the other requires per week for personal expenses. Many a man would be surprised to find what an able helper he would have in his wife, in the close financiering necessary in most homes, if he would only confide in her. It is in little ways that the income leaks away fastest. Woman, with her constant and necessary attention to minute details in the conduct of the home, is better fitted than most men to stop these little leaks.

As the happiness or misery of a family depends largely upon the wise management of the income, it follows that considerable thought and care should be expended upon it. In the ideal home, the entire management is the result of joint debates between husband and wife. Neither one should be arbitrary or stubborn. Reason should rule, and each one should be able and willing to enforce his or her position by sound reason, or else abandon it. The money branch of the family affairs should be included under this rule, along with the education and discipline of the children, attendance



A LITTLE MAIDEN.

upon social functions, religious observances, dietary and all the other departments of family life. It is because wives have so often proved unequal to the trust that husbands have come to shut them out of their confidence? Or is it because those who have the power use it arbitrarily and selfishly?

Hidden Gold.

The temptation of our period is to long for the showy work, for the work which is carried on with a certain flourishing of trumpets, with a glow of enthusiasm, with plenty of people helping and plenty of others looking on. We are in danger of undervaluing the quiet ways and the quiet work, of discrediting that which is done by humble workers in obscure places. Yet perhaps the greatest courage and the highest qualities are those which are displayed at posts of service of which the great world hears little and for which only God cares.

In a farmhouse deep hidden in the shadow of the Northern woods, a woman, young, well-educated and beautiful, is spending her days and nights in the constant care of a querulous and exacting invalid. The suffering victim of a nervous malady has become so accustomed to consider herself first that she does not even go through the form of thanking the friend who waits on her so tenderly, nor, in the household, accustomed to the ministrations of a rarely unselfish and noble soul, is there any special recognition of what she is doing. The place of duty here is obscure, almost as obscure, indeed, as that of the signal service watcher on the mountain peak, who spends his months in making observations and records by which a brilliant and busy world profits. But the brave Christian woman goes cheerily on one day at a time, never complaining nor deeming herself heroic, and when I think of her I am reminded of Keble's line:

Meek souls there are who little dream
Their daily life an angel's theme,
Nor that the rod they bear so calm
In heaven may prove a martyr's palm.

Obscure service is that of a pastor's wife, in a hamlet, tucked away under a mountain peak in the wilderness. She lives remote from the railroad, and mails reach her only once a week. Beyond the telegraph, a dispatch sent over the wires to her nearest station would be carried for delivery forty miles on horseback. I remember this woman, a brilliant, beautiful girl, my schoolmate and my life-long friend. She has never allowed her talents to rust; the musical skill, the fine taste in literature, the gentle manners, have been used in the education of her own children, and the parsonage, where so much of the work has often of necessity been performed by the hands of the mistress, has been the centre of pleasure for the parish.

"A. might have been a famous woman," one of her friends said to me, "had she not married a poor minister, and been buried alive all these years."

Buried alive! I did not so describe the bright, busy, intensely absorbing life my old schoolmate had led, and as for fame, had she not earned something better and more rewarding—the consciousness that she had done her duty in that place where God had put her?

A Sunday School teacher's work may be very much in the background, and it may not seem to her, as she sits in the midst of her restless circle of mission boys, that she is doing much good. And her sister, the missionary teacher on the far outpost in the great West, or in some Indian settlement, or over the sea in a land of strangers, simply teaching rudimentary things to slow-witted or inattentive children, any one of these may now and then feel sadly that her work is very lowly. Yet, should she feel sad about it?

Rightly regarded, all work is equally important, and it is faithful performance, not magnificent results, for which the Master looks. The "Well done, good and faithful servant," will be as cheerily spoken, and as gladly heard by the little gleaner who gathered up the droppings of the harvest as by the sturdy reaper who carried full sheaves home at the end of the day. It is required of a man that he be found faithful.

A Withered Rose.

This touching story sets vibrating a very tender chord. Its lesson and its question are pithily summed up in the ancient phrase interrogative, "Am I my Brother's Keeper?"

A bevy of bright-eyed, sunny-faced girls in holiday attire boarded the morning train at a village depot a few miles out from a bustling Western city. It was Independence Day, and the cars were crowded with patriotic men, women and children who were going into the city to help celebrate the day dear to the heart of every American.

After the girls, whose cheeks rivaled the roses they carried, were comfortably seated, their attention was attracted to a desperate-looking man, in charge of an officer, who occupied a seat near them.

"A jail-bird," whispered Nellie Ames, with a scornful look upon her pretty face. "I wish we had gone into the other car."

"He cannot hurt us," replied the girl by her side. "See, he is handcuffed."

"Poor fellow! How hard it seems to be deprived of liberty," whispered Alice May, looking with pitying eyes upon the hardened wretch, who from his defiant attitude seemed to have caught the meaning of the girls' looks, though

the words failed to reach his ears. "I believe I will give him this rose," she continued, selecting the most fragrant one among the beauties she carried.

"I thought that one was for your Aunt Fanny," urged Nellie. "You said this morning that you would not have pulled it for any other person living."

"I had not seen this poor, lonely man then," insisted Alice, the tears of sympathy in her gentle eyes; and suiting her actions to her words, she crossed the narrow passage and laid the fragrant flower upon his lap.

Tears sprang into his eyes as he took the rose up in his imprisoned fingers, and turning to the fair young girl, he said in a husky voice, "God bless you, miss, for your kindness to a poor castaway. May you never know what it is to be friendless. It is many a day since I heard a word of cheer from human lips."

"Poor Robert," said a white-headed man who had witnessed the touching scene. "He was once a good soldier, and if he had been pierced by a bullet while on duty, we would feel that his life had not been wasted; but in the army he learned to drink, and now cast off by all his kin he is going to work out a five years' sentence in the State prison."

The convict frowned at the old captain, who by his story brought tears to the girl's eyes, but her instant reply, "He is a soldier still, and needs flowers more than the dead heroes," touched his heart in a very tender spot. Yes, he needed flowers, but not like them. They had purchased theirs with their lives, but those bestowed upon him were from pity. "Dead, dead to the world," was the cry of his soul as he was whirled along over the green country to the prison that for five long years was to be his home. With tears he baptized the rose that was to be



AMONG THE REEDS.

his only friend within those gloomy walls, and then his memory went back over long, wasted years. He thought of the old mother who had died broken-hearted; of the young wife who had slipped away from life for want of the love and tenderness he had promised to bestow upon her; of the little daughter who to-day was worse than fatherless, and bowing his head in silence he vowed, "Christ helping me, I will yet redeem my manhood." He took the rose with him into his gloomy cell, and when it withered he pressed it between the leaves of his Bible—a book he soon learned to love and prize above all others. Withered, did I say? Withered—when it took root in his heart and made his whole after life fragrant? Withered—when by its sweet influence it transformed a godless man into the likeness of the blessed Christ? He served out his term of imprisonment in the best possible manner; not with eye-service, for in trying to redeem the past he was as honest with himself as with his jailors.

When he came out from behind bolts and bars into God's free sunshine he carried with him such testimonials from the prison officials as won him a place among true, honest Christian men. He could not redeem the past; he could not go back and live over his wasted years; he could not bring back from the grave the loved ones whose lives he had cut short; but in humbleness of heart he tried to live a blameless life, and with the help of kind-hearted friends he became a power for good in the community where he dwelt. Choosing work among the lowly as his special field of labor, he became the means of leading many homeless, friendless men and women into better, purer ways of living.

The young girl, all unconscious of the blessed work wrought out by her rose grew up into womanhood, scattering seeds of kindness wherever she went. With the passing years the scene in the train that bright July morning faded from her memory, sorrow came to her family, sickness and death entered the home, taking first the father, then the mother from the hearthstone; then, as if her cup of sorrow was not already running over, her young brother, tender and dearly beloved, fell into temptation, and there was no hand stretched out to lead him back from the dangerous path upon which he had entered.

One morning, it was on another Independence Day, seven years after the rose had started on its heavenly mission, there was a terrific explosion in the mine where young May was employed. A score of men were buried far beneath the earth's surface, and though their comrades flocked around the shaft, eager to render assistance, the danger was so great that even the stoutest hearts grew faint at the thought of going down to what seemed certain death.

"Let me go, friends," said an unfamiliar voice, and the form of a stranger, tall and straight, with a head prematurely gray, appeared at the mouth of the mine.

"He who ventures down into the place, now reeking with poisonous gases, takes his life in his hand, stranger. Ten chances to one he will never come out again alive," remonstrated the boss.

"I'll take that one chance, friend, and go down to those men, living or dead, who are imprisoned in the bowels of the earth. If all is well, I will come up to you again with the news of their fate, or send them up, one by one, alive; if not, I can die with them, and death is no more bitter in the darkness than in the sunlight. I was a prisoner once myself, and a kind act saved me from cursing my Maker and dying by my own hand, as I had planned." Then he went on to relate the incident of the rose and its blessed mission, after which, in painful silence, he was slowly lowered down, down to the bottom of the mine.

It seemed like hours—though it was actually less than twenty minutes—before the signal agreed upon for the ascending of the cage was given. Much to the surprise of the anxious crowd waiting above, the men who came up, though unconscious, were alive, and soon revived. Others now went to the brave stranger's assistance, and the work of rescuing the imprisoned miners was soon completed.

Alice May was there to welcome her brother back to life, and the man, who years before had blessed her for her kindness, through the dust of the withered rose, in after days, won the brother he had snatched from the death and darkness back to a new and better existence.

Had then the rose withered? Oh, no! The offering of kindness blooms on forever. Never, never can the worth of that one little deed of love be estimated, for souls count not in dollars and cents.

The Worth of a Habit.

The day was rather warm, but a parlorful of ladies had gathered at the house of Mrs. Austin for the regular home missionary meeting. The general opinion was that their society was an unusually flourishing one, and this opinion seemed borne out by the number in attendance on that particular day.

Still, for the time being, they were a flock without a leader. Their president was kept at home by the illness of a daughter, and the secretary, who would have taken her place, had sent a note at the last minute saying that she was unexpectedly detained. As for the treasurer, she had so repeatedly declared that it was impossible for her to do more than read her monthly statement that no one thought of calling upon her to take charge of the meeting.

The ladies sat for awhile whispering to one another about the unfortunate state of affairs, when finally Mrs. Austin, by virtue of her office as hostess, asked Mrs. Leonard whether she would preside. Mrs. Leonard was a delicate woman



who looked as though the performance of any duty might be rather difficult, but if weak in body she was strong in spirit, and she consented at once to assume temporary leadership.

After the singing of an inspiring hymn into which all who were present entered heartily, Mrs. Leonard read a few verses from the sixth chapter of John about the feeding of the five thousand. Then she spoke quietly in this wise: "I was reading these verses this morning, and it seemed to me then that they would be especially appropriate for such a meeting as this. Jesus Himself was the greatest of home missionaries. We know how he went about among His own countrymen seeking to do them good. On the occasion of which we have been reading we are told that the multitude had followed to the retired place which He and His disciples had sought for rest, but He did not refuse Himself to them on that account.

"Often when we are weary we make that an excuse for not engaging in the Father's business. But it was not so with Christ. Then, too, this was for Him a time of grief, for it was after the beheading of John the Baptist. Most of us think that affliction is a sufficient plea for a long pause in helping others. But it was otherwise with Jesus. He had compassion upon the multitude, though He might have claimed that they were strangers, as in a certain sense they were. He supplied their physical needs; and afterward, when they had followed Him to the other side of the lake, He revealed Himself to them as the living bread from heaven. This He did although He knew that they sought Him simply because they had been fed. So He taught them patiently and gently, even though He understood that their motives in following Him were not the best.

"May we not imitate Him in these respects? May we not resolve to do what we can for the untaught and even the unworthy of our own land? Ought we not to compassionate their ignorance and sinfulness? Ought we not to forget our own weariness and our own troubles in the intense desire to benefit others?"

After Mrs. Leonard's little talk, a member of the society read an interesting leaflet, and another gave a sketch which she had herself prepared, of the work of a devoted home missionary. Then there was another hymn, and there were several prayers and a collection.

Altogether, the meeting was helpful and inspiring. After it closed one of the ladies went to the leader saying, "So good of you, Mrs. Leonard, to help us out of our dilemma to-day. I don't know who else would have been so well prepared for an unexpected call of the sort. How did you manage to have anything to say?"

Mrs. Leonard hesitated, and a flush spread over her check. Then she replied in a low voice, "I try to study the Bible for a little while every morning, and a good many thoughts come to me about it."

So because of this habit she had been ready when the call of duty came.

My Heart's in the Highlands.

The first four lines of this song are from an old ballad called "The Strong Walls of Derry,"—which does not leave a great deal to be claimed by Burns, who made the remainder. The old melody to which it is set is called "Portmore." The song was a favorite in the repertoire of Henry Russell, set to music of his own.

Harmonized as a Quartette by EDWARD S. CUMMINGS.]

QUARTETTE

1. My heart's in the high-lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the
 2. My heart's in the high-lands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the

high-lands, a chas-ing the deer; A chas-ing the wild deer, and foll-'wing the
 high-lands, a chas-ing the deer; A chas-ing the wild deer, and foll-'wing the

roe, My heart's in the highlands, wher-ev - er I go. Fare-well to the highlands, fare-
 roe, My heart's in the highlands, wher-ev - er I go. Fare-well to the mountains high

well to the north, The birth-place of val-or, the coun-try of worth; Wher-
 cov-ered with snow, Fare-well to the straths and green val-lies be-low; Fare-

ev - er I wander, wher-ev - er I rove, The hills and the high-lands for - ev - er I'll love.
 well to the for-ests and wild-hanging woods, Fare-well to the wa-ters and wild-pour-ing floods.



(FROM FAMOUS SONGS.)

“MY HEART IS IN THE HIGHLANDS.”

Worth Trusting.

A young woman recently found employment in a crockery store. She immediately began a course of study; in her leisure moments, upon glassware and china. Then she read some recent works upon the appointments of the table, and in a short time, by applying herself to her business, became the most valuable employe in a large bazar.

In a millinery establishment the young woman who found time for reading a book or two on colors and their harmonious combination, found her own taste greatly improved and her ability to please patrons much greater. She was soon a favorite with the employers and customers.

The young woman who, to earn an honorable living, went into a lady's kitchen, and instead of gossiping every evening, found time to read a few good books and household papers, was soon too valuable a housekeeper to be kept in a subordinate position in the kitchen. She knew how a table should look for a formal dinner; she knew what dishes were in season; she knew how to serve a meal in its proper courses; and more than that, she knew something about the food-value of different dishes.

Of course this sounds a wee bit old-fashioned, but the fact remains that there is always "room at the top," and that no unusual amount of intelligence is needed to reach the top. A fair average of good sense and a proper amount of application will accomplish everything.

Here and There With the Lady of the House.

Dear Madam, pray be as kind and courteous to your husband as you were when he was your lover. Then you used to look up to him; do not now look down upon him. Be as unlike as possible to those silly women who seek for the admiration of and try to please every man except the unfortunates who are married to them.

Remember that you are married to a man, who may sometimes be mistaken; be prepared for imperfections.

Once in a while let your husband have the last word; it will gratify him and be no particular loss to you.

Let him know more than you do once in a while; it keeps up his self-respect, and you are none the worse for admitting that you are not actually infallible.

Be reasonable; it is a great deal to ask under some circumstances, but do try; reasonable women are rare—be rare.

Read something in the papers beside the so-called woman's pages; have some knowledge of what is going on in foreign countries.

Be a companion to your husband if he is a wise man; and if he is not, try to make him become your companion. Raise his standard, do not let him lower yours.



The Growing Girl.

From fourteen to sixteen is apt to be a trying age to a girl herself, and it is often a period full of puzzles and problems to a girl's mother. Childhood is left behind, and womanhood is not yet here. Too old for dolls and romps, and the unchecked freedom which she had the other day, too young for the company of the older girls to whom she aspires, feeling strangely enough as if she were ten years her own senior, at once timid and bold, restive under restraint, and dependent upon wise guidance, the little maid now needs, as never before, very loving, very

patient and very sympathetic treatment. The tides of her being are rushing in upon her; she does not understand her own moods; she cannot account for her own caprices, she has her little gusts and storms, as well as her hours of sunshine, and in this time of ferment, of revolt, yet of real sweetness and of peril chiefly because of the issues involved, our growing girl is happy if her mother is her dearest and her safest confidante. No other can be so safe, and no other ought to be so dear.

“What shall I do for my daughter at this most troublesome age?” writes one over-burdened woman. “Can you tell me of a good school for her, where she will have the best care, be under the best influences, and be wholly guarded from the very thought of beaux?” The latter consideration seems to many parents important beyond every other, where their young daughters are concerned, and it not infrequently happens that the sedulous anxiety of mothers and teachers to shut out the other sex, to seclude the growing girl, or so regulate her intercourse with boys of her own age that it is to the last degree formal and occasional, brings about the very state of things most dreaded.

A girl to whom the idea of boys as beaux would never have occurred, bristles, looks blushinglly conscious of their presence, assumes airs and graces, and laughs in an unnatural tone when they appear on the scene, and all because nature and good breeding were forgotten in the first place. If only girls and boys could be permitted to meet and associate on the footing common to friends and play-mates, with no thought of sex or of silly sentiment, there would never be the annoyance and the irritation which spring from the placing of these young people in false positions.

But, dear mother, if the mischief has been done, and your little blushing maiden cannot meet boys without behavior that will cause her to be ashamed and regretful when she shall be older, don't think to cure this by sending her away to a boarding-school. The perhaps necessary, yet, to her view, rigid and arbitrary, restrictions which she will encounter there will only confirm her in obstinacy, or arouse an unfortunate antagonism. Keep her rather at home, lovingly, mind you, under your own eye, and, if you have no alternative, let school have the go-by for a year or two. She will not acquire the less readily, nor develop the less charmingly, for an interval spent in studying domestic lore, in learning to be womanly, by being made her mother's companion, friend and daily assistant. The girl who is fully and happily employed in work that occupies the hands, as well as the brain, will generally pass easily and gracefully through the critical period when she is in danger of doing or saying stupid or silly things in regard to boys, who, dear, honest fellows, are perfectly ready to be her friends, comrades and champions, if *their* fathers and mothers have not made the thing impossible.

Indeed, a somewhat extended observation of boys, and a very pleasant acquaintance with many of them, leads me to the conclusion that they care **very**

little about posing in the role of "beaux." It bores them, and its only attractiveness comes to them by the rule of contraries. Being prohibited, it naturally becomes desirable. At this debatable period a girl has her fits of giggling at trifles, and the



WHERE THE BROOK AND RIVER MEET.

sound of her bubbling and irrepressible laughter seems now and then to a severe taste like "the crackling of thorns under a pot," spoken of by the Psalmist. But were

you not once fourteen, and have you forgotten how little it took to make you laugh; how easily you were amused and diverted? Life has taken so much out of you that your laughter is often neighbor to your tears, in these graver years. Yet you cannot but be tolerant, if you pause to think of the mirth which is so innocent, so good humored, so significant of high health and hope. Besides, the dear child will never be fourteen again!

Let the little maiden by all means have a room of her very own, if you can, or, if this be impossible, give her half a room, dividing her share of it by a screen from that of her sister or *little* brother. A separate bed should be arranged for each child in the family, and, as you value her future vigor, do not let your growing girl sleep with her grandmother, or with an invalid aunt or cousin. Let her have her own little withdrawn spot where she may read or write, or study or pray—*her* closet sacred to her use.

And, if you can, give the young daughter a little money to use as she pleases, an allowance, or, if you choose, assign to her certain parts of the housework, and pay her for taking charge of them. Money of one's own means, and confers responsibility, and we desire our darling to be a responsible woman—one who can be depended on in all stress of circumstance.

In a mistaken desire to shield the dear child from trials, do not hide from her the family perplexities and embarrassments, and then, having done this, do not add to it the injustice of blaming her for thoughtlessness. Trust her, love her, wait tenderly on her inexperience. Fourteen is only a bud, and buds are blighted by frost.

Vacations for Mothers.

When the young people are enjoying their holidays, and picnics, festivals and excursions are the order of the day, it is time that somebody should consider the question of play spells for mothers. Mothers, as a rule, are the last persons in the world to think of themselves. They sit up late and rise early to save their daughters from weariness; they toil to set the last stitches in dainty frocks for the children, and in beautiful gowns for the young ladies, and their taste and skill assist in the manufacture of the charming hats and bonnets which are a part of the young girl's needful wardrobe. Mothers are quite in the way of standing by the door to give a final pull and twitch to the draperies, a loving little pat to the jackets and a good-bye kiss to the big boy and girl who are off for a day's merry-making. A moment later the echoing wheels die into silence and distance, the house is still, the young blithe voices are no longer heard in their keen, sweet resonance, and it is mother who is picking up here, hanging up there, setting things in order, darkening chambers to exclude the sun, arranging anew the parlor, taking on herself the work which ought to be shared by a half



VACATION FOR MOTHERS.

dozen, and never dreaming that she is a saint and a heroine as she patiently assumes the drudgery which it comes to pass must be assumed in every home.

Mother has been doing this a long while. If you remonstrate with her, she will explain that Catherine has had a very hard year in college and must be spared, that Lucy's is the artistic temperament and does not take kindly to humdrum routine, that Sophy is a great favorite with her friends and too much in demand to be tied fast to housekeeping; that, in short, every member of the family needs recreation, or change, or time for some pursuit, so that mother cannot be spared, cannot spare herself.

It goes on thus, every one accepting the sacrifices which are so lightly made by the loving woman whose pleasure it is to spend and be spent for her loved ones, consequently every one else makes light of them.

"Mother does not care for society," says one daughter, cheerfully.

"Mother is absorbed in her housekeeping," says another. "You would hardly believe that she was once as enthusiastic a student as any one of her girls. She seldom opens a book."

"Mother has lost all interest in new gowns. She wants *us* to have all the pretty things," chirps another, complacently.

By and by a day dawns when mother is not well enough to oversee the affairs she has so long kept in hand. The doctor looks very grave.

"She is worn out," he declares. "There is little left to build on. It will be a hard fight to restore her when her vitality is so feeble."

Perhaps the mother is taken away. She drops out and she is missed and mourned, but somehow the machinery of life goes on—the housework and cooking, the sewing and mending, are done. Only the mainspring was broken when mother died, and there are jars and roughnesses undreamed of when she managed affairs with prudence and discretion.

Girls, it is not worth while to plead with your mother for herself, but I ask *you* to take the matter in hand and see that she has a play spell. Send her off to visit *her* mother or her sister Winifred, the dear sister she has not seen in a dozen years. Insist on including her in the pleasant plans for all the year round. Contrive that she shall have time to drop some of her tasks and sit with folded arms, or lie down now and then, in the afternoon. *Save* the mother who tries so hard to save you from every pin prick.

The Bright Side of Illness.

Is there a bright side? Can there possibly be advantage in pain, suffering, weakness, the interruption of tasks, the loss of time and the great expense entailed by illness?

At the first glance one does not perceive much except distress and discouragement in sickness. It means going through humiliating and disagreeable processes to the victim, and it implies anxiety, loss of sleep and hard work for those who are care-takers. An illness, if protracted and severe, leaves its mark on every one who has to do with it. The whole family share the pain of the fevered and gasping patient. Sometimes a whole town is stirred in sympathy, and people as they greet one another on the street exclaim, almost before uttering the ordinary salutations, "Have you heard how Mrs. — is to-day?"



GOD MAKE MY LADDIE WELL!

Just here we obviously discover one of the bright aspects of illness. If uniform good fortune and unbroken health were the portion of any of us, we would find ourselves, perhaps, growing hard of heart and our gentler feelings would not be often touched. A good, an ennobling thing it is for any one of us, which draws us out of self and compels us to compassion and tender regard for others. I have seen, in a family where for years there had been no serious illness and no need for any of the members to be particularly solicitous for the rest or for an individual, the softening effect of a great anxiety permeating the whole intercourse, making every one more kindly. In the chamber of illness none but

tranquil faces and hushed voices and unhurried steps can be permitted. The house, in an agony of apprehension, tempers its whole routine to the pulse of the sickroom and represses utterances which would jar. The family learns to express the love which far too often is hidden jealously and kept back by reserves, as though it were something to be ashamed of. Lack of demonstration is a defect among good people which should be overcome, but which, in some homes and lives, no remedy but an earthquake is sufficient to shake from its iron bondage.

Surely that is a bright side which brings out and convinces us of the deep and spontaneous goodwill of our neighbors and friends. The kind inquiries, the



NICE THINGS ARE SENT BY THE NEIGHBORS.

nicely prepared dishes, fruits, flowers, visits and unceasing offers of help which in every neighborhood are unstinted in cases of illness should be, and are, convincing and consoling testimonies that we are bound in one bundle, that none of us is solitary, but each enters to some degree into the life of the social fabric.

In large cities there is necessarily less of the fellowship in joy and grief which makes home life delightful in villages, but here church friendships come in to take the place of the neighborhood sentiment. One of the lesser arguments which might be urged on townspeople indifferent to direct union with a church is, that

in periods of illness or sorrow the church friends prove so dear and helpful, making the one who has fallen to the rear feel that he is not for a moment forgotten nor overlooked, and welcoming him back with such brotherly fullness of greeting when he is again able to march in the ranks.

A bright side of illness to the sufferer himself is often found in the leisure it enforces on one who is usually too busy for repose. In the days of convalescence one recalls the goodness of God, one takes time to be thankful, one feels the presence of Him who makes sunshine in shadow for those whom He afflicts.

Often the pastor becomes greatly endeared to a family in which there has been illness. Previously his visits had been agreeable incidents, but acquaintance had been limited and superficial. Now as day after day he comes in, cheerful, confident, uplifting, they learn, from the father and mother to the children at school and the suffering patient most of all, to appreciate and reciprocate the faithful ministry of a kind and unselfish pastor. If, by this means, parishioners grow into some discernment of what pastoral life is, of its ungrudging devotion, its heroism, its rare and ceaseless outpouring of time, talent and strength for those who are included in its daily round, the illness was not sent to them in vain.

After long and exhausting illness, if the recovery be thorough, there sometimes comes what is equal to a new lease of life. Energies which had waned spring up as in youth. The person seems made over. After a long, unwonted rest nature rallies her forces so that youthful beauty returns to the faded cheek of middle age and the jaded step is again elastic. "I have not been so well in years," said the other day one who had been prostrated for weary months, but who was at last conscious of entire restoration.

Brightest side of all is that result which leads any of us to accept the bitter cup from the Father's hand.

What Do You Read?

Among the superfluous luxuries of life many people place the buying of books. New books, bought out and out, fresh from the press, as one buys vegetables fresh from the market and meat at the butcher's, are not thought of, do not enter into the scheme of well educated persons otherwise generous and lavish in expenditure. School textbooks, an odd volume or two of Scott and Dickens, presentation sets of poems, usually standard or classical, a stray novel, belonging to the flotsam and jetsam of the summer boarder or the chance visitor, form the staple of the household library, in houses otherwise well and comfortably appointed.

Yet books indicate the high watermark of refinement and culture, and a home is incompletely furnished in which they have no place. Some portion of the income should be set apart for their purchase, and they should form a definite and



recognized portion of the family property. Money enough is wasted on needless indulgence of the palate, in most houses, to give their inmates gradually an excellent assortment of books. Relatively to its value as an investment, nothing in the world costs so little and yields so much as a good book. Treasures of art and literature may be had to-day for the price of a new hat or a pair of gloves or a couple of pounds of candy. So much of imperishable vitality glows and burns in a book that it never assumes the attitude of anything merely decorative or merely useful; it comes to one like a friend and stays by one in every vicissitude with the countenance and the support which only the best friend can give.

As, of course, when one lays out his money he wants the best return for it, *paterfamilias* will in buying books try to buy judiciously. A home reference library is indispensable where young people are growing up. One should have the best attainable dictionary, a good atlas, a book of synonyms, a classical lexicon and an encyclopedia. Procured a volume at a time, the outlay will not be very much felt, and by degrees the shelves will show, in concrete form, the research and learning of ages. Children asking questions should be referred to compendiums for the answers, since what one looks up for one's self with care and pains sticks fast in the memory as nothing does which was simply gained without effort.

On a shelf in the mother's room should be a few of those sacred books dear to the heart of the Christian, books of the closet and altar, which some of us count among our most precious possessions. Books of this kind—The Imitation, Imago Christi, Daily Strength for Daily Needs, Every Day, Between the Lights, and similar volumes—stand in our affections very near our Bibles, and when seasons come for birthday and other gifts our friends cannot make us happier than by adding to our store of consecrated literature. Such books are exquisite and appropriate gifts at all seasons.

Where the buying of books must be a matter of conscientious thought and calculation, it is wise to determine, at least approximately, how much may justly be appropriated to their purchase, and then let the rule be to add nothing to the home library which will not be of permanent interest, useful and delightful to some member or members of the family for years. Merely fugitive publications may be obtained from adjacent libraries, and it is hardly worth while to buy and keep a book which, after a single reading, will have exhausted its possibility to entertain or instruct.

Regarded from the standpoint of furniture only, books are extremely satisfying to every demand and are worth more than fine carpets, easy-chairs and miscellaneous bric-a-brac. One of the most exquisite drawing-rooms in which it has been my privilege to sit as a guest is lined on every side with low bookcases in which, simply shaded here and there by silken curtains, are volumes of poetry, history, essays, biography, fiction, the best authors of many periods in bindings now

sumptuous, now plain, but always inviting to hand and eye. Lamps stand here and there. Divans and lounging chairs and convenient tables with cushions and drapery, and the dim richness of color which we love and find restful and harmonious, pictures and casts, a piano and a mandolin complete the loveliness of this home centre, library and parlor in combination, and make it a room to anticipate eagerly and recall with delight.

The very outsides of books are precious to genuine book lovers, and there comes an exquisite pleasure just from handling them, taking one down for a dip into its pages, looking up a quotation in another. Children should be taught regard for the personality of a book, should be made to understand that it is not to be lightly tossed about left lying face downward and open, treated with contempt.

The borrower of a book, too, should feel a peculiar delicacy about having had intrusted to his care anything so intimately connected with its owner. I have never understood the ease with which people can borrow and the little responsibility they show in reference to a loaned book. She who lends does well to keep a memorandum of title, date and the name of her friend, that her borrowed volume may in due time be reclaimed should it chance to be forgotten.

Justice to John.

In the pages of fiction and in the careless speech of daily intercourse we often find husbands, in one phase of their lives, treated with great injustice. It is taken for granted that the wife of an invalid will care for him with angelic sweetness and unflinching devotion, that she will cheerily resign the pleasures which would be hers if her husband were well and strong, and that she will never for one instant repine or murmur at any burden which his weakness necessarily lays on her shoulders. But if the husband be the one who is strong and well and the wife the invalid, wearing out days and weeks in wasting pain, shut into the narrow confines of her chamber and unable to bear her share in the activities of the world, people appear to take the husband's impatience of the situation for granted. They speak pityingly of him as of one defrauded of his right to happiness, or they are surprised if they hear that he is loving and loyal and unsurpassed in tenderness and what the French call *les petits soins*.

This is simply and unthinkingly to award to women the monopoly of the sweet home virtues, to strip one sex of heroic and noble attributes and heap them upon the opposite. A little fairness is in order. Which of us has not seen over and over instances of the peerless unselfishness of husbands, has not known of their utter and unstinted consecration to their wives through years of suffering on

the one side and of the gentlest strength and compassion on the other? (Indeed, the suffering of an invalid wife seems to call out in a good man the deepest sympathy, the sweetest patience, the tenderest regard. There is nothing that a strong man does not wish and does not endeavor to do to his utmost ability for the woman he loves when he sees her tortured and tried. His patience is proof against her caprices and whims. He bears with her petulance and her unreason, and the very least shade of improvement fills his soul with gladness.)

Not to speak of extraordinary cases, as, for instance, of one known to me, in which almost twice seven years have passed since the little wife, so blooming on her bridal day, has taken even one step across her chamber floor, in which the brave, manly husband has simply expended himself for her comfort, her cheer, her entertainment, loving her in her invalidism even more than in the earlier period of



THE BEAUTIFUL GRANDMOTHER.

health. We can see in every street, in every village, husbands showing more than a woman's tenderness—a man's—during the ailments and sicknesses, protracted and wearisome, of beloved wives.

Of course when we say this we are not emphasizing the conduct of the husbands as specially saintlike or remarkable for magnanimity. We are only claiming what is perfectly true, that equally with married women married men frequently bear themselves with gentleness; fidelity and uncomplaining fortitude and courage in circumstances which involve hardship to both parties, that equally with wives husbands show the loveliness of those virtues which we call passive when the occasion comes to call them forth.

That the passive virtues exist in their fullest and most glorious development in the manliest and bravest of men is an accepted conclusion easily verified. Our Lord Himself was the noblest exemplar of this union of courage and patience; in Him, the flower of the race, were combined all qualities which belong to the man and to the woman. No mother or sister was ever so tenderly sensitive, so intensely compassionate as He. No soldier leading a forlorn hope was ever so brave and undaunted in the face of peril and scorn.

A letter lies before me. "In three months," says the writer, a man whose wedding day dawned forty years ago, "I have left my darling only four times, and then for a hurried visit to my office. She is very weak, but so patient, so lovely—never so precious as at this hour." "Mother is very feeble," said a daughter, referring to a parent who had passed the golden milestone of fifty wedded years, "but father suffers more than she does. When she is comparatively strong he feels well. When she has a bad day he is depressed and unwilling to stir from her side. He is always her nurse, letting no one else take the care of her at night."

This husband and wife had lived heart to heart so long that the children carried and carry about a fear that when one goes the other will not tarry. "One knock" will "ope heaven's door and let both in."

The Gift of Sympathy.

A few days ago there came suddenly to an exquisite young girl the call to enter on the life beyond. So imperative was the summons, so swift the transition, that her friends stood mute and amazed, the place that had known her knowing her no more. She "was not," in the terse words of the old Bible narrative, for God had taken her.

When she was gone, one and another spoke of her with an overflowing love and grief, which was the expression of their great loss. "She was so ready to sympathize," said one friend, speaking of her in tender tones. "The tears would rush to her eyes if you were in trouble, and she would feel your sorrow as if it were hers; if you were happy, she was happy with you; her laugh like a child's, so gay and cheery."

Yes, she had possessed the gift of sympathy, so that she was in touch with every one, whatever the peculiar need, and so fully and really thus that her face, her voice, her hand, were the instruments of her soul. It was as if Miss Waring's sweet stanza were her own, and were her daily answered prayer.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
And to wipe the weeping eyes—
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

A woman who walks through this earth of ours endowed with this subtle yet angelic gift does heaven's work and is heaven's representative.

Of such another I was told one day last year. She was an old, old woman, feeble and bent under the weight of many years. The village called her "grandma," and she had outlived nearly all her contemporaries, while her home was in the house of a daughter. Always fond of children, she had ways of her own which attracted the little ones, so that on their daily path to school, the boys and girls of the town loved to run in and see her and tell her the events of their lives. Others might be too busy or too hurried to listen to the children, or might consider their small affairs as unimportant, but "grandma" did not share this opinion.

It might be that a little girl had a hat or a frock which she disliked, and "grandma" would enter into it, and say, "Yes, I see what you mean. You do not like that ruffle or this flower, and it's a pity you have to wear it so when just a little change would make it all right. Tell mamma that I think it would be better if she would just do this for you, or that."

When the boys came in from skating in winter or from the ball ground in summer, they would stop for a little chat with this dear old lady—past eighty, remember—and sometimes she would say: "Why, John or Jim, I am put in mind of your father when *he* was a boy. The boys used to have fine times then, as you do now, and your father was the boss, indeed, he was!" More than one merry little fellow derived a wholly different impression of his father, who seemed to him a grave, absorbed and elderly man, with little knowledge of boy's sports, simply from hearing "grandma" talk about him in this way.

One day the tidings went through the village, told from house to house, and in every house leaving a feeling of personal bereavement, "grandma died last night." The children of the place each felt that the best friend children had ever had was gone. When the time came for the funeral, there were services in the home and at the church, and all the morning children came by ones and twos and threes and in groups, bringing flowers to lay in the casket. Some brought the white flowers from their gardens, some brought daisies from the meadows, some



had only clover blossoms, but the little hearts could not be satisfied till the little hands had carried their loving tribute to her who had kept the child heart so sweetly through her long pilgrimage.

The schools were closed that day, for nobody came when the morning bell rang. So many children crowded into the house for the first services there that the family quietly provided extra transportation for them to the church. But they were not prepared for the touching sight that met them there—nothing less than a church half filled with boys and girls, sitting with wistful faces and in reverent silence, and awaiting the moment when they could pay the last tokens of tender regret to the memory of a very precious friend.

So grandma went home, and I am sure she keeps in heaven the same dear gift of sympathy and of pure, unselfish love which made her life so rarely beautiful while here.

The Decline of Good Handwriting.

Time was that the possession of a fair and clerkly hand, alike free from sprawling flourishes and from unsightly blots, was reckoned an accomplishment worth having. In the days of women middle aged, but not yet old, penmanship was included among the studies over which much time was spent at school, where the position of the arm and hand, the placing of the paper and the holding of the pen were matters of arbitrary adjustment and most careful thought. Week after week the child wrote in her copy-book such maxims as, "Command you may your mind from play," or, "Perseverance conquers all things," receiving as much commendation for improvement in this art as for progress in any other branch. I can form a very nearly accurate estimate of a gentlewoman's age and of the decade in which she was a school girl by a casual glance at her handwriting.

The matrons, gray haired and stately, who were slips of girls in the early thirties have a distinctive style of their own, as delicate yet as pronounced as the perfume of dried lavender in their linen closets, while women who were young in the forties and fifties have, respectively, a manner of script belonging to their period. Letters come to my desk from Virginia, from Massachusetts, from Maryland or Missouri bearing the same patrician air of nice finish and perfect clearness which were the aims of the earlier teachers. Neatness, plainness and beauty of form were especially sought and were attained unto by most educated persons at the cost of conscientious and painstaking labor. The curriculums of the past were inclusive of fewer studies than those of the present day, but, while not ambitious, they embraced excellence in writing and spelling.

A somewhat wide acquaintance with the styles of handwriting in vogue now leads me to think that good writing is no longer in fashion. Primarily the object



of writing is interpretation. However elegant, picturesque or graceful a page of writing may be, if difficult to read, it defeats its own end. Written language is brain translation by means of symbols used by hand and eye. If the hand have done its part of the work so imperfectly that the eye vainly seeks to discover a key to the Chinese puzzle, the writing might better not have been attempted. In this view some extremely elegant writing, so far as a superficial glance goes, is a failure and even worse. For if it be a crime to steal other people's valuables, to appropriate their money or jewels, can she be deemed guiltless who habitually writes what her correspondent cannot easily read? Is she not an invader of that most precious possession, another's time? and is she not putting in peril that most useful of heaven's gifts, the eyesight of her friend? I look upon illegibility as little short of immoral, since though everybody may not be able to write a beautiful hand, everybody who chooses may write a clear one.

Handwriting is supposed by many to reveal character more or less plainly. Its nicer shades and phases are often matters of heredity—a son writing like the father who died in his babyhood, or a whole family through grades of kinship near and remote forming capital letters in a similar way or dotting i's and crossing t's with a precision or resemblance almost ludicrous. One would not be safe in ascribing high mental or intellectual gifts to an unknown individual merely on the testimony of a scrap of writing, yet integrity, honesty and sturdiness of purpose do go to the formation of a good business hand. Some of our rising literary men are marvels of nice finish in this regard, writing their poems or stories in a hand as clear and legible, but not so colorless, as copperplate.

The rapidity or slowness of execution in good penmanship is usually the result of practice, though temperament has something to do with it. You remember in "Aurora Leigh" how Marian Earl described the writing of ladies—their fingers flying over the page and the long loops of their g's and l's resembling the wings of birds—and no one has forgotten how laboriously poor Joe Gargery in "Great Expectations" indited his letter to Pip. After all, it makes little difference whether the progress be fast or the reverse if the result be creditable. I was shown not long ago a letter which was simply exquisite in the perfection of its writing and spelling, as courtly in their way as the phrases in which it was couched. The writer was a gentleman who had passed his ninety-first birthday.

I wish I could persuade the dear girls not to dash off their letters in frantic haste, but to take time to write them well. It is a poor compliment to one's friend to send her messages of love which give her a headache, or family tidings which leave her involved in a maze of conjecture. If you really care enough for a dear one to write her, surely you may add to the grace of the act by making the outward seeming of the letter a fit expression of the spirit which prompted it. A

business letter or a letter of invitation or ceremony cannot be too carefully written from beginning to end. The decline of good handwriting is a thing to be deprecated.

Home as the Pilot Star.

All through early life and its struggles let the young heart hold fast to the idea of home as the pilot star. I cannot find out who wrote the next few sentences, but they contain a profound truth and convey a suggestion worth remembering.

When I was quite young, I had no idea that I should ever do anything else for my bread than make horse-shoes and hammers, but I had some dim notion of the truth that man shall not live by bread alone, and so the splendid overplus of youth and hope that was in me began to take the form of *ideas*.

And they were very humble ideas; but I can see now how much better it was for me that they did not shoot up like wheat on a rich prairie, and so become all stalk and no ear. Let me give you a hint of those ideas as they began to dawn on me in the morning-tide. I would leave the old house, next cross the sea and settle somewhere in Pennsylvania. But why I should settle there I could not tell. All I knew was that this was my ideal State, from which some who do not live in the State have drawn the inference more than once that I must have been rather green.

I would have a home in a green lane, for I was country bred, and a garden, that I must have, and in the home we would welcome all the children God might send us. My ideal number was seven, and He sent me nine; so you see what worth may be in humility. I would stick to the hammer and anvil, because that was what I had been trained to, but then I would try to do something beside.

That concern I had felt not to live by bread alone, had resulted in my conversion to your faith while I was dreaming my happy dreams; none of your spasms, let me tell you, that alternate between fever and ague, but a real old-fashioned conversion, and then in no long time our grand old mother set me preaching, at nothing a day and find myself, and did more for me on those terms than I could ever do for her; so I would use this gift she had found in me to talk to the folks on Sundays, if they were not too proud to listen to a local preacher.

A Divine Message.

One Sabbath evening this summer a very much perplexed and discouraged woman went her way to church. She had been in two minds about going, for the evening was warm and the couch in her chamber looked very inviting, while the



unusual quiet of the house and the peace of the hour offered a welcome balm to her wearied nerves. Besides this, she had already attended church once that day and it was an open question whether, in view of a full and anxious week, to begin as soon as Monday should swing wide its portals, it was not her duty rather to stay at home than to go out, even to the sanctuary. However, her conclusion at last was that the vesper service could not be neglected and that her vacant place, should she yield to the solicitations of ease, or even of needed rest, would haunt her through the coming seven days, so, as I said, she went to church.

As always, there was a portion waiting for the hungry child at the Father's table, and it was kneaded of the finest of the wheat. The opening prayers and the responsive reading seemed meant for her, as indeed they were, so simple, so direct, so personal and so uplifting were the tenor of Scripture selections and of earnest petition. And then came the divine message, on the wings of a tender hymn, sung by a girl's silvery voice:

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
How can I be dismayed?

You have seen a flower, parched and spent for the need of rain, drooping and fading and shorn of its beauty, and then before your eyes the shower has fallen, drenching its roots, filling its cup, washing its petals, and it has taken in, and put on, new life—"The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Even while the sweet notes vibrated through the upper room where God's people were assembled, the Master with them, as surely as with the few who loved Him and to whom He appeared of old in Galilee, a great tranquillity, a heavenly peace and refreshment came to the soul of the disheartened worshiper. A gladness of spirit, a resolution to overcome, a new strength were bestowed on her as the bird-like voice sang on. Then other voices, young and strong, tenor, contralto, bass, joined in the harmony, and the organ chords swelled in a grand accompaniment:

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh;
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
(And I will walk with Him.)

The divine message intended for her reached her in the Lord's house and she was enabled to go forward with renewed energy. But not alone to the hymn, sung by the trained quartet as part of their work for the day, was this message confined. Part of it was in the pastor's prayer that forgot no one, that included every home and heart in the congregation; part of it was in the rarely eloquent sermon, emphasizing practical duty and calling for fidelity in "that which is least." Part of it, and no small part, came through the thought of the pastor himself, speaking as earnestly and with as thorough and conscientious preparation to the smaller evening as to the larger morning audience. Part of it, no doubt, was due to that sort of "Christian Endeavor" which, applied to the individual case, had brought this particular woman to her own pew that summer night.

There is a tendency to ignore or omit or set small store by the evening service on the Lord's Day. So long as we have a second service would it not be to our profit, perhaps to our great comfort and joy, to attend it faithfully? Only individual fidelity can remove the reproach that attaches to a thin evening congregation. Crowds are composed of units.

Tired Women.

I sometimes wonder whether it is really a necessity of our life of the period that so many of us should be almost always tired. For tired we are in body, soul and spirit, so tired that we neither do justice to ourselves nor do the good we ought to others. Children, friends, acquaintances fail to receive from us the rest and refreshment we might give them, simply because even the smallest cup of cold water weighs too heavily for our weary hands to hold it, our weary hearts to feel the need our neighbor has of its draught of sweetness.

Why are we so tired that life is a dragging progress uphill rather than an easy and delightful progress over a charming road, with new vistas of beauty opening at every turn. It is commonly supposed that it is because we have so much to do, and so little time and strength in which to do it, that we women are so worn out, not only now and then but as a rule. And some provoking people complacently observe that we ought not to attempt so much, that we should let things go; it would do just as well in the end. Others make comments on our lack of system or our too great devotion to system, either of which facts, in the mouth of the critic, assumes the air of a needless blunder.

We listen and we sigh. Should we adopt the *laissez faire* principle, it would bring upon us reprobation; it always does on the woman who is prone to let her household take its chances, and who orders its routine in a haphazard way. On



REST.

the other hand, the woman who plans, and carries out her plans with energy, compelling her family to be on time with military precision, is apt to gain the reputation of a domestic martinet. Both women, whichever course they elect to pursue, are quite likely to be tired much of the time.

A sensible method of procedure would be to find out where the trouble is; what, in our particular case, forms the straw too much which threatens to break us down altogether?

Some of us do not get out of doors often enough. We have a great deal to do in the house and no particular object to call us out, and so we stay in the kitchen and the chambers and the parlor from Sunday to Sunday. We literally do not taste fresh air and drink in sunlight oftener than once a week or once a fortnight the year through! It is no wonder that *we* are tired.

Some of us do too much sewing. Why spend so much time, for instance, in refashioning clothes that are in order and nice simply because they are not precisely in the latest mode? A tired little woman showed me the other day a gown which it had taken her a steady week, with two late night sittings and a fierce attack of headache, to change from the graceful, clinging skirt of one year to the bunchy and unbecoming skirt of another. Sew we must and sew we will, my sisters, but don't let us expend too much time and effort on the endeavor to be always up to date in our dress. Why not be independent enough to adopt our own styles, to a certain extent?

We might be less tired if we learned not to feel in haste. People talk of being wearied by worry. Hurry wears upon one quite as much as her twin-fiend, worry, and both are task-mistresses carrying whips. To worry and to hurry are to grow old in youth, to lose the sense of the elastic nerve and the buoyant spirit. If we can shut the door on these demons we shall be less tired by far than if we give them entrance. Fretting over the inevitable distresses and annoyances of our situation has much to do with tiring us. Fretting seldom does any good. It frequently does harm. Foreboding is as idle and as surely fraught with evil.

The remedy for all the trouble is a very old-fashioned one. The little golden key called prayer unlocks for every one of us the chamber called peace. The Saviour bade us remember that our Father knoweth what we have need of, and He said: "Fear not, little flock. It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." A thoroughly tranquil mind helps greatly toward the maintenance of tranquillity in the physical life. Let us assist, also, on needed help in household work. Our husbands and sons, wiser than we, have this in the field and the store. It is poor economy to work so hard that one becomes a drudge, so tired at night that one cannot go to sleep, so tired in the morning that sleep has not done its office of recuperation.

Daughters and Their Fathers.

The bond between a father and his daughter often seems peculiarly hallowed, and a tender sentiment pervades it which, on the one hand, leads to a steadfast loyalty, and on the other to a chivalrous devotion. One sees a certain gallantry in the bearing of the man whose young daughter, with her flower-like face and her delicate charm, renews for him the idyl of his early love; it is her mother living again as she was in the day when her beauty and sweetness made its triumphant appeal to his heart. The dear mother still reigns enthroned there, and the husband cherishes her as fondly as when she was a bride. He is, indeed, aware of no decadence in her loveliness, either of person or of character, and this beautiful, unchanging love of the man for his wife does not in the least mar the worshipful admiration he feels and shows when with his daughter. The daughter combines in herself two beloved existences.

I am more and more impressed with the single-hearted steadfastness, the exquisite and unconscious self-denial of men in the relationships they sustain in the family, and in nothing does their wonderful self-abnegation come out as in the line of their fatherhood. A man works early and late, year in and year out, with only occasional brief holidays, he grows thin and gray, he reduces his individual expenses to a minimum, he never complains, nor dreams that he is heroic, for his life is a long, glad sacrifice on the altar of his family. Possibly we may say that if he have a family it is his duty to support them and to do for them the very best that he can. Granting this, it is still worthy of all praise, the quiet, large-hearted, and lovingly generous way in which he goes about it. Well has our Father in heaven revealed to His children the measure and the strength of His love for them, by adopting the name which on earth stands for so much, and is at once so close and so dear in its meanings to those who have grown up in a household. Fittest and sweetest of all descriptive names for heaven is our "Father's house."

To the youthful daughter, in the vigor of her opening life, there come many opportunities of cheering her father. She can listen to his stories and make a chance for him to tell them, albeit they are familiar by repeated iteration to her ear. She can soothe him by small attentions when he is weary, play for him the music that he loves, sing the old tunes and songs which he prefers to later popular favorites. "Why are you giving so much time to musical study?" a girl was asked in my presence the other day. "To please my dear father," she answered. "Since my sister's marriage we have not had much music in the home, and 'papa missed it so much that I have laid other things aside and taken it up for his sake."

"My father is working too hard, his eyes are overtaxed and life is too great a burden to him, with so many of us to support, and so I, as the oldest daughter,

have taken it on myself to relieve him of my support," said another bright young woman, who had gone into a mercantile establishment as bookkeeper.

One is grieved to the heart when forced to observe in the young people of a family impatience with their parents. What if the latter are a trifle too conservative, what if their ways of speech and manner are a little old fashioned? Never shall there dawn a day when the love they lavished on the helplessness of their children in babyhood will not be equal to any strain the grown children may put upon it, strain of sorrow, strain of disappointment, strain, it may be, of shame. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

And a little more closely linked than even the father's tie to the son is the golden chain which binds him to his daughter in our blessed Christian lands. One of the darkest shadows over heathendom must ever lie here, in the fact that the revelation of what his woman-child can be does not come to the father in the pagan home.

Don't Be Sorrowful, Darling.

BY REMBRANDT PEALE.

O don't be sorrowful, darling!
 Now, don't be sorrowful, pray;
 For, taking the year together, my dear,
 There isn't more night than day.
 It's rainy weather, my loved one;
 Time's wheels they heavily run;
 But taking the year together, my dear,
 There isn't more cloud than sun.

We're old folks now, companion,—
 Our heads they are growing gray;
 But taking the year all round, my dear,
 You always will find the May.
 We're had our May, my darling,
 And our roses, long ago;
 And the time of the year is come, my dear
 For the long dark nights and the snow.

But God is God, my faithful,
 Of night as well as of day;
 And we feel and know that we can go
 Wherever He leads the way.
 Ay, God of night, my darling!
 Of the night of death so grim;
 And the gate that leads out of life, good wife,
 Is the gate that leads to Him.

Rest on the Road.

There's many a rest on the road of life,
 If we only would stop to take it,
 And many a tone from the better land,
 If the careworn heart would wake it.
 To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
 And whose beautiful trust n'er faileth,
 The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
 Though the wintry storm prevaleth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
 And to keep the eyes still lifted;
 For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
 When the ominous clouds are rifted.
 There was never a night without a day,
 Nor an evening without a morning;
 And the darkest hour, the proverb goes,
 Is the hour before the dawning.



LIZZIE AND REBECCA.

Two Sisters.

A lady was telling me of two sisters whom she is acquainted with, for both of whom she has a warm regard, but who are of different types.

"Lizzie," said my friend, "has the loveliest manner in the world. She is always ready to promise anything, and you leave her with the impression that she is going to do various charming things in your behalf. It ends there. Lizzie never does one single thing, and she never puts herself out in the least for any one. She means to do what she says, at the time of saying it, and her impulses are most kind and friendly, but she does not carry them into effect. The fact is that she always has a great many irons in the fire, and she cannot possibly do well everything she attempts. When you first meet Lizzie you love her, but her

popularity is never firmly fixed, because she disappoints you so constantly. Still, I grant that she has a charming manner.

“Rebecca, on the other hand, is rather cold and undemonstrative in externals. Her fear lest she may exaggerate keeps her from being in the slightest degree effusive, and she is sometimes hardly affable. It would seem a dreadful thing to Rebecca to convey a false impression. In consequence, she does herself injustice by her low-toned, even, uncolored form of speech, and her apparent brusqueness repels her acquaintances. Only her intimate friends and her family know how sweet she is at the core. Rebecca says little, but she does much. Her life is spent in the performance of unselfish duties, and she never considers her own comfort or convenience if she can do another a service. Of the two sisters, I prefer Rebecca.”

After my friend had gone I thought it over, and concluded that there might be a character more satisfactory than either, composed of a union of both. Why not the cordial manner and the sweetness of expression, with the added grace of the ready deed, and the promise fulfilled? Why need the sister who is kind and generous in reality surround herself with the prickly roughness of a chestnut burr?



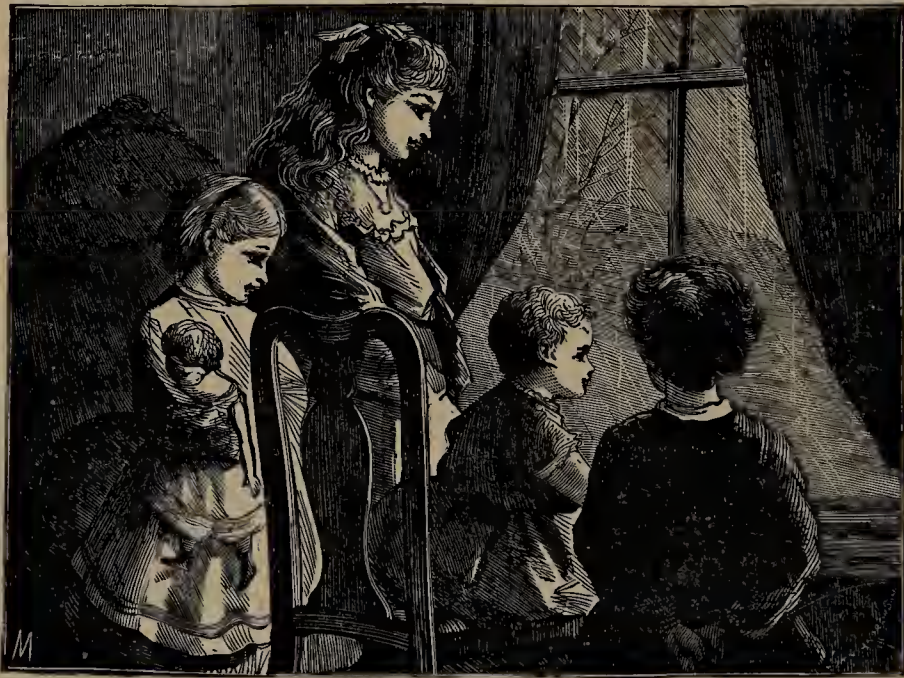
Much Ado About Nothing.

HUMILIATING as the confession may be, the fact remains that in many households the chief danger to happiness arises from the unreserves of love. People who, on occasion, cheerfully endure great hardships, and count it no sacrifice to toil early and late, to eat the bread of carefulness, to undergo great privations, are yet not able to live together in harmony in the everyday experiences of life. At home we are naturally seldom on our guard, and, if a little wearied or worried or petulant, we allow ourselves to speak a hasty word and to wound the tender heart of whose loyalty and disposition to forgive we are assured. Husbands to wives, mothers to daughters, brothers and sisters to one another, frequently speak with a degree of candor which in polite society would be considered boorish, if not brutal.

Not that in any circumstances we are ever justified in slurring over the truth or in uttering the false word, but very often silence is kinder than speech, and in

home life it is always safe to wait for the sober second thought before finding fault or condemning as a crime something which is simply an error of judgment.

The little phrase, "much ado about nothing," might be used to describe the beginning of most fireside friction. Perhaps the baby was fretful in the night, and the mother's sleep was broken; Bridget, who has never taken out a patent for saintliness, has had trouble with her oven, or has let the coffee boil a fatal minute too long; father's favorite virtue is punctuality, and the boys are late at breakfast; and somehow there is a general sense of discomfort, a chill in the family atmosphere, and a condition in which storm signals may be taken for granted. One



THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

little word brings on another, the original cause of dispute is forgotten in the heat of passion, until these people who would die for each other, if the need came, are indulging in feelings of wrath and bitterness which poison the day's delight at the fountain head.

How petty in the presence of a real sorrow, or in the apprehension of a great calamity, these undignified family squabbles appear! When extreme illness or death visits the household, or when one of its members is in some imminent danger, how closely draws the bond that unites those of one blood in the mystic tie of kin. It seems strange, then, that the little jealousies, envies and dissensions were ever permitted to mar the beautiful ideal of the family. It is easy, however, to be wise

after the event. The proverbial ounce of prevention is far better here than the pound of cure.

An unfair favoritism is not infrequently the cause of discord in the family. One child is preferred to another. One daughter is supposed to be her father's pet. The mother sees no defects in the mind or manners of her oldest or youngest son. The first-born or the baby has peculiar privileges accorded, which the rest never dream that they may share. It is the old story of Joseph and his brethren, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars bowing down to one, and the others remaining unnoted or ignored. Family peace must always rest on a broad foundation of justice, which includes the least as well as the greatest.

It is easy to say that where hearts are true, small exasperations are matters of slight importance; never was there a more stupid mistake. Into our common Saturdays and Mondays—our struggling, anxious, busy days—we are weaving the story of our lives. There are many worlds in this earth of ours, but to each of us belongs in a peculiar and very sacred sense the little world of home. There is our background against which the angels see painted our life's picture; there is our castle into which we retreat when our outside battles have shorn us of our strength; there is our school in which we study the lessons the great Teacher appoints. Climb high as we may we shall never reach a level where we will not find appropriate the wisdom of the little nursery quatrain:

Whatever brawls disturb the street
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet
Quarrels should never come.

Patience, courtesy and self-control, with regard for the rights of others rather than thoughts of our own importance, are infallible preventives of domestic jars.

It would seem unnecessary, and still the caution may be permitted: No matter how great the provocation, a veil should always screen family infirmities from the gaze of the stranger. No one outside the home should so much as guess by any word or look of ours that there are infelicities within it. We must not reveal the caprices of the difficult member of the family, nor suffer any one to suppose that the most whimsical, captious or imperious person in our household is trying to our temper or our nerves. Decency requires this. Christian grace makes the exercise of forbearance a habit of the soul.



Common Mercies.

Dear Lord, are we ever so thankful,
 As thankful we should be to Thee,
 For Thine angels sent down to defend us
 From dangers our eyes never see;
 From perils that lurk unsuspected,
 The powers of earth and of air,
 The while we are heaven protected
 And guarded from evil and snare?

Are we grateful as grateful we should be
 For commonplace days of delight,
 When safe we fare forth to our labor
 And safe we fare homeward at night;
 For the weeks in which nothing has happened
 Save commonplace toiling and play,
 When we've worked at the tasks of the house-
 hold,
 And peace hushed the house day by day?

Dear Lord, that the terror at midnight,
 The weird of the wind and the flame,
 Hath passed by our dwelling, we praise Thee
 And lift up our hearts in Thy name;
 That the circle of darlings unbroken
 Yet gathers in bliss round the board,
 That commonplace love is our portion,
 We give Thee our praises, dear Lord.

Forgive us who live by Thy bounty
 That often our lives are so bare
 Of the garlands of praise that should render
 All votive and fragrant each prayer.
 Dear Lord, in the sharpness of trouble,
 We cry from the depths to the throne!
 In the long days of gladness and beauty
 Take Thou the glad hearts as Thine own.

O! common are sunshine and flowers,
 And common are raindrop and dew,
 And the gay little footsteps of children,
 And common the love that holds true.
 So, Lord, for our commonplace mercies,
 That straight from Thy hand are bestowed,
 We are fain to uplift our thanksgivings—
 Take, Lord, the long debt we have owed.

Whither Tending?

BY WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

Across the field of daily work
 Run the footpaths leading—where?
 Run they east or run they west,
 One way all the workers fare:
 Every awful thing of earth,
 Sin and pain and battle-noise,
 Every dear thing—baby's birth,
 Faces, flowers, or lovers' joys—
 Is a wicket gate where we
 Join the great highway to thee!

Restless, restless, speed we on;
 Whither in the vast unknown?
 Not to you and not to me
 Are the sealed orders shown;
 But the Hand that built the road,
 And the Light that leads the feet,
 And this inward restlessness,
 Are such invitation sweet,
 That where I no longer see
 Highway still must lead to Thee.



A FAITHFUL FRIEND, A DANGEROUS FOE.

Hands Off!

"It is never a safe thing," said my quiet little friend, "to lay violent hands on other people's lives."

Now, at the first glance, it would seem as though my friend and I had been discussing some aspect of murder, some question of meddling, either in the heat of temper or the chill of deliberate malice, with the physical well-being of others. Our conversation went deeper than this. We were talking of the arbitrary manner in which those in authority over young lives occasionally take upon themselves the responsibility of managing for these, of settling trades and professions, of decreeing what this daughter and that son shall be or shall do, forgetful of the truth, old as the ages, that every one of us has his or her own life to live, and that neither parent nor friend can answer for *us* in the day of account.

For example, Mrs. V. is a woman of intense and absorbing motherliness, loving and brooding over her *little* children with a passionate devotion which excludes every thought of personal ease and makes her days and nights a sacrifice in their behalf. So long as the children are young things to be petted, disciplined, dressed and cared for, with no stirrings of desire toward any separate or independent lives of their own, their mother is perfectly contented. There comes a day, however, when the individuality of one or another child asserts itself, and then, if the child is like the mother, strong of will and single of aim, there are clashings and heartaches.

"Katharine," said Mrs. V. to an elderly friend, "has set her heart on studying medicine. Did you ever hear of anything so absurd?"

"Why absurd?" queried the friend. "Your father was a physician and your daughter may inherit something of his tastes and perhaps of his genius, for he was a man of note and of marvelous sympathy and tact as well as skill."

"That does not matter," replied Mrs. V., soft as a feather-pillow and hard as granite. "Katharine is a girl. She has had sufficient education for the place she must occupy in life. I will not consent to this foolish caprice of hers, which I regret. She will probably marry and forget it by and by."

The mother, in this instance, successfully overbore her daughter's wish. I saw Katharine not long ago. She is thirty-five and looks older by nearly ten years. Her easy life at home under the imperious rule of a mother who looks little older than herself has worn lines in her face and carved an unhappy look in the corners of her down drooping lips. With more strength of character, she would have forced her way and had her way, and been of use in her generation. She has not married.

Another girl, known to me since her babyhood, has had a love of music, which has been gratified by wise parents, who have delighted in making her

happy in her own fashion. When, several years ago, this daughter of well-to-do people wished and begged to be allowed to put her talents to account in teaching



GETTING READY FOR SOMETHING WORTH WHILE.

her profession, her people at home demurred. But, wiser than Mrs. V., they yielded the point, only stipulating that Louise should stay with them, taking no position away from her own roof.

"It hurts me," said her mother not long ago, "to see the contrast between Louise and her sisters. They are butterflies and humming-birds. She is a working bee. One day last week Miriam and Gertrude left the house to attend a lawn party in their fresh summer gowns and flying ribbons just as Louise, pale and dusty, came toiling up the road, having risen at five in the morning to catch an early train, given lessons in the city all day and finished her day's work as her sisters were flitting forth for an afternoon's enjoyment."

"Nevertheless," said I, "Louise is happier and more useful following out her own special bent, and you ought to feel satisfied."

A business man in a large town had determined that his eldest son should be brought up to the business, with a view to becoming his successor and carrying on the old house. This was right and natural had the son been born with an aptitude for business, but, unfortunately for the father's plans, the boy was an artist to his finger tips.

He cared nothing for buying and selling. Customers bored him. The fluctuations of the market puzzled and baffled him, and he went to the counting-room with the laggard step of a galley-slave, chained and driven. To-day he is a sufferer from an obscure and incurable nervous disease, brought on, say his physicians, by the long and fruitless struggle to make a merchant of one whom God intended to be an artist.

I could multiply instances, but time does not suffice.

I will conclude as I began, "It is an unsafe thing to lay violent hands on other people's lives."



Veranthus Leonis

HE was a plain little woman, between thirty-five and forty years of age, wearing a last winter's cloak and a gown that had seen hard service. She pushed her way into the crowded ladies' cabin of the ferryboat, holding a great bundle in careful arms. The seats in the ladies' cabin are generally occupied by tired men at six o'clock in the evening, and I do not blame them very much that they are frequently slow to

A Modern Madonna.



CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

yield their places to women. I would not blame them for their monopoly of sitting room in the very least were it not for the legend, "Ladies' Cabin," so conspicuously posted over the door.

But the woman who carries such a bundle as this one did never has to wait long for a seat in any public conveyance. The bundle appeals for her, and a half-dozen men are ready to offer her the courtesy accorded by subjects to a queen. Young, old, rich, poor, learned, ignorant, it is the same. Over all of these the baby is king, and the baby and his mother are treated with deference, with attention, with kindness.

It is a common thing to see a plain mother carrying her child in her arms, but there was that in this mother's face which lifted the occasion quite out of the commonplace and dignified it as extraordinary. The two, mother and infant, were next to me, and, perfectly unconscious of observation, the mother looked into the face of her child. As she looked her own face became absolutely ennobled by the glory of her love. An expression—rapt, intense, devoted, consecrated—made her features rarely beautiful. It was to me as if the Madonna with her babe were sitting at my side, and presently I grew aware of a curious hush filling the air and making the homely place a sanctuary. A young man opposite, in evening dress with a flower in his buttonhole, was gazing at the little mother with his heart in his eyes. Something very sweet and tender was tugging at that man's memory. He would go on his way fortified against temptation, strengthened in sincere purpose, by that radiant glimpse into one of heaven's ante-chambers—a true mother's soul. A woman in deep mourning was shading *her* eyes with a tremulous hand as she looked at the other's armful of helpless sweetness. Had *she* carried such a burden once, and had the angel of death taken it from her to find its wings the sooner in the pure ether above? Such yearning, such passion of longing I have seen in the faces of women whose children sleep under the snow, or the daisies, and sometimes in the faces of women who have never borne babes.

Two young girls, returning from their work in a factory, saw my neighbor and nudged one another, with a whispered comment, and an elderly Scotch woman, with grandmother written in every line of her sensible countenance, nodded approvingly and sympathetically. She understood how a "bairn" moves the mother to the very highest pitch of ecstasy, especially when the bairn is a first-born, as this may have been. To my thoughts there stole, as if a voice uttered them, some old, old words from a book that I love: "A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come; but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world."

The boat bumped against the dock. There was a rattle of chains, the bustle of men and women in haste to land, but my Madonna, who had never noticed the

effect produced by her presence, so absorbed was she in her great happiness, went calmly on her way, every one helping her, every one keeping the crowd from pressing too closely against the precious bundle in "the swaddling clothes." And I thought, as I have a hundred times, of God's dearest gift to a home, the gift of a little child. No treasure in bank or in acres, in position or in acquisition, can be compared with this for one moment. It is life given of God, another soul born into God's kingdom, another hand to bear the torch of everlasting love down the



A MODERN MADONNA.

ages, and God's prevision has chosen an earthly home to be its cradle, an earthly father and mother to be its guardians. No honor so distinguished as this, no duty so divine!

Yet are there mothers who shrink from accepting this heaven bestowed gift. They are reluctant to assume its obligations. They gird at the confinement and the weariness its care will impose, or, faithless, they count the cost in our dross

of dollars and cents. There are those who pity the mother of a large family, as though she were not rich and blessed among women, and envy the mother whose one child is growing up a solitary plant, though *she* is the one to be pitied.

The large family has its many advantages for the children themselves, and for the parents this, among others, that if death enters the home it does not rob it of every hope and joy, as when an only child is removed. Among the rights of children, for which I would most earnestly plead, is their right to be, and to be loved during the hallowed prenatal days and welcomed when their advent comes, as Mary welcomed her little One.

The Puzzle of Sally.

A wan-eyed, anxious-looking little woman, prettily dressed in a gown of black lace, with a bit of cherry-colored ribbon at her throat, rose to meet me in a hotel parlor.

"I hope you will pardon my sending in my card to you," she said, in a flutter of agitation. "I've been sitting here for hours hoping you'd pass through the room, but you didn't and I wanted to see you. I want to talk to you about my Sally."

Assured of my gladness to be of any assistance in my power, the little lady went on, pouring out in a rapid undertone the story of her own life, her very early marriage, her many children, and her one darling, the little, only daughter among the throng of rollicking, sturdy boys.

"Her pa has always spoiled Sally, and I'm afraid I have done my share," she said, breathlessly, at last, when I contrived to get in my query of "And how old is Sally?"

"Fifteen, and still going to school, but she's tired of it and doesn't want to stay there any longer."

"Why not take her out of school for a year and let her learn housekeeping, with her mother for a teacher? She would perhaps take up her studies with new interest after the long vacation, and every girl has a right to gain a practical knowledge of housewifery. The best cooking classes are the home ones."

"O, Sally hates housework and fussing over things to eat! She won't even *wipe* the dishes! Her brothers help me more than she does."

I essayed another venture.

"Why not let Sally go to a dressmaker, then, and have her taught a trade, which will stand her in stead one of these days? Is the child quick with her needle?"

The mother flushed in an annoyed astonishment. Somewhat coldly she answered, like a vexed wren with ruffled plumage: "Her pa and I have no

intention to let Sally work for her living. She's our only daughter. And, anyhow, Sally wouldn't do it! She *detests* her needle, and won't even touch the machine. Why, *I* mend her stockings."

Ah, me! Poor mother, and O, poor, *poor* Sally!

"Well," said I, "what is the core of your trouble? Tell me. What do you *want* Sally to do or not to do."

Lowering her tones, though nobody was near and we two were in the solitude of a great drawing-room, in an inn, Sally's mother proceeded.

"I want her not to be taken up with the boys, especially with one. He's older than she is; he's twenty, and he's an agnostic, and he's trying to make her one. Sally doesn't care to go to church or to Sunday School any more. Rufe's getting her out of the notion. Whatever I say to her, she quotes him."

"But," said I, "why do you permit such an association for your little fifteen-year-old girl? Why not forbid this young man the house?"

"Oh, *he* doesn't *come* to the house, Rufe doesn't. He whistles at the gate, and we'll all be sitting round in the dining-room, her pa asleep on the lounge, and the minute she hears that whistle in the dusk Sally's up like a shadow and off like a streak, and she doesn't come in till bedtime. *What* would *you* do?"

It was not difficult for me to say what I would do, but it was well-nigh impossible to bring the perplexed mother into a state of readiness to do anything herself.

The whistler at the gate, an underbred, ill-taught and conceited youth, was the son of a neighbor. She didn't want to hurt the neighbor's feelings. Besides, Sally's pa said there was no harm in it. "Girls and boys must have their fling."

"But, dear lady, the young man would be honored should you go with your daughter, when he next whistles, and invite him into your house. Half the pleasure in this thing is in the mystery of it, the feeling that these romantic interviews are forbidden, and that Sally is a maiden in an enchanted castle and Rufus her deliverer. Sally has read novels, has she not?"

"Heaps of them! She's always reading!"

"Well, I have no doubt that she has read some bad ones, and that they have had the effect of poison on her young mind. You *must* assert yourself, lovingly but firmly, and stop these summoning whistles and little Sally's answers in person. Set her brothers to defend her. Give her work of some kind. Make the house bright and ask young people in. Insist on attendance at church and Sunday School. Break up the intimacy with Rufe, if you can, but if not have it proceed under your own eye, your chaperonage, cannot you?"

"I don't know, I'll try." Then, hesitatingly, "I've *prayed* for Sally."

"I am glad you say that, but this is a case for prayer and pains. Then, too, you may do something for the young man."

She shook her head and went her way.

Poor little girl! Poor little mother! And poor whistler at the gate! This is a world where weakness is the doorkeeper for wickedness, many a time and oft.

Three-Score and Ten.

Attentions to elderly people are often resented rather ungraciously by their recipients, to the wonder of the young who do not understand the situation.



LIFE'S EVENTIDE.

The grasshopper may not yet be a burden, nor any faculty of mind or body be seriously impaired, and still, in the "giving out" which comes more frequently and with less apparent reason than of old, in the shrinking from novel enterprises and the greater the dread of risks, above all in the growing sense of loneliness in a world from which the boys and girls of one's own generation are departing, the middle-aged begin to appreciate the approach of night. They are sometimes aware that, so far as the outward is concerned, they have arrived at late afternoon, while in many essentials of the inward life it is still morning with them. They feel unspeakably opposed to being laid upon the shelf.

"I don't want to outlive my usefulness," says one weary housewife, going on with tasks which she might appropriately delegate, but which she declines to relinquish, possibly in the fear that if once resigned she will never again be able to take them up. "I am able to wait on myself, thank you," declares an aged man, refusing the proffer of assistance from a lad so curtly that the lad turns away with the air of one who has received a snub.

It behooves those who would really help the dear old people to use great tact in their manner of doing it. There are unobtrusive attentions which loving interest prompts, and these may be so offered that they give no offence, convey no implication of superiority.

Let the chair of the oldest person in the household always be placed with a view to the best light, the greatest comfort. Nothing need be *said* on the subject. It is a simple matter of kind forethought. Let the grandmother, with the failing eyes, find a number of needles threaded in her needle-book, so that when she wishes to sew or to mend she may not be hindered by the slowness of threading needles nor obliged to ask that this favor be done for her.

Above all do not borrow the little possessions, the books, the toilet luxuries and the personal property of elderly people without leave. Indiscriminate borrowing in the household is always a mistake. When it meddles with the comfort of the old it is almost a crime.

Don't leave the old people out of your planning. One of the most thoughtless forms of cruelty, and I regret to observe one of the commonest, is the assumption that old people have lost their interest in the everyday work and pleasures of life.

Plenty of Praise.

Everybody is ready to pet and praise the forward child, the child whose cleverness reflects credit upon his parents and teachers, and whose attainments are felt a testimonial to his school and to forecast for himself a successful future when to be school days shall be over. Father and mother point with pride to Willie's

certificates of progress, to Willie's prizes, to Willie's proficiency in arithmetic and grammar, to Willie's fondness for study and the ease with which he acquires difficult lessons. Boys have generally some marked characteristic or other which enables a parent to praise them without sacrificing truth.



TWO GOLDEN HEADS.

Two golden heads above the same fair page,
The same bright story all their thoughts has won;
Dear children, blessed in your merry age,
God bless you still till all your journey's done.

Experiment at home and find out what the boy can do best, and thus help him and his teacher in the school room. Let him follow his own bent.

Again, a child is sometimes backward because, in a graded school, he or she is not adjusted properly to the rank selected. The preparatory work may have been imperfectly done and the poor little backward pupil may be, in reality, toiling far harder, and with more conscientious effort, than the brilliant comrade who surpassed him with so little difficulty. Class-room triumphs do not always tell when the race is run in the later life, and the qualities of diligence, fidelity and respon-

sibility are incomparably beyond some which make a greater show, as, for instance, facility, a talent for memorizing and a readiness to imitate.

The backward child may indeed be deficient in application not in capacity. Should this be so, arouse him, not by a hail-storm of nagging or a downpour of fault-finding but by a system of rewards lovingly adapted to his disposition and character. Suffer no discouragement to creep into your own heart concerning him, and



THE TWO ROADS.

do not allow him or her to feel that there is reason for any doubt about the reaching the top of the ladder in due season. The *top*, mind, not the middle rounds, any one can reach these. Set a definite aim before your child, cultivate a high and noble ideal, but be willing to climb slowly. Haste is at the root of many a failure, haste and lack of thoroughness as one goes on.

I pity the woman whose life was early spoiled. A great wrong was done

to the little daughter and *her* daughter may perhaps suffer from the same old mistake, for wrongs are far-reaching. Be pitiful and just to the backward child in your home.

Wanted—A Do-Nothing Club.

I have written the phrase, my sisters, and it glares at me from the top of my page, as it will glare unwinkingly at you from the top of this talk when it is bewitched into beautiful type. Now that it is written, I don't mind telling you that I have what the Scotch call a "scunner" against the phrase. Few distinctions appear to me so undesirable as that of the "busy" woman, as if, forsooth, there were anything extraordinary or even particularly praiseworthy in the situation it describes. I do not admire the busy woman, nor the condition of mind, body and estate in which the woman whose friends think of her as busy moves and has her being.

I do admire with my whole heart and soul the woman who has work to do and does it, and gets it out of the way. There *are* people who are not forever engaged in the machine shops and factories of life, in its kitchens and drawing-rooms, its highways and byways; they so plan and so carry forward their occupations and engagements that they now and then have leisure, have time to pause, take breath, rally their forces and then go on again. It would hurt none of us to take a hint from nature, who has vast affairs on her hands all the time, but who never suffers herself to be moved out of her regular routine to any great degree. Go into her orchards and vineyards, her fields and her gardens, now that the fruitage and the harvest and the bloom are well-nigh over, and you will see how beautifully and tranquilly she, the ever young, the ever fair, rests after her labors and in them.

"All the ladies are so busy," writes my friend from the far-off Southwestern city, where women used to have the charm of repose. "The girls are so fearfully busy," I read in a sweet girl's letter—bless her heart for the adverb, meant to express American and youthful intensity, but dear to me because, in sober and honest everyday English, I do think it the statement of a "fearful" fact. "Mamma is so busy," says my boy acquaintance; "I've been wanting to talk a thing over with her and come to a decision, but the fellows are pressing for my answer, and I'll have to go ahead myself."

"No; I don't see my wife any more," complains a professional man. "She is even busier than I am myself, and we salute each other in the distance and bid good-by to companionship. It's not her fault; it's her misfortune and mine."

Busy? Yes, the truth must be owned, but busy about what? In towns, with Monday morning and Wednesday afternoon and Saturday evening clubs, classes,

fairs, receptions, committees, associations, societies, etc., with studying this thing and that, with adding town housekeeping to individual home-making, with going to lectures and discussions, and musicales and art exhibitions, and launching this elocutionist, and raising funds for that asylum, and putting health, life, energy, strength, all there is of power in womanly physique, and helplessness in womanly sympathy, into excellent and admirable channels, into activities against which let no man raise hand or voice, but the cumulative might of which overwhelms the busy women who tug at them until they suddenly drop down and drift into nervous prostration or kindly death.

Busy, in the country with less absorbing yet equally health-draining work, which includes a great deal of drudgery of the relentless and nerve-exhausting type, and a great deal of traditional and supposed-to-be essential drudgery, which is offensive to God and murderous to the women who practice it.

My sister, every needless bit of a task which you undertake, needless, mind, simply because you were brought up to believe in a certain mistaken old adage that

Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

is, whatever you may fancy, a sin. To work is entirely honorable and virtuous. To rest is equally honorable and equally virtuous. To be a woman of occasional leisure is as much your duty as to be a busy woman, driven by a motive power which forces you to incessant occupation.

"Change of work *is* rest," says a gentle and deprecating voice in my ear. "To a certain extent, yes," I reply, but whether always it is rest enough I wonder, and am not convinced as I look about me. I think that most of us, some voluntarily, others involuntarily, some because they are caught in the wild whirl and cannot help themselves, some because they have a horror of idleness or of being thought lazy, most of us, for one reason or for another, do very much more than we ought. We are worn out too early, and then we hug to our souls another old adage, "Better to wear out than to rust out," as though there were any question of rusting in the matter.

Let me tell you what comes of idle hands when they are a mother's or a wife's. Satan does *not* find mischief for them, not at all. They learn a trick of straying softly over a schoolboy's brow, of caressing a husband's work-worn palms, of smoothing out a girl's puzzles, or lying folded and at ease in their owner's lap, while her face loses anxious lines and her eyes close, and she forgets for a brief space some of her ever present cares.

I would be very glad if to our multitudinous clubs this winter we might add this one, the Do-nothing-take-one's-comfort-club, where busy women might learn how to grow idle and take life less fiercely.

Growing Old Together.

It is wonderfully subtle, yet curiously simple, the interweaving of thought, feeling and desire in two who are growing old together. It is almost as if they had but one soul between them, so identified are the interests of both, so responsive are their sympathies, so instantaneous is their comprehension of one another's needs. Old husband and old wife, neither very strong in these latter years, but mutually helpful and each the other's complement. One can see how incomplete would either character, either life, have been had the other been lacking, so perfectly do the two unite to make the rounded whole. If the children have grown up and gone away to their separate homes and their own work in the world, the interdependence of the old parents is the more touching, and their solitude is sweetened by a thousand associations, by uncounted memories, by a



HARVESTED.

blended Christian faith and a certain indispensableness which has grown to be the very atmosphere of their being. It is lovely to see the children, and the grandchildren are an unspeakable pride and delight. When these come back to the old nest it rings with mirth and glad elation, but even the children are not essential to the parents in the sense in which they are essential to each other.

Time was that there were angles and sharp points which now and then caused a moment's pain, when the two hearts, passionately loving though they were, knew occasional antagonisms or at least irritations which led to friction. But in the daily intercourse of many faithful years the angles have worn away; they are no longer hurt by misunderstandings, their differences of opinion lend zest and piquancy to their talk but never mar their deep and beautiful peace.

There is a tender little touch in Maria Pool's story of "Salome," where, in the early dawn of a frosty autumn day, an elderly husband and wife, silent,

undemonstrative people, seldom giving way to their emotions, part from one another for what stretches before them—a long, dreary, lonely winter. The wife *must* go. The husband must stay. A daughter's health and life are at stake, and there is nothing else to do but what they are doing, and out in the barn, in the cold, gray morning, they have the swift, sharp wrench of their farewell, which not even their idolized child may see or suspect.

We are always sorrowful and compassionate at the separation by death of those who have not long been wedded. A few weeks or months, a brief year or two, there is here a downfall of hope, there is disappointment, there is heartache. Yet heartbreak does not so often follow heartache in such cases as where the partnership of a long life is severed. Then it often seems as if the two *cannot* live apart, and sometimes, as in an instance I recall,

One knock opes heaven's gate
And lets both in.

It was on a summer day in a city of palms and roses, a city of the South. The husband had been ailing for several weeks. Suddenly his malady developed rapidly, and, unexpectedly, he died, the silver cord so gently loosed that there was no time to call anyone to his side. "Mother" was in a chamber on the other side of the hall. Who should tell her that "father" was gone? In the midst of the consternation and distress the youngest and best beloved child gathered up her courage and went to her mother, but there was no need of speech, a look told the tale. "Yes, darling," the mother said, "he is gone. I know it, and I am going with him!" There was no pain, not a sigh nor a tear, only a soft breathing out of life and in an hour the wife, for whom none had feared, was "away" with the husband whose bride she had been fifty golden years ago.

Growing old together! It is sacred, it is mysterious, it is the most beautiful thing on earth. Blessed are they who have been faithful to their early love, and through all joy, all sorrow, all experience, drunk from the same cup, broken from the same loaf:

Altruism.

Altruism has become a familiar word in the last decade, not that it is a newly-coined word by any means, but that we have heard it oftener than we used to. The thing for which the word stands has always been in existence and in practice ever since to do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you fell in golden syllables on the ear of a listening world. And that was long ago.

There is a very commonplace sort of altruism which some of us might practice to advantage. For example, there is something coming off at our church, a festival



The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me
to lie down in green
pastures: He leadeth me
beside the still waters.

Psalm xxiii. 1, 2

or entertainment, or among our friends somebody has a plan or a project which can succeed only if it is resolutely seconded and carried forward by enthusiastic and sympathetic helpers. It is not always easy to enjoy to the full a recreative or social scheme which others have set on foot. Our own home may have a charm for us that the church parlors lack. Our own old friends may be more congenial than the people we meet at the church sociable. If we are busy most of the time, we may be chary of breaking into the scanty leisure of the intervals when business is barred from our door. If we are pleasure-loving, we may have a choice as to our pleasures.

But Christian altruism has always and everywhere a large infusion of that love which seeketh not her own. The question should always be, not "What shall I get by this course or that?" but "What shall I impart?" It should be, not, "Are these people interesting to me?" but, "How can I be interesting to them?" As a simple matter of fact, everybody one meets, however obscure and unlearned, is interesting, if looked at from the right side.

The great trouble is that we are too remote from many of the people we meet, too alien in sentiment to *know* them in the least. They are to us unexplored territories, and we never penetrate farther than their outer banks. It is so with women whom we have seen in the church we and they attend, sitting in pews on side aisles, or well up to the front under the pulpit's shadow. We know the very set of their shoulders under their cloaks, and we have exchanged a chilly "Good morning" now and then, but this is the extent of our acquaintance. Hired service is ours from women in our kitchens, but we remain strangers to them and they to us, the home bond altogether lacking, because there has been neither interest nor reciprocity in the relation established lightly and lightly broken.

It is wonderful how much we like the neighbor that we know. "Better is a neighbor that is near than a brother that is far off." This is why few of us are indifferent to the family physician, whose coming into the household has been familiar and friendly, and whom we care for and champion hotly upon occasion. People whom we have come close to have shown us their interesting points, and our way of looking at them is entirely different from the semi-hostile, semi-heedless way with which we regard the stranger.

Not long ago a young girl had occasion to call several times on a well-known society woman in a large city. The girl was country-bred and was valiantly buffeting the waves in an effort to find dry standing ground for the soles of her feet in city journalism. She found the well-to-do woman cold and disdainful, as she thought—it was really only shyness—and her first call and her second were not agreeable to either. But my country girl is a lovely creature, a true, simple-hearted altruist, and she won her way. She came to me one morning radiant.

"Mrs.—— is an angel," she said. "She has been *so* kind. We have found each other out."

True altruism can put self in the background, and that is the true place for self.

Children's Day.

A sound of clear young voices,
A burst of happy song,
A rush of eager footfalls,
The marching of a throng,
A troop of flower-like faces,
That brightens all the way,
Till no one needs to whisper,
"Why, this is Children's Day!"

Within the solemn temple,
And down the quiet aisles,
The children bring their banners,
And flash their merry smiles;
And hovering above them
I think their angels stay,
And make the church like heaven
Upon the Children's Day.

In that bright upper temple,
The house not made with hands,
I know the children's Saviour
In gracious waiting stands
To bless them as they enter
The straight and narrow way,
And He who loves the children
Draws near on Children's Day.

And none of Him forgotten
Shall wander from the fold,
His eye is on the darlings,
The timid and the bold;
From Christ's own safe protection
Not one wee lamb shall stray
Of all the flock who follow
The cross on Children's Day.

O friends, who, fain to serve Him,
Scarce know what first to do,
Is not His "Feed My lambs" still
Meant just for such as you?
And will you seek the child-heart
And Christ's command obey,
That every happy Sabbath
May be a Children's Day?



Pets.

Let the children have pets. A little girl told me the other day that her father and mother would not let her have a cat or a dog, or any thing to love. Her little heart was hungry for something to feed and play with and care for; and her parents were doing her a wrong by their injustice, for it is unjust to deny a child's reasonable request. A cat by the fire, a dog at one's knee, a parrot in a cage, any little dear dumb creature which has the freedom of the premises, is an ornament to the happy home.

The Cap'n's Daughter—A Sailor's Yarn.

BY MARY B. SLEIGHT.

"That picture? Why, that's Miss Vi'let, the Cap'n's daughter, and t'other one's the 'Albatross,' took afore she was wrecked. You'd like to hear about it? Well, you see her father was Cap'n of the 'Albatross,' an' one day, when we's in port, gettin' ready for another start, he sez to Sampson, the mate: 'Sampson,' sez he, 'my little girl be'n studyin' too hard an' 's lookin' kinder peaked; and I reckon the best thing we can do 's to take her along with us the next trip we make.'

"'All right, Cap'n,' sez Sampson; but he didn't much like the idee, for one woman, young or old, 's bad as a dozen, 's far as woman's rights is consarned, an' us men 'd be'n used to havin' everything our own way on board the 'Albatross,' providin' we didn't go ag'in the Cap'n's orders, an' Sampson wasn't the only one as felt like growlin'.

"'Who wants a woman on board, anyhow?' sez Collins, the cook, not relishin' the prospec' of havin' a pair o' female eyes inspectin' the galley.

"'You needn't be afeard of a rival, Colly,' sez I. 'She's nuthin' but a little boardin'-school miss, an' 'tain't likely she knows much about cookin.'

"'Not about ship-cookin', I'll be bound', sez Jim Mack, the bo'sn. 'I've seed her. She come on board with the Cap'n the last time we's in port, one day when you fellers was off on a bender. A pink-faced, frisky little chit. Now, a nice, motherlike sort 'o woman—one 't could coddle a chap when he's sick an' write letters to his sweetheart for him—wouldn't be so bad to have on board—leastways, one could put up with it; but who wants a poll-parrot botherin' round from mornin' till night?'

"But Miss Vi'let didn't have no suspicion of our growlin', an' the next day she come trippin' on board, lookin' as confidin' as a baby.

"'She's a trig little craft,' sez Collins, beginnin' to veer round 'fore we's fairly underweigh, an' all owin' to his overhearin' her praisin' his cookin.' But, bless



H. JAMES.

you ! 'fore we's two days out there wasn't a man on board 't wouldn't have risked his life for her; an' yet she' ransacked the ship from stem to stern an' asked more questions 'n any ten of 'em could answer.

“ ‘ I never lived in a ship afore, an' I want to know all about it,’ sez she, kinder 'pologizin'.

“ ‘ To be sure ! to be sure ! ’ sez Jim Mack, as obleegin' as possible.

“ ‘ An' I want to get acquainted, too,’ sez she, lookin' up at Sampson with a smile 't would make two big dimples come in her cheek; ‘ you're my father's friends,’ sez she, ‘ an' I don't think 'twould be nice a bit to stay here two months an' not get acquainted with you.’

“ ‘ The poll-parrot ain't so bad, after all,’ sez Collins, noddin' his head as the little lady went dancin' off.

“ ‘ Look y'here ! ’ sez Jim, as savage as a bear. ‘ I'll give you fair warnin' that I'll pitch straight into you if ever I hear you callin' her that name agin. There ain't nuthin' o' the poll-parrot about her.’

“ ‘ No more there ain't,’ sez Sampson. ‘ Cordin' to my thinkin', she's more like a robin, hoppin' about and perkin' up her head at you.’

“ She kinder seemed to take to Sampson, an' one day she sez to him: ‘ Mr. Sampson,’ sez she, ‘ what's your given name? ’

“ ‘ Sam'el,’ sez Sampson, kinder sheepish, for them two names together seemed so ridic'lous that he hated to tell her.

“ ‘ Sam'el Sampson,’ sez she, lookin' as if she'd like to smile; but she didn't. ‘ It's a good name,’ sez she, an' anybody that has it ought to be good an' strong, both in one.’ An' after that she an' Sampson was the best o' friends.

“ But, bless me ! we hadn't begun to know her, nor we didn't till after that storm sot in. 'Twas one o' them storms 't comes on slow an' grad'yul like, the wind shiftin' little by little, as if it meant to make a sure thing of it. An' when it begins in that way you can most genelly look out for a spell o' weather. For three days we lay tossin' like a cockle-shell, an', if it hadn't ben fer Miss Vi'let, I declare, I don't know what 'd become of us. It's astonishin' how women-folks blossom out when trouble comes. An' she was such a slip of a girl, not more 'n fifteen at the most, an' small at that; but, bless her heart, she was like a mother to the hul crew. One minute she'd be in the galley, helpin' Collins git up somethin' invitin' for dinner, an' the next she'd be on deck, with the Cap'n, cheerin' up the men. The Cap'n did his best to keep out to sea; but the smartest cap'n livin' 'd have to give in when the Lord sends a gale like that. The third day it blow'd harder 'n ever, carryin' away two o' the topmas' an' sweepin' off one o' the boats; an' about five in the afternoon, in spite of all we could do, the ship went crashin' on to the rocks.



“ ‘There’s nuthin’ for us to do now but git down on our knees an’ say our prayers,’ sez Jim Mack, kinder despairin’ like. An’ I reckon there wasn’t one of us that didn’t feel as if we might about as well jump overboard an’ done with it.

“ ‘Fire a signal-gun,’ sez the Cap’n.

“ ‘ ‘Tain’t likely ’twill do any good,’ sez Jim; an’ then up comes Miss Vi’let from the cabin, softly as an angel steppin’ in amongst us, an’ any one could see by the look on her face that she’d be’n sayin’ her prayers, it was so still an’ peaceful-like, an’ sez she: ‘What you all lookin’ so solemn an’ troubled for? The good Lord can take care of us jest as well on the rocks as He can in smooth water, an’ I don’t believe your Cap’n’s afeared.’

“ ‘The Cap’n he didn’t say nuthin’, only put his arm round her, an’ with that she reached up an’ kissed him.

“ ‘S’pose we sing a hymn,’ sez she.

“ ‘Now most any of us old tars could have sung a song, if she’d asked us to; but singin’ hymns wasn’t in our line. So we didn’t give her no encouragement; but the next minute she started off all by herself on

“ ‘Jesus, lover of my soul.’

I reckon it wasn’t new to any of us, seein’ we wasn’t exac’ly heathen; but, some way, it teched us—may be it teched us all the more for not bein’ new—an’ by the time she got to

“ ‘While the billers near me roll,’

every man of us was drawin’ his sleeve across his eyes, for I kin tell you them words sounded mighty real when you could hear the billers thunderin’ away within an inch o’ your life. Folks as sing that hymn sittin’ in meetin’, quiet an’ peaceful, with the sun shinin’ in at the winder an’ the trees a-wavin’ in the breeze, ain’t apt to take sech a realizin’ sense of it as we fellers did that night on the ‘Albatross,’ with the billers pitchin’ an’ tearin’ like a lot o’ mountains runnin’ wild an’ the wind a-screechin’ like a pack o’ hyenies.

“ ‘Well, she sung it through to the end, an’ jest as she got to the last line we heard an answer to our signal; but, Lord bless you! there couldn’t no boat live in a sea like that, so there we lay, expectin’ every minute we’d go to pieces, for the ship was groanin’ and creakin’ in all her timbers, an’ all ’t kept up our spirits was Miss Vi’let’s singin’. But toward mornin’ the wind begun to ease a little, an’ with the first streak o’ day we sighted a ship in the offin’.

“ ‘Lower the boats,’ sez the Cap’n; an’ the boys had ’em ready in a jiffy, an’ then they all stood back, waitin’ to see the Cap’n and Miss Vi’let safe in. But there wasn’t room for all of us the first time, both the boats that was left bein’ small, an’ the Cap’n, he declared he wouldn’t stir a step till every soul was off the ship.

“ ‘ You can take care o’ Miss Vi’let, Sampson,’ sez he to the mate.

“ ‘ All right, sir,’ sez Sampson, as cheerful as possible for a man ’twas next door to drownin’; but, when he started to help her down, she draw’d herself back.

“ ‘ I’m goin’ to stay till my father goes,’ sez she; an’, though there wasn’t no sartinty that the ship’d hold together two minutes, there the little lady stood, in spite o’ the Cap’n’s urgin’ an’ coaxin’, as firm as a rock, with the spray a-dashin’ over her an’ her pretty hair all creepin’ in wet curls around her face from under the hood of her cloak.

“ ‘ Better get in, Miss Vi’let,’ sez Sampson; but Miss Vi’let was listenin’ to her father give his orders, an’ didn’t make no answer.



THE HOME THAT WOOS THE MARINER.

“ ‘ Why don’t you get in yourself, Sampson?’ sez the Cap’n.

“ ‘ I’m goin’ to wait for the next boat, sir,’ sez Sampson.

“ ‘ But the ship may go down, man, afore the boat gets back,’ sez the Cap’n.

“ ‘ Then I’ll go down in good company,’ sez Sampson, tryin’ to smile. ‘ Besides,’ sez he, ‘ them boats are so crammed now that another man’d swamp either one of ’em.’

“ ‘ That’s so,’ sez the Cap’n, givin’ the word for ’em to cast off; an’ they hadn’t be’n gone more’n three minutes when the ship give a lurch an’ the water came pourin’ in at her side.

“ ‘ Lord save us!’ cried Sampson. It’s cur’us how quick men are to call on the Lord when they get in a tight place; men ’t never think o’ prayin’ when it’s smooth sailin’.

“The Cap’n put both arms round Miss Vi’let. ‘I ain’t afeared, Father,’ sez she; an’ then she begun to sing ag’in. The boys said afterward that they could hear it till they got ’most to the other ship; the girl’s voice, clear as a bell, soundin’ between the boomin’s of the waves. Well, the ship kept settlin’ an’ settlin’, till the deck was jest about on a level with the sea, an’ then, all of a sudden, they heerd a gratin’ sort o’ sound, as if she’d come to a stoppin’-place.”

“‘Thank the Lord for that,’ sez the Cap’n; but he hadn’t more’n got the words out of his mouth when a big wave struck the ship, takin’ the two men off their feet an’ sweepin’ Miss Vi’let clean overboard.

“‘Good-bye, Cap’n,’ sez Sampson, an’ with that he dashed in after Miss Vi’let. He knowed well enough there was a mighty small chance o’ savin’ her, an’ ’t more’n likely they’d both go to the bottom; but Sampson always was a rash sort o’ feller, so in he dove, head first. How it happened he never could tell; but the next he know’d there was Miss Vi’let right alongside of him a-clingin’ to his hand. But the sea was runnin’ so high ’twasn’t the least airthly use tryin’ to get back to the ‘Albatross.’ The most he could do was to try to keep their two heads above water, an’ how long he could have stood it the Lord only knows; but, jest as he was about tuckered out, along came one o’ the boats an’ picked ’em up, an’ pretty soon they was safe aboard the ‘Argos.’ But ’twasn’t none too soon, for Miss Vi’let was whiter’n the sea-foam an’ looked as if she hadn’t a breath o’ life left. But there was two or three ladies on board the ‘Argos,’ and a doctor besides, an’ they all began workin’ over her, an’ it wasn’t long ’fore she opened her eyes, an’ the very first thing she sez, sez she: ‘Sampson, where’s my father?’

“‘They’ve gone to get him, Miss Vi’let,’ sez Sampson. So she shut her eyes an’ lay still an’ patient like, waitin’ for ’em to come.

“But when the men got back, they hadn’t no more in the boat ’n they had when they started.

“‘The ship’s gone down,’ sez they, lookin’ as scart as if they’d seen a ghost.

“‘You’ll have to tell her, Sampson,’ sez Collins. But nobody had to tell her. She know’d by the look of our faces that somethin’ was wrong, an’ she got right up an’ sez she: ‘Cap’n I want to be put ashore.’

“Now, it wasn’t no kind of a place for any human bein’ to be put ashore, let alone a little mite of a thing like her; but she’d made up her mind, an’ there wasn’t no use tryin’ to turn her.

“‘Sampson ’ll stay with me. Won’t you, Sampson?’ sez she, in her pretty, coaxin’ way.

“‘To be sure, I will,’ sez Sampson, knowin’ well enough what she was thinkin’ of, for the wind was blowin’ straight inland, an’ any floatin’ thing ’d be sure to wash ashore afore night. The Cap’n’s wife an’ the rest of ’em tried their best to keep her, but it didn’t do no good.

“ ‘Very well,’ sez the Cap’n, kinder savage-like, ‘if she will, she will. We’d wait for her, if we could; but business’s business, an’ we must get out o’ this afore another storm comes up.’

“ ‘The wind had gone down consid’able by that time, an’ they hadn’t no great trouble landin’; but Sampson’s told me more’n once what a queer feelin’ he had when he found himself alone in that desert sort o’ place, with that poor little orphan on his hands, an’ no tellin’ but they’d have to stay there a month! But Miss Vi’let didn’t give him much time to worrit about it.

“ ‘We’ll go ’long the shore this way first,’ sez she; ‘an’, if we don’t find anything, we’ll turn back an’ go the other way.’

“ ‘They’d b’en landed jest in line of where the ‘Albatross’ went down. They could see the mainmast standin’ up out o’ the water, lookin’ as ghos’ly as a tombstone; an’, takin’ that for a guide, they started on their tramp. Once Miss Vi’let grabbed Sampson by the arm an’ p’inted, all on a tremble, to a long, dark object swashin’ up an’ down

amongst the rocks; but when they got to it ’twasn’t nothin’ but a piece o’ driftwood.

“ ‘Now we’ll turn an’ go the other way,’ sez she, when they’d gone about a



HOMeward BOUND.

mile down shore. It was a kind o' pokerish work, walkin' up an' down the beach, lookin' for a dead man's corpse; but Sampson'd tramped all night, if it'd b'en any consolation to that poor child.

" 'All right,' sez he, turnin' round; an', jest as they came in range o' the wreck ag'in they spied a lifeboat driftin' toward 'em. 'I reckon we'd better stop an' haul that in,' says Sampson. 'It may come handy when we get ready to leave. Why, as sure's you live, Miss Vi'let, that's our own boat that was washed off,' says he.

" 'There was a little stretch o' smooth beach jest there, an' the next breaker left the boat high an' dry, within two foot of where they'd stopped.

" 'Stan' back, Miss Vi'let!' sez Sampson, sharp an' sudden-like, for he'd seed somethin' that sot him to shakin' in his boots: but Miss Vi'let had seed it, too—a man's body stretched in the bottom o' the boat, an' afore Sampson could stop her she was in on her knees, an' had the poor head in her arms.

" 'Lord help her!' sez Sampson; an', thinkin' she mightn't like to have anybody lookin' on, he turned his back an' walked off apiece; but it wasn't more'n a minute or two afore he heer'd her callin' him.

" 'He ain't dead, Sampson!' sez she. 'Come quick an' feel his heart.'

" 'Sampson didn't have much faith; but he jumped into the boat, an' put his hand under his wes'co't, an', sure enough, he could feel a kind o' flutterin' beat. With that they both went to rubbin' him, an' in the course of half an hour or so the Cap'n begun to chirk up a little.

" 'Now, Miss Vi'let,' sez Sampson, 'if you'll stand guard, I'll make a raid inland, an' see if anybody lives about here.' An', after prowlin' 'round awhile, he came to a little cabin in the woods, with somethin' less'n a dozen little black pickaninnies runnin' in an' out; an', findin' that there wasn't another house within six mile, he p'suaded the old woman to take them in for the night. 'An' have some coffee an' Johnnycake ready for us, Auntie,' sez he, 'for we're jest about starved, the hul of us.'

" 'But, if you'll believe it, when he got back to Miss Vi'let an' the Cap'n, there was Miss Vi'let standin' on the highest rock she could find, wavin' her handkerchief to a ship; and in less'n an hour they was all three on board the 'Clarybell,' bound straight for home.

" 'The Cap'n told 'em afterward that, as soon as he got on his feet ag'in, when that big wave knocked him over, he pitched in after 'em, an' 't he remembered ketchin' hold o' the boat; but he didn't know nuthin' more till he found them workin' over him.

" 'I think we ought to give pertic'lar thanks for that big wave,' sez Miss Vi'let; 'for, if it hadn't been for that, we'd all gone down with the ship.'

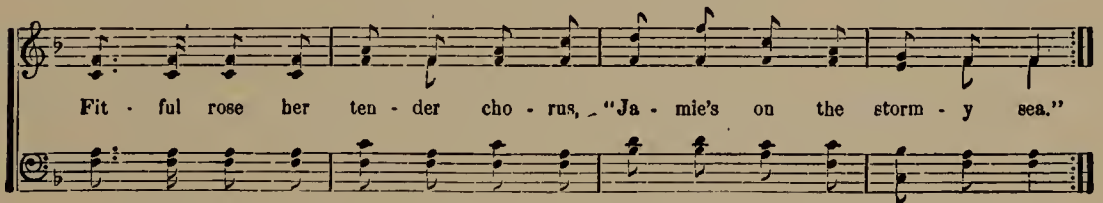
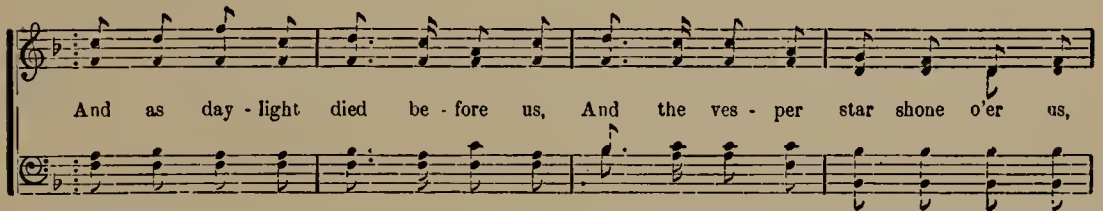
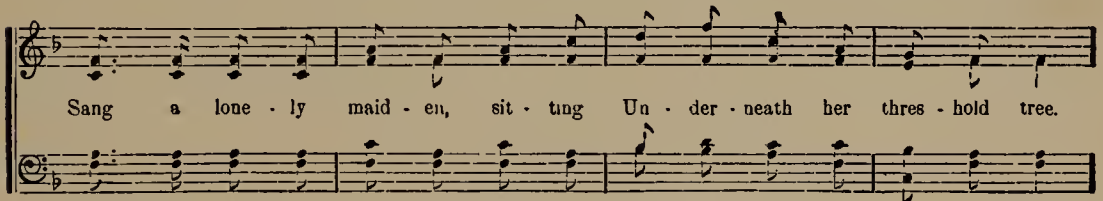
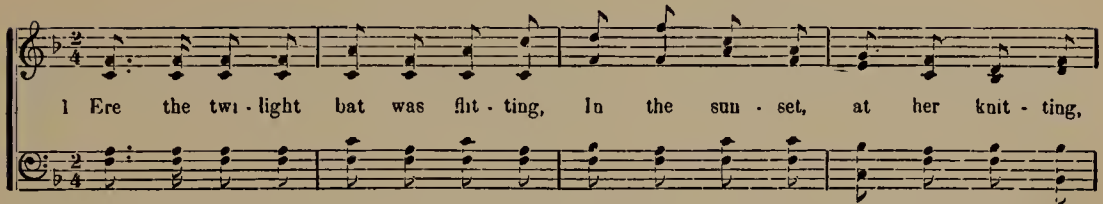
“‘That’s so,’ sez Sampson. ‘It didn’t seem at the time much to be thankful for; but I must say it was kinder providential like, after all.’

“‘An’ to think o’ the “Clarybell” comin’ along jest as she did,’ sez Miss Vi’let. ‘But, Sampson,’ sez she, ‘I’m afeard that poor old woman is wonderin’ yet what ever become o’ them boarders you promised her.’ An’ I reckon myself it must have puzzled her some.

“‘What’s that you’re askin’? What’s become of Miss Vi’let? Oh! she married, years ago. Sampson? Well, no. I s’pose she’d ought to, ‘cordin’ to the story books, seein’ he’d saved her life, or helped to, anyhow; but she named her first boy after him—Samuel Sampson—an’, ‘cordin’ to my thinkin’, that’s sacrifice enough for her to make, an’ my wife’s of the same mind. We’ve got six boys, countin’ the baby, an’ she sez there shan’t one o’ them be named after their father.’”



Jamie's On the Stormy Sea.



Ere the twilight bat was flitting,
 In the sunset, at her knitting,
 Sang a lonely maiden, sitting
 Underneath her threshold tree;
 And as daylight died before us,
 And the vesper star shone o'er us,
 Fitful rose her tender chorus,
 "Jamie's on the stormy sea."

Curfew bells, remotely ringing,
 Mingled with that sweet voice singing,
 And the last red ray seemed clinging
 Lingeringly to tower and tree.
 Nearer as I came, and nearer,
 Finer rose the notes, and clearer;
 Oh! 'twas charming thus to hear her,—
 "Jamie's on the stormy sea."

Blow, thou west wind, blandly hover,
 Round the bark that bears my lover;
 Blow, and waft him softly over
 To his own dear home and me;
 For when night winds rend the willow,
 Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow,
 Thinking of the raging billow,—
 "Jamie's on the stormy sea."

How could I but list, but linger
 To the song, and near the singer,
 Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her
 Jamie from the stormy sea.
 And while yet her lips did name me,
 Forth I sprang, my heart o'ercame me,
 "Grieve no more love, I am Jamie,
 Home returned to love and thee."

Handicapped.

The north wind was blowing its shrill bugles, and summoning a storm. Low, leaden clouds darkened the sky, and night was coming on fast. Unable longer to work on the picture he hoped to have on the line at the next Academy Exhibition, Mr. Bascombe turned the key in the studio door, and set out for home.

A gifted and rising artist! That was what people called him, and every one who criticised his landscapes praised them for fidelity and tenderness. The characteristics of the man, they could hardly escape showing in his work, for neither in art, literature, nor business, does mere skill count, if there be not soul behind it.

Home was some distance off. The walk to the ferry was hardly a pleasant one, but Mr. Bascombe had trodden it twice a day for several years, and as he struck out of Broadway into a quarter overflowing with a tenement-house population, he hurried the more rapidly that he might reach the five o'clock boat, and have a frolic with his little ones before supper.

"I hope Mabel's neuralgia is better," he thought, as he stepped from the car, which had borne him far into the suburbs of Brooklyn. "Poor child. She suffers so much from her sensitive nerves. I am so glad I have something to brighten her face and lighten her heart to-night."

When he entered the little parlor where his family were gathered, the scene presented was a very pleasing one. A lovely little girl, with a shower of fair hair rippling over her shoulders, was sitting on the hearth-rug, nursing her doll. A boy, a year or so older, was studying to-morrow's lessons beside the table. The baby, as the four-year-old pet of the household was still named, there being no other claimant to the title, was building an edifice with blocks, and the mother, a young and beautiful woman, was reclining on a lounge, an afghan thrown over her feet, and a silken pillow supporting her head. The noiselessness and self-control of the children would have attracted the attention of anybody accustomed to the usual gleeful bustle of childhood, and, even when their father came cheerily in, and caught Baby up to give her a kiss and a toss into the air, the others, as they ran to him for their caress, ran upon tiptoes.

"And how is mamma?" said Mr. Bascombe, leaving the children, and kneeling on one knee beside the lady, who had not changed her languid attitude, not showed by so much as the lifting of a glance, or the quiver of an eyelash, her sense of his presence. "Have you had a comfortable day, darling?" her husband inquired, his gaze resting compassionately on the delicate face and softly-flushed cheeks.

"Rather more so than yesterday, Arthur," was the reply. "The doctor called, and he said, I needed more amusement, my life was too monotonous, and that if I could only be aroused, and led to forget myself, I would be a great deal



HUMBLE BUT HAPPY HOMES.

better. But doctors are always saying impossible things. What is life worth, when one is tied fast to three such children as ours, not one able to be in the least a help?"

Mr. Bascombe's face grew sad: All the cheerful light went out of it for a moment, and he suppressed a sigh. Three such children! He thought them three separate causes for rejoicing and gratitude, but their mother seldom spoke as though they were worth caring for. However, the next moment his sunny hopefulness was uppermost, and he said pleasantly, "Don't speak so, Mabel dear. You will be very happy with your children yet. And, as for excitement, if Dr. Mitchell prescribes that, why we'll have to try and get it for you. He told me that quiet and tranquillity, and tonics were what were needed to restore you, but perhaps the cure has gone beyond that treatment by this time, and he considers you nearly well. I think you are looking extremely well, myself."

Mrs. Bascombe assumed the air of a martyr.

"Yes, if I were dying, you would tell me that. It's long since I gave up expecting sympathy from my husband. If you understood me, Arthur, if you were not so constantly trampling on my feelings, I would be far happier, and happiness would do for me what sunshine does to the flowers."

Just then a slatternly maid-servant put a frowsy head in at the door, and announced that supper was ready.

"Will you come to the table, dear?" asked Mr. Bascombe, rather doubtfully.

It was not often that Mrs. Bascombe felt able to sit with her family at a meal.

"No, thanks. If you will excuse me, and let Annie bring me something here, I'll be obliged. Perhaps I'll feel stronger after a cup of tea."

An exacting husband might have found something of which to complain in so cold a reception as this, and it was the ordinary one here. Not a single word as to how the day had gone with him, as to what progress had been made in his work, as to his comfort, health and prospects, but an utter absorption in herself, and a morbid and wholly groundless self-pity, were making the wife more and more a hindrance, and less and less a help, to the man, who was loyally giving her his whole heart and his life's devotion.

When a tray had been invitingly furnished with everything appetizing, and Anne had taken it to her mistress, the children's tongues were unloosed. How merrily they chattered away. Hugh telling papa of his success in his class, and of the gold medal he thought he was sure to obtain. And Madeleine prattling of her dolly and its wardrobe, and asking whether papa would be too tired to hear her say her little lesson, and tell her a story before bedtime. Baby, too, was full of smiles and fun, and all were evidently enjoying their pleasantest hour of the whole day.

"We had company this afternoon, papa," said Maddie, presently. "Grandma Bennett was here, and she made mamma cry. She was cross to mamma."

"Never mind, daughter. Don't tell me anything that grandma said."

"She gave me a drawing-book and a case of crayons," observed Hugh. "I think grandma is ever so good."

Mr. Bascombe was enlightened by this intelligence. Invariably when his wife was more than commonly contrary in her temper he found that something had gone crooked during the day. The visits of her stepmother, a strong, sensible, plain-speaking woman, who, having no neuralgia nor the suspicion of it herself, regarded Mabel's sufferings as purely imaginary, were never very agreeable to the younger matron. Still, on occasion, Mrs. Bascombe was not above accepting her assistance, sending the little ones to grandma for a day when she desired to be very luxurious, and allowing them to receive substantial tokens of regard from her. Yet she was generally so fretful after an interview with Mrs. Bennett that her husband sometimes wished he could take her miles away from her mother.

"Look, papa! at my new apron," said Maddie. "Grandma's been making me six, and taking all my torn ones home with her, so that I can't wear them any more. She's going to teach me to sew, and then I'll make your shirts, and darn all the socks and things. Mamma says she hopes I will learn, to save her."

Anne now appeared bearing an amber jelly, which shone as she set it on the table. Baby clapped her hands, and cried,

"Dat from danma."

In fact, grandma was a sort of fairy godmother, whose kind attentions and frequent gifts greatly added to the comfort of the little establishment. Her stepdaughter was compelled to admit that her conduct toward them all was generous, though she seldom allowed herself to express the slightest gratitude.

When the children were tucked into bed for the night, having said their evening prayers in childish reverence and trust, the husband and wife were alone in the parlor. Mr. Bascombe was meditating how best to give Mabel the surprise which he knew would charm away her moodiness for the evening. He sat a while apparently reading the paper and really watching her as she lay in her easy, graceful attitude, the lamplight falling with mellow radiance on the beautiful rose-tinted face, the white tapering hands, and the waving brown hair. Her beauty was of a rare type, and it had caught his heart long ago, when she and he had been only girl and boy, little lovers, when both went to school in the country, and she had been then as now, imperious and queenly, he only too delighted to be her submissive knight.

Manly, ambitious, and gentle, he continued to love her just as dearly still, making fond excuses for every lack he found in his married life, and refusing to believe that Mabel could be in the wrong. He hungered with an eager desire

and toiled hard for success in his profession and for wealth that he might bestow on his idol the things that she coveted. Travel, society, elegance in dress and ornament, and wider opportunities, he thought, would make her the sweet, winsome woman of whom he now and then had a transient experience.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bascombe had as yet learned the great secret of living well and nobly in this world of change and care. They were regular attendants at church and were nominally Christians, but they had still to accept the Lord Jesus as their personal Saviour, strong to deliver them and able to help them every day, and until the veil should be taken from their hearts and their eyes they could not be really blessed.

"Well, Mabel," said the husband, turning to her suddenly, "you may buy your rose-blankets, and the merino shirts for baby, and Maddie's cloak to-morrow, if you like. I sold my 'Sunset on the Highlands' to-day, the little cabinet picture I painted last year, you remember. And, after paying some bills which have bothered me and putting aside something for a rainy day, I have this left for you."



THE FIRST OF THE SEASON.

He dropped into her hands one by one, for this news interested her and she was sitting up, ten shining gold pieces. And then, enjoying her pleasure, he took from his pocket-book five crisp new bills, unworn and clean, and a roll of small silver.

"There, dearie, I don't know what you need; but when you feel able you may go on a shopping expedition. I would suggest your buying Hugh a new overcoat. He has grown out of the one he wears now."

"I'll see about it, Arthur," she said, fingering the coins lovingly and bringing from her machine-drawer a dainty bag, into which she dropped her treasure.

"Thanks, Arthur dear; I should like to go to-morrow. Even if I am weak, I'll make the effort, and Dr. Mitchell said I ought to go out every day. I hope Anne has not gone to bed. I'd like to send mother a note to take dinner with the children to-morrow. Stupid thing! Of course she has. Well, won't you go, dear? It's only a little way."

Mr. Bascombe went to the window. Snow was falling fast. The air was thickened by the flying flakes.

"I'll stop in the morning," he said, "if it is fit for you to stir away from the fire. I think now that you will have to stay at home and enjoy anticipation. When you do go out you must not be imprudent. As for your shopping I make only one stipulation, Mabel," he said seriously. "Buy the things you and the children really need. Our income at present is too uncertain to allow us many luxuries, though there may be golden days ahead."

"Will you take me to the reception, Arthur?" she inquired.

"Certainly, if you are able to go. It is one of the triumphs of my life to escort my wife to places where she likes to go."

"They dress a good deal there," she replied.

"Oh, your black silk and other womanly fittings are enough for you, dear. You need less adornment to make you magnificent than any one I ever saw."

The weather continued stormy for some days, but it cleared off at last and Mrs. Bascombe went on her tour through the stores. She was very silent about it when her husband asked her what she had bought, but in the evening the bell was loudly rung, and Anne, answering it, came in with a long, narrow parcel which she declared was for Mrs. Bascombe, and something very light in weight in a little box.

"There must be some mistake, dear," said Mr. Bascombe, taking the bundles from the girl. "These cannot be your rose-blankets."

The lady's eyes sparkled with excitement, and she hastily came forward.

"It is all right, Arthur. Give a man an idea and he holds to it as if he would never let it go. Because I spoke of blankets once you have harped on the string till I'm tired of it. I'm sure there are clothes enough on our beds. No, my dear Mr. Arthur, I have spent that seventy-five dollars in a much better way, and when I go out with you next I intend to dazzle the eyes of the beholders."

So saying, she rapidly unfastened the cords which hid her treasure and unfolded length upon length of rich heavy silk of garnet hue, in texture and lustre

most satisfying to an admirer of fine fabrics. The little box contained evening gloves, a handkerchief edged with lace, and a snowy fleece of a thing called a chiffon boa.

"Now, my dear, you must be persuaded to draw on that rainy-day fund of yours, for I *must* have a velvet cloak to wear with this splendor."

Mr. Bascombe was silent for a few moments. Then he said,

"And the flannels the children have been waiting for, and Hugh's overcoat, and Madeleine's cloak, for want of which she has been kept at home from Sunday School, I suppose they too are to come out of the rainy-day fund. I am disappointed in you, Mabel. You cannot want to break into that."

"Why not? I have never approved of your stinting yourself and me as you do, simply to enjoy the luxury of laying up a sum of money in the bank. With your increasing reputation you are certain to make a fortune by-and-by, and meanwhile why should we not take the good of what we have while we are young enough to enjoy it. People with not half our means make much more show than we do, and I am forced to keep in the background and practice economies I hate because you were brought up to be saving. I shall have to have more money, Arthur, and considerable of it, too, for nobody but Madame Duchesney shall touch this silk. I intend it to be made up in a manner suited to its merits."

Mr. Bascombe was for once indignant and obstinate. The rainy-day hoard, of which Mabel spoke so scornfully, was one of his dearest objects, and to swell it he had been contented to undergo severe self-denial. He regarded it as sacred to his children, should they need it, to assist in their education; or, if some stroke of calamity came, if his arm lost its strength or his brush its cunning, this sum would at least keep his loved ones from feeling the pangs of want. For the first time in her life, Mabel found her husband unmoved by her commands and cold to her entreaties. He was justly incensed and did not hide his displeasure.

But, from Samson on, what member of the sterner sex has ever been strong enough to hold his own against the tears of the woman he loves? When a man's wife exclaims, "Thou dost but hate me and lovest me not," when she weeps in his presence, or shrouds herself in sorrowful silence, his firmness must be granite indeed if it fail to yield to such pressure. Mr. Bascombe was not formed of very tough or grim material, and it was decidedly disagreeable to him to quarrel with his wife or to give her any pain. After all, he argued, had she not a right to want the setting her sweet face and fair form would have had if her choice had fallen upon some wealthier suitor? He knew that she had had several whose share of the world's goods was larger than his. He at times thought it rather magnanimous that she refrained from telling him that she had made a mistake; but, to do her justice, Mabel Bascombe, though selfish and shallow, loved her husband, and knew that she was honored in being his life's companion. The love was not large enough to

enable her to share his burdens nor to keep her from being a dead weight upon his hands from pure indolence and apathy. It was not nearly so strong as her vanity, which was, perhaps, her master passion.

After several days of disquiet Arthur yielded, as Mabel had meant he should, and allowed her to buy a costly cloak and whatever else she wished for the Art Reception, to which she went in resplendent attire. She was careless of comments freely made on her extravagance. Ere many months, her health varying accordingly as she had or had not her own way, the whole of the long-guarded fund had been transferred from the bank to her pocket. Where it went to after that it would have been hard to tell, for it was heedlessly dissipated.

The rainy day did arrive. There came a time when sickness laid its heavy hand on the adoring husband, and for weary weeks he tarried in the valley of the shadow. And a darker than the Angel of Pain, even the Angel of Death, crossed the threshold, and in his enfolding wings he bore away the baby to the land where are thousands upon thousands of children singing, "Glory be to God on high." The discipline of real trouble was administered to the heart that had always sought its own, and, frivolous as it had seemed in happier days, under the chastisement of a Father's hand its poverty was revealed to it. The beautiful little home, so despised when Arthur could toil to keep it in comfort, had to be resigned, and Grandma Bennett opened her hospitable doors to shelter the family of her son-in-law. She was kind and good, but she regarded Mabel as the author of her own and her husband's misfortunes; and she did not spare her, telling her truths which hurt and wounded her soul in its abasement. To do Mrs. Bennett justice, she did not realize how deadly a weapon a word may be, and how keen a thrust may be given by the lance of a deserved rebuke. She was sorry for the Bascombes, but she wanted to see Mabel reconstructed and she did not take the right way of going about the task.

One day, when Mr. Bascombe was again able to go to his studio, Mabel, Hugh and Maddie being at school, put on her things and went, as she often did, to her child's grave. There she sat a long time, weeping the bitter tears that only agonized motherhood sheds in bereavement. Remorse was crushing her to the earth. She had no courage for life and duty, for she realized how foolish and narrow her course had been. Rising at last to go home, she was walking with sorrowful, dragging steps, when she heard her name called. She turned, and saw approaching a friend of her youth, Miss Elliott, a woman known everywhere for her deep piety and sweet Christian spirit.

"I have tried to see you for some days," said Mrs. Elliott, "and I am glad I've met you now. Come with me to hear Mrs. M—— at our Association Rooms. She gives a Bible-reading this afternoon, and I am sure you will enjoy it."

Caring little whither she went, Mrs. Bascombe suffered herself to be induced to attend. She took a seat without interest enough to glance at the desk, where a matronly, motherly lady, with the clearest eyes, the most tranquil brow, and the happiest face one could think of, sat with her Bible in her hand. But when the voice, silvery in its intonations, besought the present Saviour to reveal His gracious self to all there, and especially to the grieving and the stricken, she was touched. When the precious invitation was read, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and then, explained so simply and tenderly, Mabel's listening heart responded to the call. Then and there she surrendered fully to the Divine Master, who had all along been waiting till the time should come, when He could bring back His own.

And soon Arthur Bascombe found that he had gained a new wife. Lovely in soul, as she had ever been in person, desiring most of all, to be conformed to the image of her Lord, the whole plan of her home-living and thinking was altered.

The husband found that the wife had something which he had not obtained, and he sought it carefully, and found it at the cross. The work of God in both was complete, and their home, when again they established it, was sweet with the breath of prayer and praise. And as Hugh and Madeleine grew up, they forgot the atmosphere of their earlier years, and believed as all children should, firmly and fondly in their dear father and mother, while Arthur knew well that of Mabel he might hereafter say, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."





A WINTRY LANDSCAPE.

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Two Snow Storms.

A gray sky, sullen and brooding. White flakes falling silently, drifting before the wind, covering landmarks.

Intense, bitter, biting cold, the snow which penetrates the thickest clothing and chills you to the bone. Lake Michigan foam-tossed and furious, the wild waves booming on the shore! Here and there, widely separated, log cabins standing in the middle of cultivated fields, sometimes a mere patch of ground only, with sheds for cattle, where to-day a mighty city's throbbing heart beats time to the pulses of trade the world over.

In one such house the family were assembled 'round the lamp; supper was over, a big fire blazed on the hearth and the shutters were bolted and barred. Fifty years ago, the dread of Indian prowlers was on every settler's family, the thought of the red men creeping stealthily up with tomahawk and fire-brand was an oppressive terror, never absent. So people were on guard. Only at Ellsler's there was always a rosy light just over the door, for the mother had compassion on the decent wayfarer stumbling through the darkness. This stormy night the light glowed brightly in its niche and flickered out over the snow.

A pretty sight they were—the young, strong father, the mother golden-haired and blue-eyed, the sturdy boys and the eight year old girl. A darling baby daughter asleep in her cradle completed the group. Eight o'clock struck, and the father took down the large-print leather-bound Bible, and began to read. The twenty-third Psalm was chosen. In strong, sonorous tones, he read the familiar verses:

“The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters.”

The Psalm being ended, they sang, all together:

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word,
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge hath fled?

Then the father prayed. The little daughter, who used to hear her father pray, remembers yet how fervent, how confiding, how glad and tender, those prayers were. If ever prayers soared to heaven's gate, stormed it with loving earnestness and trust, they were those of Reuben Ellsler. Then, at the last, he always led the children, and they joined in “Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name!”

As the family arose from their knees this stormy night, they were aware of a low knocking, low at first, but growing louder every minute, and voices crying,

"Let us in! Let us in! We have wandered from the way! Let us in before we perish! If you have human hearts, dinna wait, but let us in!"

Reuben looked at Phebe, Phebe with the children clinging 'round her skirts, returned the look, then:

"Open the door, dear," was what she said. "We cannot deny shelter to any this night, were he the worst enemy we had on earth."

Reuben unbarred the door and admitting a wild gust of wind, and a great blast of snow. In the white wake of this, tottered in a man who had battled with the cold and the gathering darkness for hours; his wife bundled up in shawls and furs, hooded and veiled, had her baby in her arms.

They were Highlanders from Inverness, and on their journey to what was then considered the far West of America, where friends had preceded them, and a new home awaited their endeavors. Caught in the snowstorm they had lost the conveyance in which the last stage was to be made.

"'Deed an' we scarce know how it happened," explained the wife. "We had but to cross the road, and we took the wrong turn, an' we hae maundered aboot till we're nigh to fainting. But we heerd your gud mon pray and the sound guided us and we were no feard to knock where Christians prayed to Almighty God."

Three days and nights elapsed before the tempest was over, and the snow blockade raised. Paths were cut, the sun came out, the world laughed in its wintry splendor. Warmed and fed, the MacMurdo family was speeded on its way, Mr. Ellsler carrying them many miles in his own sleigh, covered with buffalo robes and with hot bricks at their feet; and in their basket a bountiful luncheon packed by Mrs. Ellsler.

Twenty-five years passed. Reuben Ellsler's farm had been broken up into city lots. He had prospered steadily and was a man of substance, held in high esteem in the community, where he was a leader. He had held the foremost offices in town and State, and was his pastor's right-hand man and the most acute and sagacious of church-workers. His business instinct had early lead him to invest largely in land and at fifty, he was a millionaire.

At fifty, he was stouter and grayer of course, but upon the whole, not much older looking than when twenty years younger. He still worked hard. Most Americans do. It does not occur to them to shirk work simply because they have made money.

One cloudy morning in December, his fiftieth December, Mr. Ellsler said good-bye to his still comely Phebe, and galloped away on brown Betty, the mare. It threatened a storm, but he had to keep an engagement at a distant point. The "onding" of snow, to quote Sir Walter Scott; led him to take the railroad at a station eight miles from home, stabling Betty until his return. He telegraphed home when he might be expected and went fearlessly on.

CHRISTMAS AT SCHOOL.



Going to the treat.

WHEN WORK IS DONE,



Blind man's buff.



Oranges and Lemons.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS +



Receiving the gifts



The Giant Tree.

BE MERRY + BE WISE.



Singing.

COME FROLIC AND FUN.



Spin the platter.

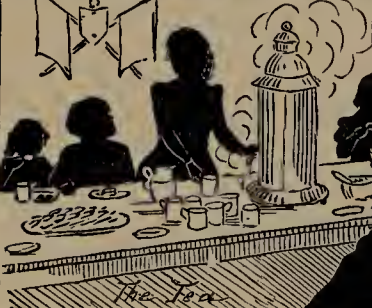


Bon-Bons.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR +



Drawing the tickets.



The Tea

GIVE THANKS TO GOD +



TIRED OUT.

J.B. Groves.

How helpless we are in a struggle with the elements! Mr. Ellsler, not one mile from a great city, found himself that evening, baffled, beaten, freezing, almost in desperation. He ran, he shouted, he struck his hands together, he called for help, but it seemed as if he must perish in that blinding, seething storm. The snow cut his face like a whip, his teeth chattered, he began to grow numb and indifferent to fate, longing only to sleep. When suddenly, he never knew how, a great red star rose and glowed before him, a path of light over the snow led straight into the fiery radiance, kind hands were busy rubbing him, pulling off his clothing, offering him food and drink. And a hearty voice beside him cried, in strong Scotch accents, "We were at the buks, and feyther was reading 'The Lord's my Shepherd,' when, sudden, it went to my heart like a knife, I heard the voice of the man who took us in to the fire and gave us bed and home, twenty-five years ago. It was a voice I'd know in the New Jerusalem, and it was a voice of trouble. 'Preserve us and keep us, mon!' said I to feyther, 'but yon's Mr. Ellsler in the tempest, and we maun cease prayin' and go to his help. And right glad we are that here's the home, and the love, we've owed you all this time.'"

Lying under soft blankets, with warmth and comfort and deliverance from death filling him with great thankfulness, Reuben Ellsler heard a song of praise in the room below. His hosts were singing,

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word.

Dolly Darragh.

Dolly Darragh was feeling melancholy; the holidays had been over several weeks, and they had been the very pleasantest in her life, for away back at Thanksgiving time, her Uncle Rufus, from New York had visited the parsonage, and had taken his little niece home with him to see the great city. There she had passed several gay, happy weeks, and, since her return, she had not been the same contented girl as of old. This Saturday afternoon, as she sat by the window, darning her father's gray socks, a very angry impatient feeling came over her. She looked at the pile of stockings to be mended, a great pile with their large yawning holes, and from them she glanced at the dainty satin-lined shell of a basket, with its delicate crochet-lace, waiting for her touch; that was her city work, the basket was a gift from her pretty cousin there, and during her visit she had been employed with nothing less elegant, while since she had been at home, she had not found a moment to devote to fancy-work.

Her meditations were not cheerful as she surveyed her home. What a threadbare old parlor this was! How faded the carpet, how plain and prim the

sofa, and the chairs with their smooth, slippery, haircloth seats, how old-fashioned they all were! Dolly heaved a deep sigh, and took up her sock, as though there was no more comfort to be found on earth.

Meanwhile her father and mother, jogging along over the hills to the home of the sick parishioner they were going to visit, had no thought of Dolly and her troubles. They rode soberly and happily on, in their antiquated gig, drawn by the same sober ministerial horse which had served them faithfully for a dozen years. So occupied were they in pleasant conversation, that they saw nothing whatever of Miss Tucker, Dolly's Sunday School teacher, till she stopped her horse and "conveyance," as the neighbors styled her graceful pony-phæton, close beside them.

"I was on my way to your house," she said. "I wanted to borrow Dolly for a couple of days. Can you spare her?"

"I will try to, if you desire her company," answered the mother very cheerfully. She was unselfish, and nothing delighted her so much as to give some one else a pleasure.

"I don't see, my dear," said Mr. Darragh, "how all your sewing is to be done if you let your daughter spend so much time in visiting. It seems to me that Miss Tucker would do better to excuse Dolly, and ask Lillie Rowe or Emma Morison to go to her. Their mothers are not so crowded with cares as you are."

"But," said Miss Tucker, "it is Dolly I want; and I'll give her a lift with her work before we start."

So it happened that in ten minutes from the time that our little woman had seized her stocking, with a forlorn resignation, the parsonage door was suddenly thrown open, and into the room, like a very sunbeam, came the beautiful young lady, who was the idol and the darling of Dolly's enthusiastic heart. In her warm, soft sealskin sacque and hat, she looked ready to defy winter. With her glowing cheeks, long, silken, drooping lashes, and sparkling eyes, she was a real flower of the summer in Dolly's admiring eyes, and the parlor, all at once, underwent a magical change. The great tears which had overflowed Dolly's eyes were quickly brushed away, and Miss Tucker did not appear to have observed them. The one low rocking-chair was brought for the welcome visitor, her "things" were taken off by little fingers, and she was anxiously asked to place her feet near the fire. When she was quite comfortable, she said:

"Now, dear, let me tell you my object in coming to-day. It is to carry you home with me to stay over-to-morrow. Won't that be delightful? But first we must get this work out of the way."

It was wonderful how much easier the darning was, with Miss Tucker to help finish it. As she drew the long needlefuls of thread in and out, she talked

merrily, asking Dolly about her visit, and trying with gentle tact to lead her thoughts away from whatever was amiss.

But Dolly was not quite at ease. All at once she threw down her sock, and looking straight into Miss Tucker's face, she made this remarkable speech:

"I do believe I am the meanest hatefulest girl that ever lived!"

"Why, darling?" said her teacher.

"Oh, I do just hate things so! I despise this slow, hndrum sort of living, one day just like another, and never any fun, or anything to enjoy. And I'm sick of seeing mother in that old brown-silk dress, which has been turned and turned, till it can't be made to look decent. And I'm tired of hearing the same song, economize, economize, about everything one proposes. And I'm ashamed of myself, too! How can you love a girl who is so horrid?"

Here Dolly paused. Her companion said tranquilly.

"I see, my dear, that you have still to find out the great secret, the alchemist's secret, which turns all the common things of life to gold."

"I understand you," said Dolly, "I am very sure that no secret could make me fond of darning gray woolen socks, or cause me to like this homely old house, and the tiresome dishes, the sweeping, dusting, and all the rest of it."

"Maybe not," said Miss Tucker, smiling; "but you cannot be sure till you have tested my recipe. Instead of letting your mind rest on the disagreeable side of things, suppose you try the agreeable? Your parents have gone to see Millie Dean, haven't they?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Would you not rather be Dolly Darragh in the parsonage, with all your troubles, than Millie Dean, in her home, with her grief and pain both to bear?"

Dollie thought of poor Millie, suffering with rheumatic fever, with only a cross and whimsical aunt for company, and remembered that only six months ago Millie had been made an orphan, her father and mother both killed in a dreadful railway accident. She had been left with a fortune, it was true, but Dolly felt no envy, only a deep, sorrowful pity, as she thought of her. There was no need for her to speak. Miss Tucker read her answer in her face.

"There, my dear, is one way of finding out our own blessings; by seeing how much better off we are than some other people. Now, let me ask you another question. What if your Uncle Rufus were to adopt you, and take you away to New York to live, making just this one condition, that you should never return to Oakenridge again, never see this house, or garden, or even your parents and brothers here, though they might visit you perhaps?"

Dolly looked a little offended.

"Of course, Miss Tucker," she said, "I would not go, unless we all went."

"Then you do not care in the least for this little nest where you have lived all these happy years? I think I should."

"I'll tell you," said Dolly, "I don't love these old faded things a bit, and you can't appeal to me in that way, but I wouldn't go to live with any uncle or auntie if I had to give up my dear father and mother, and seldom see them. It is nice to have your mother come and tuck you up in bed at night, and to hear your father read the Bible and pray, in the morning, and I would not be happy or satisfied at all, if I had to do without my home, I'm sure I would not."

"Then," said Miss Tucker, "let me add another portion of my recipe for finding something delightful every day. When I say my prayers in the morning, I try to reckon up my causes for being thankful. Health, kind friends, books to read, people to help, and the feeling that I am helping somebody to bear a burden that might be too heavy for bearing alone, the Bible, the love of little children, and all the pleasant things in life, I set over against the vexations. It is a very great privilege, Dolly, to live with those who love you, and to help them along. Every stitch you have taken this afternoon makes just one less for your busy mother, and if you look at it that way, it becomes love-work, which is always beautiful."

There was more talk, and after awhile the gig came soberly up to the gate, and Mr. and Mrs. Darragh alighted. Brother Bob, who had taken Miss Tucker's pony to the barn, brought him out again, but not till there had been a cheery little party around the tea table. Wrapped cosily in thick buffalo-ropes, and nestled close to her friend, Dolly found the ride over the mountain road enchanting, and only too short, and the new train of thought suggested to her that day, made her enjoy the unexpected pleasure with more than ordinary delight.

It is a good thing to cultivate the habit of looking on the bright side. There is, you may be sure, a bright side somewhere to all our experiences, and if we do not see it, why may be the angels do. The disposition to contentment can be trained, as vines are to grow round a trellis, but we need the trellis of prayer, before we can have the blossoms of praise.

A Girl's Hand.

She was a slight little creature, with eyes like stars for brightness, and blue as a bit of the sky. Her golden hair made a sort of a halo around her peach-blossom face, and her hands and feet were tiny. Altogether, she was a dainty, fragile, wee maiden, twenty years old, and looking seventeen.

But she had a strong spirit, and a resolute will of her own, this airy, fairy Lilian of mine, and the superintendent of the Bethel Branch had a level head, and knew what he was about, when he asked her to take the worst class in the school.

"That child?" jeered the secretary. "They'll crush her as if she were an egg shell! Why, Doctor Grimm and Judge Fayerweather have tried that class and given it up in despair! They're a set of toughs, and Miss Lilian will be used up in one session. Better send her to the infant class!"

But the superintendent held his ground.

"It's Lilian Ward or it's nobody," he said firmly. "She and the Lord Jesus together will manage that class! See if they dont."

"Oh! if you're going to be irreverent," answered the secretary, "I have nothing more to urge." And he turned away offended.

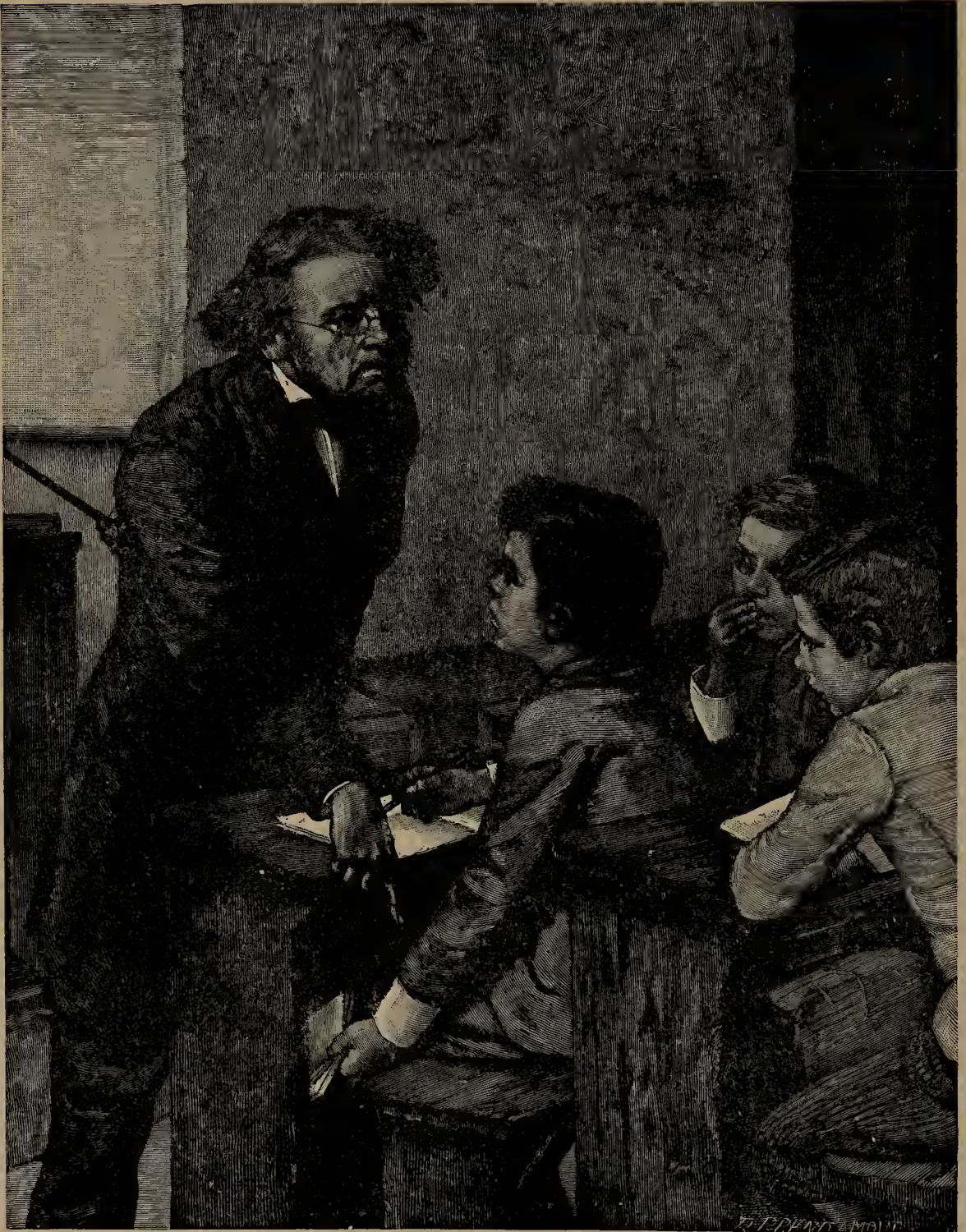
"Brother Lawrence," the superintendent laid a gentle hand on the secretary's arm, "why do you take it this way? Is there anything irreverent in coupling the Lord's name with that of one of His servants? Are we not workers together with God here in the Bethel Branch? If not, we would better shut up our shop. It's the Lord Jesus and Lilian, this time, believe me. Why, man, don't you remember the old war-cry that did for the hosts of Midian, 'The sword of the Lord and Gideon?'"

The secretary was appeased, but still doubtful. And the big superintendent, with Lilian at his side, like Una and her lion, walked the length of the room and installed the new teacher in her class.

It was not done in one week, or one month, or three months, and pretty Lilian's blue eyes, that could flash and blaze with indignation when there was need of it, were often wet with hot tears as she knelt in her closet at home, but she won her class. Once when the turmoil was at its loudest, a man passing down the chapel aisle to deliver library books, drew the curtain aside and asked if she needed assistance. He never forgot the look she gave him.

"Thank you! We can manage our own affairs," she said quietly. Sometimes she threw the lesson aside and told them stories. After a little, the biggest and roughest lad in the group became her champion and defender, and ordered the kids to behave themselves or he would know the reason why they didn't. Not all at once, but gradually these boys who had gone cold and hungry and slept on hard pillows of paving stones, and "moved on" at the order of the policeman and the prod of his club, some of whom had been in jail, some who had fathers and brothers on the Island, grew interested in the story of One who came to this world in poverty, and fared as the poor fare, and had not where to lay His head. Lilian and the Lord Jesus had conquered them.

When, one bright morning, over a pathway strewn with daisies, Lilian walked to church to be married to the man who had won her heart, the boys formed a procession, and walked after her, and sadly filed in to take places in the rear pews. It was a blow to them, this losing her, and it took away some of their sunshine, but the good seed had been sown, and the teacher who followed Lilian found little



difficulty in controlling and influencing the class, several of whom were now members of the church.

Seven years rushed by, as the years do rush by those who are at once busy and happy. Lilian was visiting a distant city, and in a street car the conductor who took her nickel looked at her with keen interest. He was tall and bearded, a fine-looking, gentlemanly fellow. Lilian had noticed his courteous manner, and the care he had taken of an old lady on the train, and of a young woman traveling with three little tots under five years of age.

"I beg pardon, madam," said a low voice at her side, "but are you not Mrs. Matthews, and were you not Miss Lily Ward?"

"Yes, I was Lily Ward," answered the lady, "and I beg pardon, for now that you speak, I see that you were one of my boys at the Bethel—Tom Rodgers, I am sure?"

"Tom Rodgers, it is, Mrs. Matthews, and all I am," his voice dropped lower and the look on his face was beautiful to see, "all I am for this world and the next I owe to you. To you and the Lord Jesus," he answered solemnly.

Then he went on to tell her rapidly—he, a boy who had been a waif and stray of the streets, of this work on the line, his promotion, his little home with a wife and a baby, and his place in the Y. M. C. A. and the Christian Endeavor. It was told in a few quick flying minutes, but Lilian's very soul was uplifted with joy and praise. Christ had given her some sheaves. She closed her eyes in a prayer of thankfulness, as later in the day the express train bearing her to her home went whirling and thundering on, through peaceful meadows and past quiet towns.



A Little Boy for Sale.

A mother was busy at work one day,
When her dear little boy with his toys
Ran in from his play, as bright as May,
With all of his traps and noise.
"You make such a din," she said to him,
While he worked with his tools, his joys;
"I'll put you to bed, or I'll sell you," she said,
To the man who buys little boys."
A little boy for sale;
A little boy for sale;
The price is so low, you can buy him, I know;
My little boy's for sale;
A little boy for sale;
A little boy for sale;
He makes so much noise with his hammer and toys,
My little boy for sale.

The dear little boy was quiet one day,
He had laid his toys aside.
The mother has ceased her work to pray;
"Oh, Lord with me abide;"
As she sits by the bed of her curly head,
A soft, sweet song she sings;
When out of the gloom of that small, quiet room
Comes the rustle of angels' wings.
There's no little boy for sale;
There's no little boy for sale;
He was bought by the love of the Father above,
There's no little boy for sale;
There's no little boy for sale;
There's no little boy for sale;
He was bought by the love of the Father above—
There's no little boy for sale.

Charity Begins at Home.

In a certain household located in Northern New England, a house set among rugged hills and dimpling valleys, there lives a woman whom the angels write upon the roll of their saints. Her life is one of unremitting toil, hard, unrequited and unrecognized. The people around her, relatives by marriage, are incapable of appreciating the rare heroism of her life, the sweet beauty of her constant, uncomplaining devotion to her daily duty.

I do not think she has an ideal. She is too simple and straightforward and much too busy to think about how her conduct impresses others. She spends day after day, year after year in caring for childhood and tending querulous old age, and through a weary and monotonous life, filled with drudgery, she keeps the sunny sweetness which distinguished her as a girl. It never occurs to her, either, that she is to be pitied or admired, or that she is doing anything extraordinary.

But her very self-abnegation is making her young daughters thoughtless of their mother's rights and claims. They are surprised when she occasionally expresses a wish for a change of scene or a new gown, or hints at being included in some projected party of pleasure. Her husband accepts her unremitting service as his due, and seldom puts himself out to show how much he thinks of it and of her. Indeed, it has become to him like the blessed commonplaces of the sky and earth and air, and he takes it in the same way, as a matter of course, and will never acknowledge what it is to him till one of these days it is gone. Even then it will not be evident to him that his wife died of devotion to him and his, a martyr to too great disregard of self, too unstinted outpouring for her family.

Mother's Room.

Draw the curtains, close the door,
 Shut out all the curious throng;
 From this troubled earthly shore,
 Mother's gone a journey long.
 Fold with reverent, tender touch,
 All the things she used to wear,
 (Can we prize them over much?)
 By the window stands her chair.

Here's the work her feeble hands
 Strove the latest things to do;
 Even while the parting strands
 Of her life were snapped in two.
 Sudden as the summons came
 She was ready, waiting still,
 Patient, willing e'er the same,
 Subject to her Master's will.

All the flowers that blossom here,
 How she loved them, watched them grow;
 Ah! the heart that held you dear,
 Pretty things, is stilled you know.
 Never more her gentle hand,
 With its soft and healing touch,
 Will caress you, you shall stand
 On her grave, she loved you much.

All the things that scattered lie,
 Books and work, and chair, and stand,
 They have met her loving eye,
 They have touched her kindly hand.
 They are sacred evermore,
 Let them safely, softly by.
 Draw the curtains, close the door,
 Shut out every curious eye.

Mother's room is lonely now,
 Once it was our blest retreat,
 Often here on cheek and brow
 Fell our mother's kisses sweet.
 When our little company
 Kneelt around in humble prayer,
 Now it wrings our hearts to see
 Standing here an empty chair.

Mother's gone a journey long,
 How we miss her none can tell,
 For our love was true and strong;
 But the angels loved her well.
 So one morn the summons came,
 Earth receded from her view,
 Joy ecstatic filled her soul,
 All the joys of heaven she knew.



Bingen on the Rhine.

BY MRS. NORTON.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,
And one had come from Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age;
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died and left us to divide his scanty hoard
I let them take whate'er they would, but I kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen, calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in his place, my father's sword and mine;
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another, not a sister, in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too foud for idle scorning,
O, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning.
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine,
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly, in mine,
But we'll meet no more at Bingen, loved Bingen on the Rhine."

In the Wee Sma' Hours.

Two o'clock in the morning! Sleep, for the fortunate beings who go to bed and sleep all night without uneasy spells of wakeful tossing to and fro, is now at its deepest. A blessed silence broods over the country, and the town has not yet turned on its pillow. But to you and me who know what insomnia is, who have



learned by fell experience how relentless is its grasp and how recurrent are its returns, two o'clock in the morning is fraught with uneasy associations. Sometimes a horror of great darkness comes without warning on the soul at that hour, when the bodily strength is at the ebb and the adversary is most in earnest. It is as though a sudden paralysis had fallen upon faith; God seems far away; prayer rises, to our apprehension, no higher than the ceiling. These struggles, when the powers of the unseen close in about us, and we wrestle not with flesh and blood, involve real and desperate suffering to those who have the calamity to enter into their valley of the shadow, though to the practical mind they appear so vague and intangible. Out of such conflicts, though the soul may emerge victorious, the

brow gathers wrinkles, and the strength and youth of the man are lessened. The soul strife with doubt, with conscience, with temptation, at two o'clock in the morning is often a veritable battle with Apollyon, in which the utmost one can do is to cry oftentimes: "Rejoice not over me, mine enemy. Though I fall I shall arise again;" or, with a prophet of old, to exclaim, "Though He (the Lord) slay me, yet will I trust Him." Happy is that Christian to whom, in such a Gethsemane, there comes a sudden and convincing memory of the divine goodness, of the everlastingness of the divine love, so that it is as if a voice spoke in his ear, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms."

At two o'clock in the morning one's tangible troubles, affairs of business, errors of judgment, notes to meet without requisite funds, mortgages with interest in arrears, taxes looming up like mountains of ice, possible loss of income or of position, loss of health, failure of plans, rise and set their battle in array. Financial embarrassments are never so formidable as when they weave their toils around one in the dead of night. Debt never weighs so heavily, never fetters the feet with so leaden a weight, nor drags its ball and chain so cruelly after its prisoner, as when it is remembered at two o'clock in the morning.

It is, of course, an error, and sometimes a crime, to have debts. A mortgage is often a long misery, and most people are to some extent responsible for their financial anxieties, especially in America where our habit is to put the best foot foremost at whatever cost; but wisdom is often the dear-bought prize of experience, and, again, circumstances are great tyrants, and wherever the fault may have lain, the trouble seems darkest when we meet it with armor off, in the bed from which sleep has fled.

So, when we are distressed over our children's willfulness, or weakness, seeing so plainly that one or the other has entered upon a road which can lead only to disaster, yet feeling powerless to avert calamity, the evil thing assumes its most menacing proportions, when it stalks like a specter past our nightly couch. It is as well, realizing the exaggeration which difficulties receive at this hour, to summon philosophy to our aid. The clear shining of the new day's light dissipates many a cloud, scatters many a fog-bank. We waken, dress, and wonder at our recent fears. The troops of shivering ghosts vanish in the vision of the breakfast-table, with the baby in her high chair, and the sturdy boy on fire to go to school and attack *his* problems with a resolution which father and mother are fain to emulate. Honesty of purpose, perfect candor and the exercise of fearless common sense relieve situations, or modify conditions, which were insupportable when anticipated in the hours just after midnight.

Friends lend a helping hand unexpectedly; a ship comes in laden with good fortune; there is a turn of events which is favorable rather than the reverse; a hitherto barred gate flies open of its own accord—the face of the world is changed

for the better. I do not doubt that the suicide, rushing madly on his fate because his brain is turned by brooding on the aspect of his calamities till his soul is filled with despair, could he but *wait* and pray and trust, would generally find that nothing is after all desperate. His cowardice is part, let us think, of his insanity when he leaves others to fight with troubles from which he flies to God's judgment seat.

Beyond everything else the discouraged man or woman who lies awake at night nursing trouble and growing weaker to meet it, or striving with terrors that have no name, should remember that, straw though each of us be, we are of value in God's eyes. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? But ye are of more value than many sparrows." "I will remember Thee on my bed," said David, "and meditate on Thee in the night watches." It is *not* in vain that we call upon God, *not* in vain that we invoke the heavenly hosts to come to our relief. And if only our eyes were opened, we should see, oh, how often, the angel of the Lord encamped around about us, and just before us, flung wide for our shelter and salvation, the banners of the King!

A Song of Easter.

Wake to thine Easter, O my soul,
To-day be glad and brave;
The King, whose look shall make thee whole,
Is victor o'er the grave.

Wake to thine Easter! Droop no more,
Though dark the hour may be!
Heaven swings full wide its jeweled door,
'Tis life that beckons thee.

Oh, didst thou dream, poor faithless one,
That death should wear the crown!
Oh, didst thou deem time's waning sun
In blackness should go down!

And when thy loved were reft away
By angel hands unseen,
And grief and loss held weary sway
Where joy and health had been,

Didst thou forget that just beyond
The barriers of the tomb,
Unchecked by frost with iron bond,
Immortal lilies bloom?

Wake to thine Easter! Christ is risen!
Ten thousand thousand sing;
Freed souls that erst were held in prison,
They sing to Christ the King!

Wear not this day a mournful face;
Lift up thine eyes and see
His glory lighting all the place—
Immanuel hastes to thee.

Sweet odors waft from spice and myrrh,
About his splendid way,
And every simple worshiper
Clasps hands with heaven to-day!

Wake to thine Easter, O my soul!
Arise, be glad and brave!
The Lord whose look shall make thee whole,
Is victor o'er the grave!



Dorothy's Vacation.

"I feel as if I had lost my opportunity in life," wrote Dorothy Dane to her college chum, Marcia Potter, during the first week of vacation. Everybody does not fully appreciate the sense of letting-down which comes to a student, when, a

year of intellectual work and hard routine over, she simply sinks into the position of one of a quiet-going family. Dorothy loved books, loved hard and eager study, and was noted for the intensity of her application. In her classes she stood very high, and at the commencement exercises she carried off numerous prizes, and received honorable mention where somebody else was first. The professors were very proud of Miss Dane. She would go out as a credit to the college, and they were the more interested that she expected to become a teacher, and to carry their methods and ways of getting at things into other schools and places.

Commencement had been over with its joys and excitements for several weeks Dorothy had become used to waking when she pleased in the morning, to regulating her day, not by



DOROTHY.

bells, but to suit herself. She had valiantly laid out a course of reading when she first came home, but so many interruptions broke in upon her plans, that she had not been able to adhere to her prescribed system, and as she finished and

sealed her little note to Marcia, she sighed wearily. Dorothy was experiencing the subtle but sharp pain which befalls those who disappoint themselves. She was not fulfilling her own ideal, and she was conscious of an acute pang because of it.

"Dolly!" Her father was calling her from the foot of the stairs. He used the pet name of her childhood.

"Yes, father."

"Your mother needs you, my dear. Eliza has taken herself off in a tiff, and Aunt Jane's folks are coming to dinner, and the mother has a sick-headache. You'll have to step into the kitchen and fly around."

To some girls this necessity would have presented no alarms, but Dorothy's Latin and rhetoric and algebra had neither given her training in housewifery, nor developed in her the least inclination to what she called domestic drudgery. If the truth must be told, it was to her thoughtlessness that Eliza's departure in the middle of a summer morning, without adequate warning or sufficient occasion, was due.

Dorothy's return to her home had made the weekly "wash" much larger than usual, and the ironing of pretty puffed waists, ruffled and tucked skirts, and elaborate "lingerie" of every description made a marked inroad on the time and strength, and also on the temper, of Eliza, the single maid, called by courtesy, the help. It was a community in which help was not readily obtained. Quick-tempered and capable, Eliza was a person to be prized and considered. Dorothy did neither.

While Dorothy, in a cool, white muslin dressing-sacque beside a vine-shaded window, in an easy chair, was writing to her school friend, Eliza was angrily contemplating the third tucked skirt she had ironed that day. She remonstrated volubly.

"If Miss Dane wants to wear white petticoats, she's got to iron them; that's all I've got to say," and she set her flat-iron down with a thump.

Mrs. Dane, a fragile woman with a weary face, was shelling peas in a large tin pan. It was not like her to give a hasty answer, but she had company coming, and the dread of her life, a sick-headache, was announcing its advent in creeping chills down her spine, dull, throbbing aches back of her eyes, a screwing, boring sensation in her temples, and a wave of nausea at the pit of her stomach. Of all intolerable miseries, sick-headache is the worst, the most relentless, a nightmare of wretchedness to her who suffers from its attacks. Mrs. Dane always felt cross when a headache came. For the life of her, she could not repress irritation when people fretted at her in these circumstances.

"Eliza," she said, "where's the difference? If you are doing that, you haven't anything else to do. I'm sure you have had it easy for a long time, and

I can't understand you; you've done nothing but find fault ever since my daughter came from college."

"Well," said the outspoken Eliza, "why doesn't she take hold and help?"

"She's tired, and needs rest, Eliza," said the mother.

"So do I," said Eliza, "and what's more, I mean to have it. I'm going straight off to my sister's and I'll not come back till I'm sent for, and then I'm not goin' to iron three white skirts with seven tucks apiece in 'em in any one week."

Before there was time to realize the state of affairs, Eliza majestically stalked off, and Mrs. Dane, by this time in a fainting condition from pain and worry, dragged herself to her bedroom and laid her throbbing head on her pillow. On her way to that refuge, she called her husband, busy in his study over next Sunday's sermon, and he in turn called Dorothy.

If you fancy that our college girl was about to be daunted by the difficulties before her, you do not know either the end-of-the-century young woman, or the real good gained by diligent study, and the discipline of trained faculties. A girl may not learn how to make a pie by understanding an equation, or acquiring the ability to conjugate the verb "to be" in four languages, but without doubt the facile mind, educated in one direction, turns easily to another field of action. Dorothy had found her opportunity. Before going downstairs, a verse, her text for the day, flashed into her memory; it was, "Bear ye one another's burden, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

The kitchen was stifling, with the great range filled to the lids with glowing coal, Eliza's ironing-day fire. Potatoes, scraped and ready for boiling, were standing in water waiting to be put on the fire; the peas were shelled. The house was full of freshly-laundered clothing, and the big basket stood there, with its many damp rolls untouched. Her own skirt, half finished, hung on the board.

Mr. Dane came into the kitchen, his spectacles on, his pale, scholarly face much disturbed.

"Your mother's head is worse than ever. She is crying," he said, helplessly.

"I'll go to mother," Dorothy answered cheerily, more cheerily than she felt, "and you, father, dear, go back to your sermon. I can get dinner, and everything will right itself before long. I've been frightfully thoughtless. I'm ashamed of myself, but don't be worried. The girl who doesn't know how to cook, must learn, that's all. I shall be ashamed of myself if I am not able to do as well as Eliza."

Dorothy's courage and pluck were quite reassuring. She said to herself, "This is my first real chance for right-down Christian endeavor, and I'm not going to be a coward."

Mother was far too ill to give advice, so Dorothy looked on the top shelf of the closet and found a little cooking book—just such a book as is an invaluable

gift to the woman of her period. A little searching, and she found her inexperienced hand taken in that of a guide both motherly and efficient. All that she needed to know was between the covers of that book.

When at one o'clock, an old fashioned carry-all brought Uncle Rufus, Aunt Jane, Tommy, Theo, and Alice, Dorothy's nice dinner, consisting of broiled steak, new potatoes, green peas, sliced tomatoes, bread and butter, strawberries, and delicious coffee was ready and waiting.

The vacation gave Dorothy a splendid opportunity to acquire a practical acquaintance with housekeeping, and also learn how to spare others, knowledge which is seldom obtained by those who never work with their own hands.

And Eliza? Some people would say that she was properly served by being taken at her word, and allowed to stay away. But they would not be people who live where it is nearly impossible to secure domestic help at any price. Dorothy waited two days; then she borrowed a horse and phaeton from a neighbor and drove three miles to Eliza's sister's, and found Eliza quite ready to come home again. There were no promises or pledges on either side, but things worked smoothly the rest of the summer, for Dorothy estimated better the amount to be done, and took her turn in lending a hand. Her bearing part of the burden, made the vacation a pleasant one to her tired mother, whose headaches came less frequently, now that a strong young shoulder was willingly put to the wheel.



Behind Closed Doors.

When I knew them first, the Maitlands had lived many years behind closed doors, as jealously secluded from intercourse with the townspeople and the public generally, as ever was an Oriental family in a harem. There were only women in the house, a mother and four daughters. In the early morning, and in the evening dusk the former slipped out to do the necessary errands, but one seldom saw her at noon-day or in the crowds; she was the single attendant from her home at church services, where she always sat with a thick veil down screening her face, and occupied a seat close to the entrance, and whence she flitted away, the instant the benediction was pronounced.

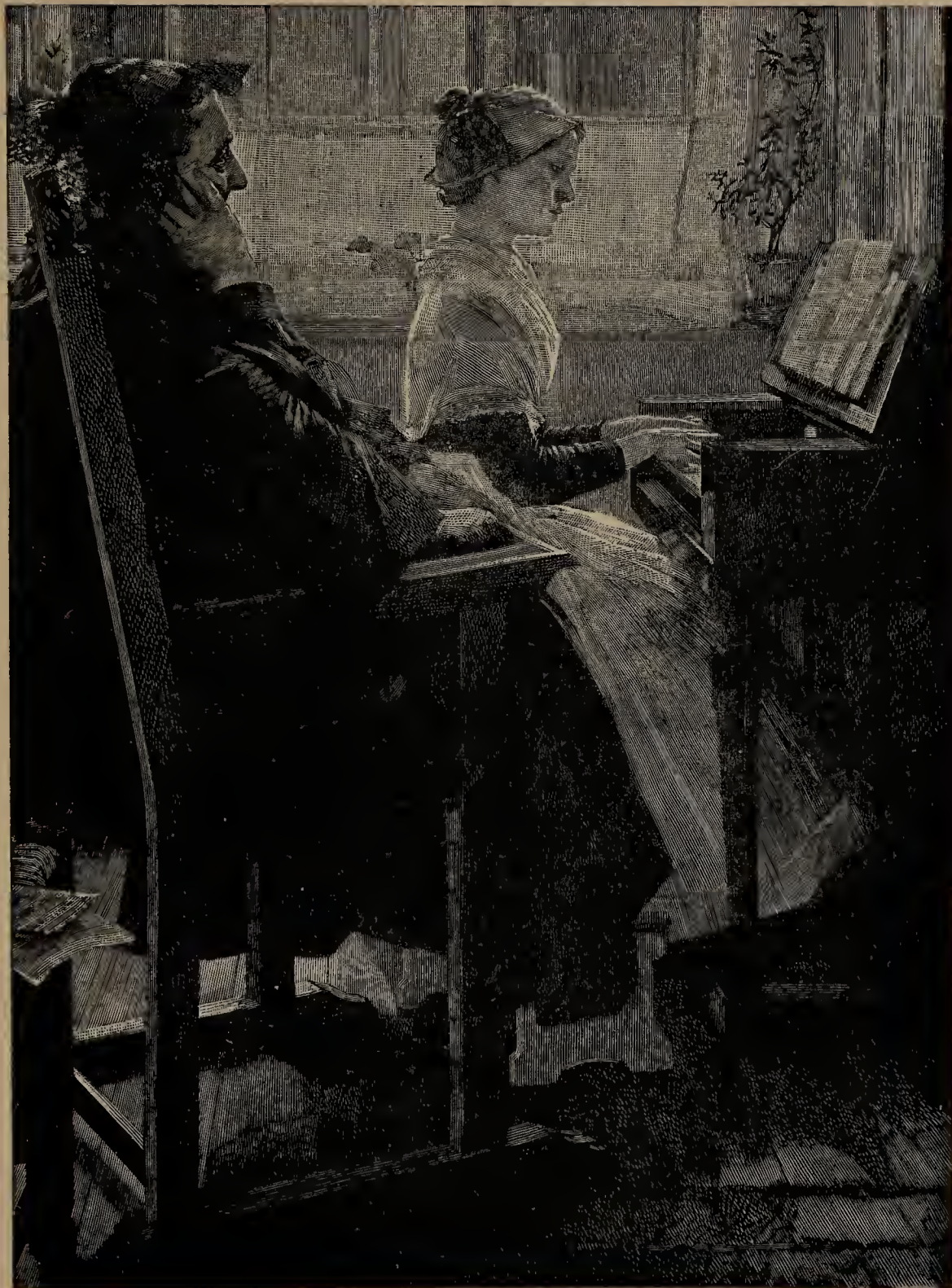
This mother was an old and feeble woman when I made her acquaintance, and it was by means of an accident that the pleasure befel me, for a pleasure it speedily grew to be. Thirty-five years had crept, shadow and shine, shine and shadow, over the dial plate of the skies, since with her girls, young then, she had deliberately decided that the life of a recluse would be best for her and for them.

It was not a novel story, that of the thing that had struck them like lightning, blotting out the light of heaven from their hearts, and clouding their paths thenceforward with an enfolding gloom. The only son of the house, their pride and hope, a gay, merry-hearted lad, popular and charming in society, had yielded to temptation and embezzled a large sum of money, so large that the stricken women were horrified at the mere sound of the sum total. But, honest to the core, and proud of their unstained name, they would have been not less dismayed and humiliated, had the theft been a few dollars only, and not of thousands. The iron of shame entered into their very souls, and when the absconding debtor and defaulter fled to some far-away hiding-place in South America, or Asia, nobody had ever known just where, his mother and sisters hid themselves in their home and simply burrowed there.

The day I first penetrated the guarded Maitland gate was a fateful one in their history. I had gone to the post office for my mail; it was twilight, and a line of people were waiting for letters. Mrs. Maitland, a straight, spare, slender figure, black-robed and veiled, was just in front of me, and as she received her mail, she stepped out of the line, and glancing over the budget which had been handed her, wavered with sudden faintness, under the smoky, flaring lamp. I caught and steadied her, and perceiving that she was too weak to walk alone, said in a matter-of-course manner:

"We go in the same direction. Let me help you to your door."

The faintness returned once and again, and by the time we had reached her home, I had to assist Mrs. Maitland in. In the moonlit evening we opened the door in the brick wall and passed between two tall borders of thick-growing



PLAYING FOR GRANDMOTHER.

box, to that of the house. Four elderly ladies, all trim, slender, and with the curious look of unworldliness and childishness often seen in the faces of those who have lived in communities apart from the world, followed in the wake of the negro Mammy who shuffled up to answer my knock.

I remained only long enough to tell the daughters why I had intruded, and then I said good night and went home. Early the next morning I was sent for, and the old Mammy, who brought the message, said pleadingly, "Mis' Margaret done obercome at las' ! The young ladies don't know what to do."

"Mis' Margaret" was the name she affectionately gave Mrs. Maitland, as she always had done from youth up. I needed no second invitation, but hurrying over the little space between our houses, found Agnes, Henrietta, Luella and Antoinette, gentle, sweet, flower-like, and helpless, hovering around their mother, who waved them all aside, and asked me, a stranger, to listen to her confidence, and give her my advice.

"My dear," she said, look up from the pillows of her couch, "I had a shock last night. A postmark, a hand I knew, it came suddenly—one who was dead is alive again, I have not told the girls. They think their brother died years ago. I don't know what to do ! He is my boy, my son, my baby that I rocked in my arms. He comes back now, because it is safe for him, and I—I am his mother—I love him yet; but, I am not glad, I cannot be glad !

"The money—is paid—" she went on in gasps, "was paid—long ago. We saved it, cent by cent. We starved to pay it, we sold everything except this home. Now, Ferdinand is on his way here, and the girls don't know, and I cannot tell them. God help me ! Life is hard !"

"Yes, poor lady, life is hard," I thought, "you never said a truer word. Hard for the sinner, hard for his friends, hardest of all for those who go away, and coming home find their places filled.

"The only thing, dear Mrs. Maitland," I said aloud, "is to tell your daughters at once. Your son has been in a far country. His sisters will be ready to welcome him home. Blood is thicker than water, and one's heart stirs at the thought of a kindred heart-beat, at the ring of a brother's step. Do not be afraid, tell them to-day !"

Even while I spoke there was a commotion at the front door, and without preamble or announcement of any sort, a tall fresh-colored man walked in, his eyes confident and bright, his bearing breezily eager, his whole air that of a prosperous citizen of the world, with nothing to dash his pleasure.

"Mother !" he said, "Here I am, your bad penny back on your hands. Girls, Luella, Toinette,—Agnes, Henny, you haven't forgotten Fred, I hope ?"

Nobody spoke, but the mother cried and held out her arms.

Truly, this was an assured and unrepentant prodigal. I got myself away, the only decent thing to do being to leave the family—alone, but as I went I had a

glimpse of Agnes looking white and stern, Luella tremulous, Henrietta wistful, and Toinette, the youngest, absolutely radiant. And the mother's arms were



WE'D CHOOSE TO BE THE BABY.

around her big son's neck. I doubt whether Ferdinand Maitland had ever felt the full enormity of his offence against honor and God. At all events, he returned to a town which had forgotten him and his misdeeds, and in which few

people knew the old story, or cared about the hermit-life which the humbled women of the Maitland household had passed for years.

Laughing off Agnes's severity, accepting Toinette's instantly-given devotion, Ferdinand Maitland was presently established as the head of the house. He had worked hard, and he brought home money; he had no vices, and he was willful and masterful, like a man. The old house opened its doors. The family mingled again in the affairs of life. Bit by bit, the arrested development of the sisters yielded to outside influences, and they were seen here and there—they took an interest in what was going on; they ignored their own past. The prodigal son had put on the best robe and thrown an end of it over his people.

Said Mrs. Maitland to me, one day:

"I don't understand Ferdinand. I pray for him even more now than I did when he first went away. So many years I left him in God's hands, when I thought him dead, I can but leave him still at the foot of the Cross, day by day, for I believe in covenanted mercy, and God can save Ferdinand."

I'd Choose to be a Baby.

I'd choose to be a baby,
A darling little flower,
Without a care or sorrow,
As I was in childhood's hour:
When ladies, (heaven bless them!)
They'd kiss me and they'd vow
That they could almost eat me—
Why don't they do it now?

So pleased were they to nurse me
They'd take me on their lap;
They'd stuff my little body full
Of lollipop and pap;
They'd chew me tops and bottoms,
And if I made a row,
They'd press me to their bosoms—
Why don't they do it now?

When I used to be a baby,
They'd to my cradle creep,
They'd kiss and hug and cuddle me,
Till I fell off to sleep;
Yes, they'd kiss and squeeze me, too,
Till I felt anyhow;
They'd even wash and dress me—
Why don't they do it now!

When the ladies used to love me
They'd make me such nice clothes!
They'd make me nice morocco shoes,
And wipe my little nose;
And when the shades of evening came,
And sleep came o'er my brow,
They'd put me in my little bed—
But they won't do it now!



The Barrels from Renfield.

"The last of the sugar, Father!"

"And the last of the oatmeal?"

"Only flour enough for one more baking! Hardly that."

"The potatoes are almost gone, and there's no more pork."

"Lottchen's shoes are completely worn out. She cannot go out of the house until she gets another pair! Neither to school, nor to play, nor anywhere else."

They sat around the breakfast table, a fine group, the brave home missionary and his family, and the usual blessing on the food had been pronounced, the sweet devout blessing without which John Fletcher never began a meal. "Father!" he had said reverently, "thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing; grant us," he had continued, "thy blessing on our many mercies, forgiveness of our sins, and grace for the day. Accept us for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen!"

"Amen!" repeated the rest.

Mrs. Fletcher, a thin, fragile and pale-faced woman with a sweet, yet anxious look, was pouring hot coffee from a steaming tin pot. It was she who had sparingly apportioned the last of the sugar to each cup, and called her husband's attention to the empty bowl.

Greta, the eldest daughter, had spoken of the oatmeal, as she helped to the porridge. Katrina had supplemented the statements of her mother and sister by her allusion to the flour, she being the family bread-maker, and it was John Jr., the only son, who had mentioned the potatoes and the pork. The family all took a hand in the work.

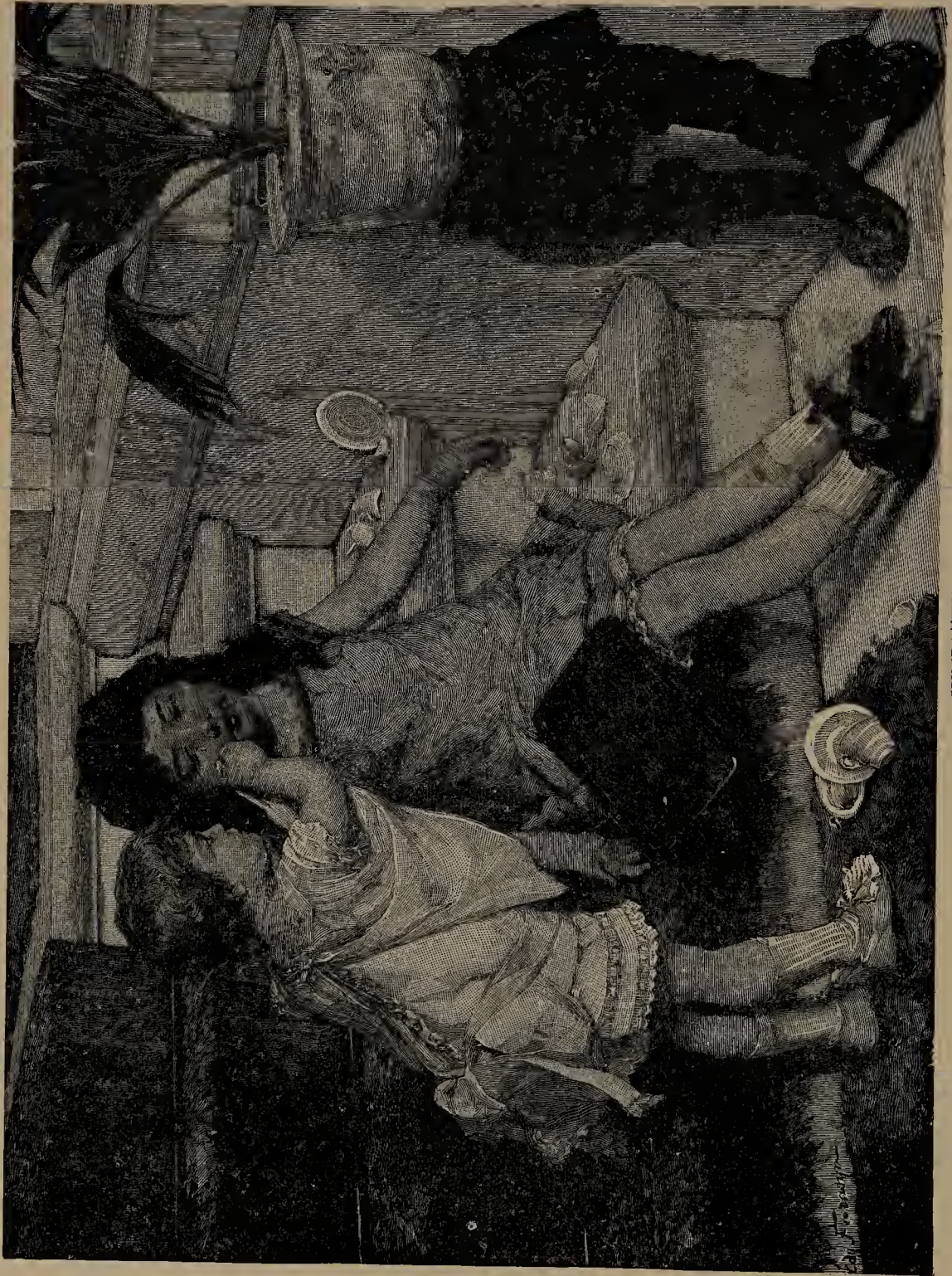
During this time, Mr. Fletcher did not speak. By so much as the quiver of a muscle he did not show that the situation alarmed him, or that it tried his faith. But, in his old leathern pocketbook there were at that moment precisely forty-seven cents.

It was a cold morning and a bitter blast at that moment went whirling round the house, rattling the shutters, and moaning down the chimney like the muttering of a wild beast.

"Put more wood in the stove, Jack," said the minister, tranquilly. "Thank God that we have plenty of wood."

"But, father, dear," urged the daughter, "where is our food to come from, and what shall we do for clothes? We can't eat fuel. And everything going at once."

"Darling," and the minister's tone was as solemn and sweet as when it pronounced the benediction, "I don't know, God knows. And we must not worry; we must be in perfect peace. Has he not said, 'Fear not little flock. It is your



SYMPATHY.

Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' Relief will come, and rations, if we obey orders.'

The family settled itself to its several occupations, as if it had been that of a millionaire. All in the one living room, which was study, parlor, kitchen, nursery, and Jack's bed-room in combination. The frontier parsonage was not very spacious.

Mr. Fletcher was busy over his Sunday's sermon. Greta was putting a seat into Jack's trousers, his best ones; Katrina was knitting a stocking. John was preparing a Latin lesson for his mother, who among her many duties, included that of fitting her boy for college. She herself had been an honor graduate of an Eastern college, and notwithstanding the bareness of her present lot, the traditions of refinement remained unimpaired in her home economy. Lottchen played with her doll, contented with old shoes, or none, so long as mother and father were there.

As a family they were in great straits, in common with the whole neighborhood. Men came miles to church without overcoats in freezing weather. Women had no flannels nor other comfortable underclothing, and were in want of gowns and jackets. As did our Pilgrim forefathers, they did, suffering penury, want, hardship of every kind, and in stoical fortitude. The drought had killed the last crops. There was no money in the place.

For Mr. Fletcher to feel no anxiety at the well-nigh desperate state of affairs, would have been impossible, but his motto was, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall direct thy steps," and on this motto he acted. He had written three weeks ago to friends in the East; the answer had come telling of help soon to be sent. He lived in constant and earnest communion with God, the state of heart in which every moment is an inaudible prayer.

The Renfield Church, in the hill country of Connecticut, was composed of well-to-do people, farmers and tradesmen, and professional men with comfortable incomes. Not a soul in Renfield had even a bowing acquaintance with poverty. Everybody had enough and to spare. It was to Renfield that John Fletcher's friend had sent John Fletcher's plain, manly letter, and it had been read one evening after the prayer meeting.

Result: The ladies of the church met and packed four big barrels for the distant frontier church, the church of Lonesome Valley, Rev. John Fletcher, pastor. They had taken the deeper interest in it, when the President of the Ladies' Society stated that her old schoolmate Annie Waguer, had married Mr. Fletcher, and had bravely borne the many trials of a home missionary's life for seventeen years.

What went into the barrels? Well, in the first place, a goodly supply of warm, well-mended clothing, not in the latest style, but thoroughly good. Judge

Stuart's thick blue cape overcoat, that he had kept this five years for occasional use in sleigh-rides, his daughter's heavy brown ulster; Mrs. Merrifield's second-best fur-lined cloak and a great deal more; dresses, trowsers, capes, petticoats, stockings, shoes, shawls, arctics, leggings: just a lot of nice things, the superfluities of a well-clothed community. Blankets went into one barrel, and quilts, one old lady sent five patchwork ones, well wadded and really splendid, rising sun and evening star patterns. Then there was a goodly supply of groceries, and, tucked into the very middle of one barrel, a volume of sermons just published, done up in three wrappers and addressed in a bold hand to Mr. Fletcher with "Personal" in one corner."

In more than one aspect this was a gift to be prized, for here and there between the leaves, the thoughtful donor had inserted greenbacks to the amount of one hundred dollars, and said nothing about it, being not one to sound a trumpet before him.

A loud knock at the door interrupted the parsonage tasks, in the middle of the morning, just when Mrs. Fletcher was wondering how they could dine with neither pork nor potatoes.

"Hello!" cried a teamster. "Here's a consignment for you, Pastor! Four big barrels from Renfield, Conn."

Great was the excitement and joy in the Lonesome Valley Church. Something for everybody was in those blessed barrels. Shoes for Lottchen and for others like her.

Provisions for many an empty larder, and the minister's family sat down that noon to such coffee and such sugar as they had not tasted in months.

The little company of friends of the Lonesome Valley Church, when the gifts had been distributed, sang with exultant voices, from grateful hearts, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and when next Mr. Fletcher prayed in his family, he took up a sort of "Glory, hallelujah" strain, ending with a thrill in his low tones, and a throb in his soul, that sent tears to his wife's eyes, "Never will we disbelieve or doubt thee again, oh! God of our salvation. Thou art the strength of our life and our portion forever."



When Milly Led the Meeting.

They were old-fashioned people in Clover Dale, and not fond of new ideas. You would hardly believe that there was a place not fifty miles from New York, where Christian Endeavor Societies found themselves seriously handicapped by the popular feeling that it was not quite proper for girls and young women to take part in public exercises of devotion. They might sing, of course, and play the melodeon, but when it came to speaking and praying out loud before folks, their mothers drew the line; such doings were not modest in their opinion; they thought them forward. And the good matrons of Clover Dale were not going to allow them; they set down their feet solidly about this.

As it happened that Clover Dale was rather badly off for young men, who generally sought business opportunities elsewhere, the minister, an up-to-date man for all his white hair and his sixty years, was much troubled to get his Christian Endeavor Society well started, and to keep it going fairly in its course. By courtesy and of necessity, though it was styled a Young People's Society, a good many of the members were persons somewhat past youth, staid bachelors with heads growing bald, and gentle-mannered maiden ladies, who resembled outwardly fruit just menaced, hardly nipped by the frost, but inwardly they were sweet to the core. Even these ladies, far outnumbering the gentlemen, and, it must be confessed, surpassing them greatly by superior breeding and culture in some cases, were condemned by the sentiment of the community to silence in meeting.

"I am not pleased with the stiff sort of meetings we have here, father," said Milly Sunderland, the minister's youngest daughter, one evening on her return from church. "You just ought to have been with us in Boston last week." Milly had been away on a visit to some cousins, and had absorbed the spirit of the city, the best spirit, enthusiastic, cheerful, strong, and she was ready to impress some of her new convictions upon society in the place.

"Chester Fowler led this evening," she went on. "He was frightened at his own voice and blushed furiously when he had to read the chapter. John Pollock made remarks. Elbridge Wheeler prayed. Rufus Alexander recited a piece of poetry, and we sang two hymns and came home."

"Four young men," said her father, "and how many young ladies?"

"Twenty-four," promptly answered Milly.

"Why, where were the boys!" asked Milly's mother.

"The boys," said Milly, "were present. We have no more. Of the older young men, Mr. Campbell had a township meeting on hand, Mr. Wells is away traveling, and Dr. Osborn was probably with a patient. Mother, if you could have attended one of the live, wide-awake meetings they have in Dr. Townsend's church, you would withdraw your opposition to girls speaking in public."



"For my part," the minister said hastily, forestalling the words he fancied he saw on his wife's lips, "I do not see the point of your and the other ladies' opposition. I can't see where it comes in myself. Here are our girls, Violet, Marie and Milly; they all talk eloquently in the parlor and at the table; it is only in a devotional meeting that they must be debarred from their natural birthright, conversation."

"Well," answered the good mother, in a quiet way peculiarly her own, "I begin to think that the world is moving pretty fast. Here is Milly begging me to let her ride a bicycle; she's been riding one in Boston, and her Uncle Tom wants to send her one to surprise the Clover Dale people and frighten the cows, and here you are, coaxing me to let her be your assistant pastor. Milly, my dear, I consent to everything. You may lead every meeting that you wish to, and I will be pleased."

"You mean it, mother? This is not a thinly veiled sarcasm, is it?"

"Certainly not, Milly; I have for some time thought that the parish needed a little stirring up."

So it came to pass that Milly led a meeting one Sunday evening before the regular service. She had planned for her meeting as a general for his campaign. Selecting the hymns with much care, she had gathered a few of the best singers at her house, and practiced the tunes till they knew them so well that the performance would be crisp, bright and full of emotion; not slovenly and dragging, as so much church singing is. She chose her chapter with reference to the topic of the evening, and asked five girls to speak in succession, just their own thoughts in the way they would put them if talking to one another.

Not to ignore the masculine contingent, Milly asked each of them to offer prayer, and, to be brief, she went to her meeting reasonably sure that there would be no pauses, no dead silence, when you could hear a pin fall, or listen to the beating of your own heart; no interval when furtive glances scanned the clock.

So far as these preparations were concerned, they were all very well. Anybody who fancies that a prayer-meeting, or any other meeting or enterprise can be carried on successfully without intelligent arrangement beforehand is much mistaken. Once get your meeting fairly started, and one soul kindling another, and it will go, but you must see that the machinery is ready first.

But Milly did not depend wholly on methods. Before she went to her meeting that Sunday night, she sought a private interview in her closet with the great Master of assemblies, and there, by herself, with reverent and earnest pleading, she asked for help and guidance. Her prayer was heard; all prayer made in faith is heard, and never fails of an answer, though we cannot always read the answers, nor understand them.

Clover Dale had heard that Milly of the Manse, pretty little Milly Sunderland would appear in a new rôle, and that was enough to insure a good attendance. In fact, no such attendance had ever been dreamed of for a C. E. meeting there. The deacons all came, the old ladies turned out in force, several farmers drove from remote portions of the township to the centre, and the Young People's Society found itself the object of great interest.

Now Milly was glad that she had not omitted that last half-hour alone.

She began with a little flush of shyness, a vibration in her voice that trembled in spite of itself, but almost immediately self-consciousness passed and she was aware that she was equal to the occasion. The first few moments over, there came to her a sense of quiet power. She had the meeting well in hand.

As the hour reached its conclusion the tall form of the old minister was seen at the far end of the room. He came forward and stood beside Milly's chair. They were just rising to sing, "Blest be the tie that binds," and as they finished, Mr. Sunderland said, "Let us pray," and finally dismissed them with the benediction.

To you, girls, who are accustomed to this kind of work, it may not mean very much, this thing that Milly did. But there came a genuine revival to Clover Dale soon after this event, and many who came into the kingdom dated their first dawning desire, ever after, to that night when Milly led the meeting.

A Little Child.

"No, strange as it sounds to tell it, DeForest Smythe and his wife haven't spoken to one another in ten years!"

"You don't say so? How do they manage to get along? It must be mightily inconvenient, to say the least."

"Of course, but both DeForest and Kitty are fearfully proud and awfully set in their ways. Now, they don't live together. He has gone to Jane's, his daughter's, up the hill, and she is living at Ned's, the son's, down the hill. They don't come in contact much. They sit opposite each other in church, like two old graven images, and hymns and prayers and sermons, them bein' so sure both of 'em that they are right, and the 'tother one wrong, just float off them like water off a duck's back. Passes me how they can say the Lord's Prayer, but they do, for I've watched, and they don't even balk at 'Forgive us our debts.'"

"What made them quarrel?"

"Nobody knows. Neither of them ever told, but it's supposed it was over the meadow lot, which DeForest wanted to sell, and couldn't unless Kitty 'd give her consent and sign her name. He got her to the lawyer's office s'posin she'd be ashamed to refuse there, but she was clear grit, and walked out and went home to

her churnin', leavin' her husband standin' there like a fool and madder 'n all possessed. Dan Stacey saw him go into his own gate black as a thunder cloud. He



OUR PRECIOUS CHILD.

heard the churn stop, and them two said a few words to one another, but he couldn't make out what they was, he bein' in the barn door. Then DeForest come out the kitchen walkin' sort o' slow and stumblin' like, and white as a sheet.

"From that time on, while the children were to home, they'd make go-betweens of them. 'Jane, your father 'll have the bread,' 'Ned, ask your mother if she's goin' to town, and if she needs any money.' Inconvenient and round about, but folks can get along that way when they have to. And she wouldn't ask his pardon and he wouldn't ask hers, and as for the south meadow lot, it lies fallow, and has done so ever since the quarrel."

The Smythes were people of substance, both college graduates, and they had loved one another dearly. In truth, under the hard crust of a ten years' silence, beneath the bitterness of a separation as final apparently as if it had been dictated by law, they loved each other still. The human heart is a queer, contradictory thing. DeForest Smythe, from under his shaggy eyebrows, watched his wife with keen, critical eyes; blue eyes that could smite like a scimitar. Ah! they had once melted, as ice melts in the spring, with yearning affection for her. But he never expected to speak to her again.

"She's straight as a sapling, if she is fifty years old," he said to himself. "And white hair is becoming to her, poor Kitty, if only she wasn't so headstrong. The idea of her daring to set herself against me about my land. But she's the only woman who ever dared to stand up to me! I admire her, but I'll never forgive her, never!" So ran his thoughts as he sat in church, on the opposite aisle from his wife, in his son's pew, she in his daughter's. And the minister went on preaching.

And Kitty, furtively surveying her handsome old husband, thought to herself, "How well he carries his gray head, but he stoops a little, and Jenny does not put the gloss on his linen she ought to." A mist dimmed her soft brown eyes. She remembered a day years ago when in that very church the old pastor, not this one, but his grandfather, had said:

"Wilt thou, Kitty, have this man, DeForest, for thy wedded husband, for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, till death do ye part?"

And "yes" was what she had said, meaning it, and now they were parted, but not by death.

One morning, very early, DeForest Smythe came to his son's door.

"Ned," he said, "tell your mother that Jane wants her. The baby and Eleanor are both sick. Little Nell is very badly off. The doctor's been there for hours."

"Mother ought to have known it sooner, father, why didn't they send?"

"Your mother's not so strong as she was, Ned, and I didn't want her to be disturbed."

It did not take long for Mrs. Smythe to reach her grandchild's bedside. Diphtheria often does it work quickly, and sometimes so swiftly that there is time for few farewells.

The sick child looked eagerly around to see if her dear ones were all present. Then, reaching out one hot hand to grandpapa and one to grandmamma, she said the verse she had recited last Sunday in her class, sweetly, loudly, her eyes fixed on the two broken-hearted old faces: "Little—children—love—one—another!" a gasp between the linked words. Then the light faded from the sweet eyes, the bereaved mother threw herself on her mother's breast with a long, low, wailing cry, and DeForest Smythe—the fountain of his strong man's tears rent at last—gathered his wife and daughter into a long embrace.

"Kitty, Kitty, Kitty," he sobbed, "pardon a stubborn, wicked old man, who has loved you all along."

"Dearie," answered the wife, "I've been sorry for ten years. I'll sign my name to-morrow."

And as they were thus reconciled there was joy in the presence of the angels of God, where one more little white-robed saint was being led to the Throne, and up to the seat where the Lord welcomes the dear little children to heaven.

That day had Christ gone into his garden to gather lilies. And the perfume of that gathered lily made fragrant the rest of the journey for the two old people who had sinned and repented. So true it is that, through the ages of the fierce and the vindictive, the cold and the unloving, it may still be said, "And a little child shall lead them."



HOME LIFE MADE BEAUTIFUL.

Our Own.

Moderato. *p*

If I had known in the morn - ing How wea-ri-ly all the day The

p *Con Ped.*

dim.

words un-kind Would tronble my mind, I said when you went a - way, I had been more care - ful,

dim.

f *rit.*

dar - ling, Nor giv-en you need-less pain, But we vex "our own" With look and tone We might

cres. *f* *rit.*

p *mf* *pp*

nev - er take back a - gain. For though in the qui - et even - ing You may give me the kiss of

p *mf* *pp*

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' and the initial dynamics are 'p' (piano). The score consists of four systems of music. The first system contains the first line of the song. The second system contains the second line. The third system contains the third line. The fourth system contains the fourth line. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings. The lyrics are: 'If I had known in the morn - ing How wea-ri-ly all the day The words un-kind Would tronble my mind, I said when you went a - way, I had been more care - ful, dar - ling, Nor giv-en you need-less pain, But we vex "our own" With look and tone We might nev - er take back a - gain. For though in the qui - et even - ing You may give me the kiss of'.

mf *rit.* *a tempo.*

peace, Yet well it might be That nev - er for me The pain of the heart should cease.

mf *rit.*

mf

How ma - ny go forth in the morn - ing Who nev - er come at

mf

cres. *cen.* *do.*

night; And hearts have bro - ken For harsh words spoken, That sor - row can nev'er set right.

cres. *cen.* *do.*

Ped

p

We have care - ful thought for the stran - ger, And smiles for the sometime

p

HOME LIFE MADE BEAUTIFUL.

The musical score is written for voice, piano, and organ. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment, and an organ part. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final vocal line, piano accompaniment, and organ part. Dynamics include *f*, *molto dim.*, *ril.*, *mf a tempo.*, *p*, and *pp*. The organ part is marked *M.O.* and includes a *Ped.* (pedal) instruction and a final asterisk ***.

guest, But oft for "our own" The bit - ter tone, Tho' we love "our own" the best..... Ah!

lip with the curve im - pa - tient; Ah! brow with that look of scorn, 'Twere a cru - el fate Were the

night too late To un - do the work of morn.

M.O.

Ped. *

If I had known in the morning
 How wearily all the day
 The words unkind
 Would trouble my mind,
 I said when you went away,
 I had been more careful, darling,
 Nor given you needless pain;
 But we vex "our own"
 With look and tone
 We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
 You may give me the kiss of peace,
 Yet well it might be
 That never for me
 The pain of the heart should cease.
 How many go forth in the morning
 Who never come at night;
 And hearts have broken
 For harsh words spoken,
 That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
 And smiles for the sometime guest,
 But oft for "our own"
 The bitter tone,
 Though we love "our own" the best.
 Ah! lip with the curve impatient;
 Ah! brow with that look of scorn
 'Twere a cruel fate
 Were the night too late
 To undo the work of morn.

About Ben Adhem.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold:
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the Presence in his room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its
 head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the
 Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not
 so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next
 night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom God of love had
 blessed:
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

An Ideal Home.

I know a room where sunshine lingers, and there is a breath of summer and mignonette in the air, whenever I think of it. There a tired man comes home and throws off overcoat and hat without looking to see what becomes of them. There is a broad table in the light, strewn with papers and magazines, women's work, with a litter of rose leaves dropping over them from a central vase. There is a wide sofa of the days of the Georges, fresh covered in chintz, with ferns and harebells for patterns, and a tired man goes down there with a great ruffled pillow under his shoulders, and opens parcels and letters, dropping them on the floor, as the most natural place for them. A girl has been painting, and her water-colors and papers lie on a side table, just as she left them to rush for an impromptu ride. I have never been able to discover any disarrangement of the household economy by this flight. Somebody left a shawl on a chair. There will be nothing said about it at breakfast next morning.



There are no laws here against playing with the curtain tassels; no regulations as to how often the snowy curtains may be put up, or left down. They do not last the season out, crisp and speckless, as the neighbors' do across the way, but the only consequence is, they are oftener new and clean. There is nothing very fine about this house, but things are renewed oftener and look brighter than they do in other houses. The chairs have no particular places, and anybody feels at liberty to draw the sofa out when it pleases him. There is no primness about the place. If there is grass on the lawn, it is meant to be walked on, and the geraniums are fondled and petted and caressed as if they were children. Do you know there is a magnetism in green leaves and growing flowers derived from the earth's heart, that makes it good to handle and feel them? This house is known as the place where one dares to breakfast. There is no ceremony of waiting. Coffee and cakes are put where they will be hot; the table is cleared to suit the housekeeper's convenience, and a small one set for the late comer.

Nobody lies awake at night till the light ceases to shine under your chamber door, if you want to sit up and read a volume through. There is an unwritten law of convenience for the household which regulates better than any Code Napoleonic. And the benefit of allowing people to be a law unto themselves is, that they are much better-natured about it, when they do obey. There is indulgence and repose in this lovely home, and a great deal of time for things which most people cut short.

Living with Our Children.

REV. HENRY C. POTTER, D. D.

There is not one of us who does not think sometimes regretfully and tenderly of his own childhood. As you look at your children amid their festivities, does it not sometimes occur to you to envy their simple and innocent pleasure which they have in innocent and simple things? How the little faces glow with a surprised delight which you feel can never be yours again. There is sadness in the thought, and there is danger in the fact, as well.

There is such a thing as becoming cold-hearted as we grow older, and of ceasing to care very greatly about anything. We have had our disappointments, it may be. The venture of love that we made, exhales to-day the perfume of myrrh rather than of rose leaves. There has been not a little bitterness in our cup, and perhaps some great grief has left us with that stunned and benumbed feeling from which the heart is so slow to recover. But what is it, then, that melts and softens us when nothing else will? "And Jesus took a little child and set him in the midst of them." It was the hardness of unbrotherly ambition and human selfishness that Christ thus softened. But not less potent is the child to

that other hardness, born not only of our selfishness, but of our griefs and disappointments. And, therefore, let us turn to these little ones, and ask that they may soften and rejuvenate us, while we guard and shelter them. Be not too eager to



SAY YOUR PRAYERS, DARLING.

dismiss them to the care of nursery maids and preceptors. They want the nurture of your unselfish love far more than they want any other nurture.

The son of a man very eminent in one of the learned professions in England, was standing in a felon's dock, awaiting a sentence of transportation. Said the

judge, who knew his parentage and his history: "Do you remember your father?" "Perfectly," said the youth; "whenever I entered his presence he said, 'Run away, my lad; don't trouble me.''" The great lawyer was thus enabled to complete his famous work on the law of trusts, and his son, in due time finished a practical commentary on the way in which his father had discharged that most sacred of all trusts committed to him, in the person of his own child.

Finger Rings.

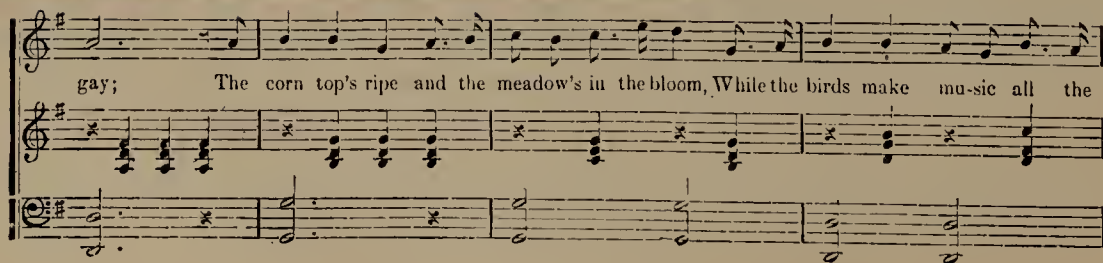
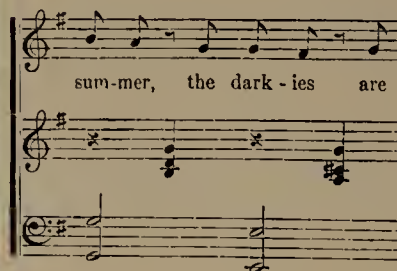
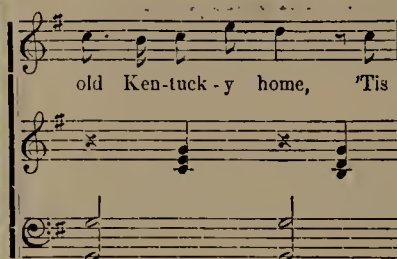
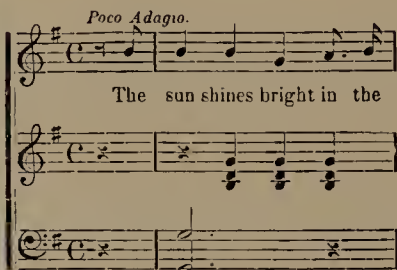
From the time of the Egyptian woman to the present, the one who did not value her rings has yet to be found; for they have always represented love, association, and intrinsic beauty. Their use has not been confined to women; once every man had his jewels on his fingers, gave them to friends and hostages, received them in plight; they were a portion of the outfit of a gentleman; they were bequeathed in wills, and given away at funerals. In the time of the first large merchants and the beginnings of commerce and interchange, not only the nobles but the commons made use of them; every tradesman wore one, employed it for his signature and sealed his bales with it; and every nobleman used it where the impression of his coat-of-arms was required as a pledge of faith, of safe conduct, of identity.

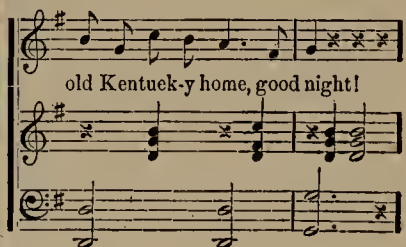
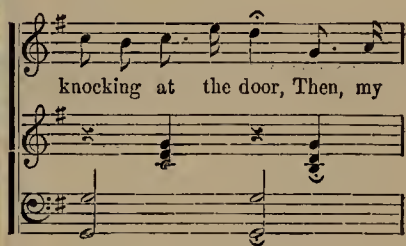
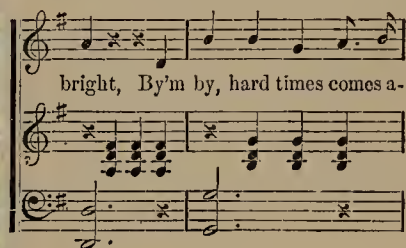
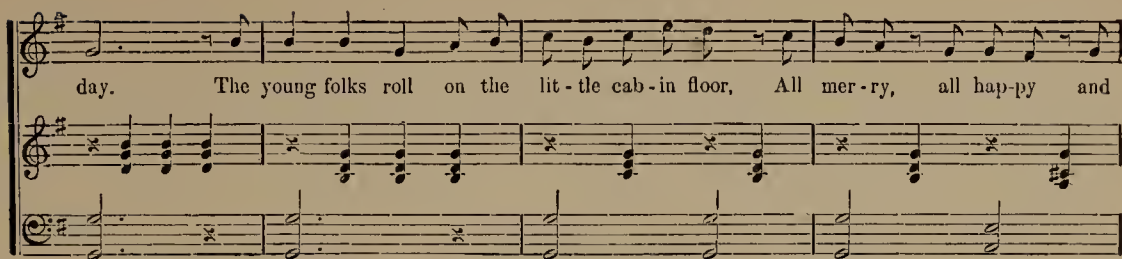
The most beautiful rings, rare in workmanship and in design, came a few hundred years ago from Venice. Shakspeare's ring—a gold one, with his initials tied together by a cord and tassel—is preserved at Stratford; Luther's ring also is yet to be seen, with its motto, "O mors, ero mors tua." It was with his ring that Raleigh wrote on the glass, "Fain would I climb, but fear I to fall," and it was with her signet that Elizabeth answered, "If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all." They, and others of a far greater antiquity, are all a part of the poetry of history, and bring one with a strange nearness to those that first wore them and designed them.

My Old Kentucky Home.

This song is the twentieth of Stephen C. Foster's "Plantation Melodies." I do not know that it is true, but I cannot help feeling that it was the intrinsic beauty and merit of these songs that lifted the Christy Minstrels from the low position usually occupied by such troupes to something like that of a respectable concert-room, both in this country and in England. Foster caught his idea of writing his, so-called, negro melodies from listening to the absurdities then in

vogue with the burnt-cork gentry. He walked home from one of their concerts in Baltimore, with the banjo strains ringing in his ears, and before he slept he had composed the ridiculous words and taking air called "Camptown Races," with its chorus of "Du-da, du-da, da." He passed from one finer tone to another, until he reached the perfection of simple pathos in "Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "O, Boys, Carry Me 'Long," and "My old Kentucky Home." The music is his own.





CHORUS.



HOME LIFE MADE BEAUTIFUL.

sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home, far a-way.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains the melody for the first verse. The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), providing harmonic support. The third and fourth staves are also in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), continuing the harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the first two staves.

2d VERSE.

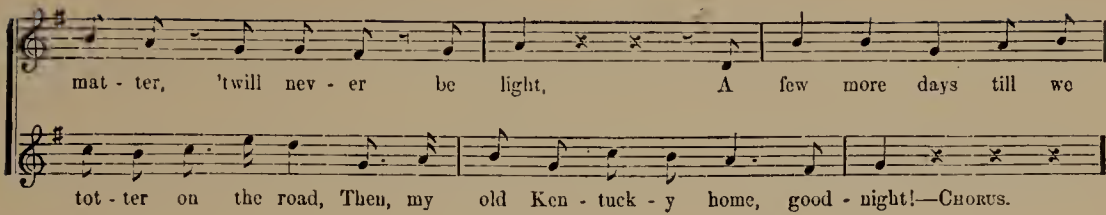
They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the shore, They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door. The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light; The time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!—CHORUS.

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains the melody for the second verse. The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), providing harmonic support. The third, fourth, and fifth staves are also in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), continuing the harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the first three staves.

3d VERSE.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-ey may go: A few more days, and the tronble all will end In the field where the sug-ar-caues grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load, No

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains the melody for the third verse. The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), providing harmonic support. The third staff is also in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), continuing the harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the first two staves.



The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
 The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day.
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright,
 By'm by, hard times comes a knocking at the door,
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night !

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
 On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
 On the bench by the old cabin door.
 The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
 With sorrow where all was delight;
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good-night !

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
 Wherever the darkey may go;
 A few more days, and the trouble all will end
 In the field where the sugarcane grows;
 A few more days for to tote the weary load,
 No matter, 'twill never be light,
 A few more days till we totter on the road,
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night !

Amateur Surgery at Home.

A writer in *Harper's Bazar* gives some simply directions for treating those frequent small accidents which occur in the family and for which mothers need to be ready.

First and foremost in point of frequency is the scratch. It often comes smartingly to light without one even knowing whence it came to be. On some skins a pin-scratch will disappear as easily as it came; other skins poison more quickly, and a scratch means, if allowed its own way, a painful ridge that may suppurate if the scratch be a deep one. One of the simplest remedies is to bathe the afflicted part in spirit of camphor, a bottle of which should be always on hand.

Do not soil the contents of the bottle by dipping even the cleanest fingers in it each time it is opened. Instead, pour a few drops upon a piece of clean old linen, and gently moisten the scratched surface of the skin. The first momentary sting will pass off at once. Repeat the camphor bath once or oftener according to the nature of the wounded surface.

A drop or two of spirit of camphor dropped into a half-glass of cold water and taken will often dislodge a headache that comes from a disordered stomach. A few drops of camphor poured upon a handkerchief and held to the nose will frequently dissipate a headache more efficaciously than many of the patent remedies, and is far safer than to swallow drugs unless they are administered by one's physician. It is not necessary to pay the price asked in the drug-shops for spirit of camphor. Break into a clean bottle some camphor-gum, the ordinary gum of commerce, and add proof-spirit of alcohol to make a saturated solution (one that will not take up any more of the gum). For use pour a little of this into another small bottle, and dilute with a fourth more alcohol if it is not liked so strong.

From scratches to cuts. If any cut bleeds profusely in jets or spurts of bright red blood, tie something tightly above or below the wound, to bring the ligature between the cut and the heart, and meantime send for a physician; a cut artery, which is what this state of affairs indicates, is not within the province of the amateur to treat. In the case also of an extensive cut, or a painfully deep and jagged one, a surgeon's services should be asked for at once. But the common slight cut, such as Young America, and very often the house-mother herself, suffer frequently, serious as it may be if not treated properly, can be very well taken care of at home with a minimum of discomfort.

First allow the wound to stop bleeding. Iced applications will control profuse bleeding; so will holding the hand, if that be the injured member, above the head. If the cut is on one of the lower extremities, lie down and elevate the foot. The flowing of the blood is an excellent provision of nature for washing the wound clean in case any external matter has been carried into the cut along with the blade, so do not allow the sight of the blood to excite apprehension. As soon as the flow is controlled, hold the wound over a basin and pour over it slowly from a pitcher water as hot as can be borne by the skin; this water should have been boiled and allowed to cool off in the same vessel to the using temperature. No matter how careful a housekeeper has washed the pitcher which receives the water from the heater, see that it is rinsed in boiling water and not wiped before the water to douche the wound is poured into it. This precaution is necessary to insure cleanliness as the surgeon understands cleanliness—namely, a condition in which the bothersome microscopic germs that cause suppuration and other evils cannot live.

Sterilize the fingers in hot water, and then press the edges of the wound together, bringing about a perfect union, and when every particle of oozing has

stopped, dry the wound and paint the injured surface with a coating of flexible collodion, which should be applied with a fine camel's-hair brush. A small bottle costs but a few cents, and if kept wrapped in dark blue paper and stoppered with rubber, will last a long time. Assist the first coating to dry by gently blowing upon it, and as soon as it is dry apply another coat, and if the wound be a large one, a third one. It will assist in keeping the wounded member quiet, and give



MAMMY WORKS FOR US ALL.

the edges of the cut a chance to unite by "first intention," meaning without drawbacks, if a small bandage is added. This should be of thin woollen material in preference to cotton fabric, as the woollen is more porous, and being elastic fits better.

When Bobbie comes screaming with a poor little palm all cut and scratched by a fall on the street, with gravel clinging to the inflamed and maimed surface, the domestic surgeon has a labor of patience as well as of love and mercy upon

her hands. Hold Bobby's hand over a basin and rinse it with a long-continued douche of water prepared as outlined above for washing a cut. Those bits of gravel or splinters that refuse to be washed out must be helped out gently with a needle. Sterilize this first by passing it through an alcohol flame or boiling water, and do not rub the fingers over it before it touches the wound. When the bruised and scratched and cut surface is quite clean, cover with a little carbolized vaseline, that may be had cheaply of any druggist, and over it lay a piece of old linen, very soft, or a layer of lint, and a cover of gutta-percha tissue similar to that used by dentists for dams in filling teeth. It costs but little, and is very useful in dressing wounds, as it protects the clothing from a moist dressing and retains the moisture for the benefit of the injury. Wax-paper or any light-weight water-proof material can be used in place of the gutta-percha. Do not tie a bandage on with thread. Use elastic yarn, or better still, sew it on with a few long stitches.

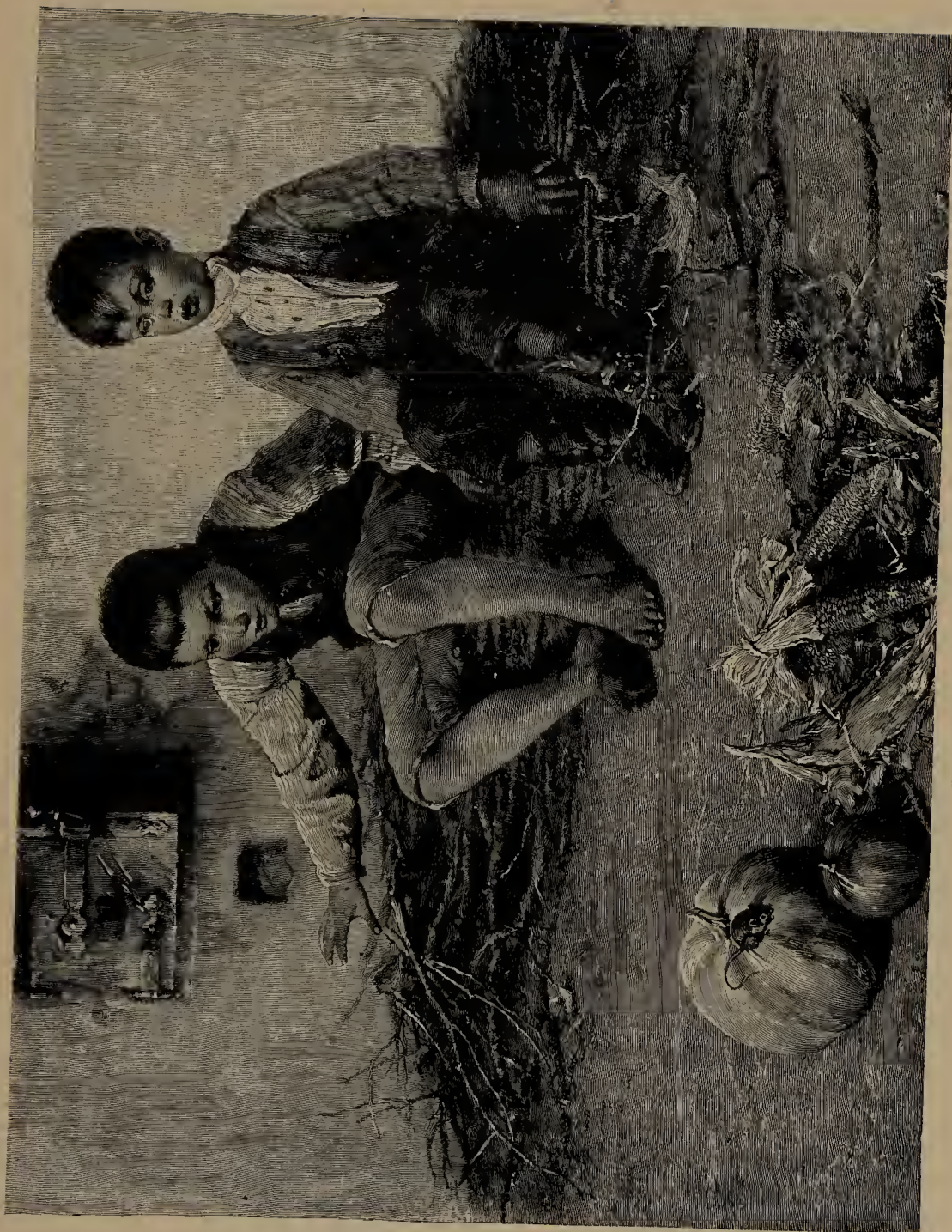
Burns are divided by surgeons into half a dozen grades, and even those of the first or slightest degree are looked upon by them as serious if any considerable portion of the body suffers. Therefore, for any burn that covers a large surface, a surgeon's care is imperative, the resulting shock being a dangerous thing, although the surface of the body may not seem to have suffered deeply.

The usual household catastrophes in burns come within the first two grades of the surgeon's list—first, those that redden the surface merely and smart painfully, and second, those that blister the surface burned either in one large or several little blisters.

The sudden great rise in temperature of the portion of the skin that is exposed to steam or flame or a highly heated surface injures the exposed ends of the sensory nerves, hence the exquisite pain. The main thing to do is to at once protect the surface from the air, the skin being now supersensitive to every breath.

A homely but not-to-be-laughed-at remedy in a slight burn is to dredge the part with flour. Do not heap and pack the flour on, but sift it on lightly till the surface is well covered. Flour is always at hand, so should be remembered as at any rate an immediate relief. Better still, spread a piece of linen (very soft and old) with vaseline enough to completely cover the surface burned, and lay over it another covering of gutta-percha.

One of the best applications for a burn is Carron-oil, so called from having been first used to dress burns at the Carron furnaces. It is made of equal parts of linseed oil and lime water. So beneficent a remedy should be kept in the house, and it can be made at home very cheaply if the oil and a piece of quicklime can be had. Slake the lime by dropping it into water. A white powder will be precipitated; drain off the water, and put the powder into some cooled boiled water and shake; when the water has taken in solution all the lime that it will hold, pour off the liquid into a clean bottle, and the limewater is ready for use.



DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

To dress a burn with Carron oil, wet a piece of linen in it, and lay on the wound, cover with gutta-percha tissue; as soon as the linen dries, wet again, and continue to keep the burn wet till the "fire" is out of the wound. Protect the skin of a burn till it loses all sensitiveness, as if once abraided it heals very slowly.

If the burn blisters and the blister is small, let it alone, as the skin will absorb the fluid in the blister in time. If there is a large blister or several small ones, open them very carefully on the lowest dependent point, never on top. Make a very small opening with a needle that has been sterilized before it is put into each blister, and it is wise to introduce the point of the needle under a bit of uninjured skin next the blister, and then gently to express the fluid. Then cover with a moist dressing made of the Carron oil. Exquisite care is necessary to prevent carrying even microscopic dirt into an open wound, since this external interference of germs is more apt than the original injury itself to make mischief.

When Betty falls and bumps some portion of her roly-poly body, the doctor if at hand would order a cold application, and as a moist one is better than dry cold, pound a piece of ice and fold it in a towel. If there is no ice at hand, wring cloths from cold water, fold in several layers, and apply to the bruise as often as the cloths become warm; continue the cold application for three or four hours in case of a bad bruise. Follow this treatment with hot applications, and here again moisture is desirable; so, instead of the hot water bag, wring cloths from hot water and lay on as often as they cool. It is difficult to keep a child still and under treatment after the first pain passes off; but if after the nap which usually follows cessation from pain, and during which the ice can be applied, baby gets up and trots about, the bruise can at least be bathed several times with very warm water, and this will reduce the discoloration. Gentle massage will help restore the circulation impeded by the blow, and prevent a "black eye" or "black and blue spot," but the pressure of the ice or cold and hot cloths is often all the handling a bruised surface can bear. The old wives' notion that a person should not be permitted to sleep after a fall is moonshine, and has no scientific reason for being.

Music at Home.

When twilight shadows gather,
We draw the curtains in;
The busy day is over
And hushed its noise and din.

Then sister plays a measure,
We gather round and sing,
And flowers of tender fragrance,
In that dear hour upspring.

The English Language.

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes;
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose would never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
Then cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a bow, if repeated, is never called bine,
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.

If I speak of a foot, and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
Why couldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be nick-named kese?
Then one may be that and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.

We speak of a brother, and also of brethren;
But, though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him.
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim.
So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the queerest language you ever did see.

In the Bottom Drawer.

There are whips and toys and picces of strings,
There are shoes with no little feet to wear,
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
And tresses of golden hair;
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the summer day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are toys and models of ships,
There are books and pictures all faded and torn,
And marked by the finger tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
And I strive to think that the Lord is just.



But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul,
Sometimes when I try to pray,
That the reaper has spared so many flowers,
And taken all mine away;
And I almost doubt if the Lord can know
That a mother's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the many weary ones
Who are watching and waiting to-night,
For the slow return of faltering feet
That have strayed from the paths of right;
Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin,
Whom the snares of the tempter have gathered in.

They wander afar in distant climes,
They perish by field and flood;
Their hands are black with the direst crimes
That kindle the wrath of God;
Yet a mother's song has soothed them to rest,
She hath lulled them to slumber upon her breast.

And I sadly think of my children three,
My babes that have never grown old,
And I know that they are waiting and watching for me
In the city with streets of gold;
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
From sorrow and sin and war;
And I thank my God with falling tears,
For the things in the bottom drawer.

When Love Comes First.

There is an awakening hour in youth, when to the maiden, where the brook and river meet, comes the dawning consciousness that love is near.

And if he do not pass her by, if he pause and claim her for his own, heaven itself can give no more pure or perfect joy, for she is lost in him, and self-abnegation is the blessed force at the root of all joy.

How all the delights of earth lend themselves now for the scene of this new drama—the soft summer nights fan them with floating fragrances on silken winds, the foam curls up the strand only to break at their feet, the waves flow into one another only to bear them along, the woods arch over dim avenues of gold and emerald shadow only to allure their feet, the winter nights spread their great hollow shield of stars before the impenetrable depths only to invite their thoughts to soar and consecrate their love by all that is most mighty and most sacred, and to bring into it the living streams of infinite life and progression.



My Trundle-Bed.

As I rummaged through the attic
 Listening to the falling rain
 As it pattered on the shingles
 And against the window pane—
 Peering over chests and boxes,
 Which with dust were thickly
 spread,
 Saw I in the farthest corner
 What was once my trundle-bed.

So I drew it from the recess
 Where it had remained so long,
 Hearing all the while the music
 Of my mother's voice in song,
 As she sung in sweetest accents
 What I since have often read:
 "Hush, my dear, lie still and slum-
 ber,
 Holy angels guard thy bed."

In Two Worlds.

BY ANGELINE W. WRAY.

PART I.

The last scholar had gone from the old brown school-house, and the afternoon sunlight lingered over rows of vacant seats. Miss Linnet sat alone at her desk, gazing dreamily out over the level stretch of sandy shore, and the still, blue ocean just beyond. She was very weary, but there were examination papers to correct, and the next day's "briefs" and "tabulations" to be written on the blackboards. She had no time for dreaming, she said, with quick resolution. After she had finished her work, she would build more frail but beautiful air-castles.

"This is Johnny Rune's paper. Provoking boy! The little rascal has actually written a promissory note for four thousand dollars, payable to *me*! I

wish I *had* the money. It would be so delightful to have mother and Nan and Breece come to me here; they could then, I think. And oh! how glad mother would be, and how pretty the girls would think Wirlon. If—but here I am planning again instead of working steadily. You naughty Johnny Rune! it's all your fault; and your answers are nearly all wrong. Well, 68; and you don't deserve half that. Elizabeth Truman Vail. Isn't that exactly like her? Any other girl would have written her name Lizzie or Beth or Bessie. But Miss Elizabeth will have simply that and nothing less. I'd like the girls to know her. Nan would call her a 'dear, independent creature,' and Breece would laugh at her 'high and mighty top-loftiness;' but mother would love her until she found the warm, sturdy little heart under the rough, careless ways. How I hate bookkeeping! I can't find my Fairbanks' anywhere. Oh, yes! quite a sensible paper on the whole. That's the ninth. Only



JOHNNIE.

three more. Nora Clark, 92. But, no; if I give her that Miss Weiring will rebel, and great will be the wailing and accusing that ensue. It's very hard to mark fairly. 'Averages *are* a nuisance,' as Johnny Rune says. And here is Owen Warner's. I'm certain that boy 'cheated' in the examination, yet there is

nothing I could assert positively in the matter. But such astonishing brilliancy is surprising when compared with his usual recitations. So he gets 100, while you, my brave, honest, loyal Stuart, received only 93. Something wrong there, but then, I'd rather have your mark than his, under the circumstances. How dark it is growing. Mrs. Crine will be angry, I daresay, but—. If I had the four thousand dollars Johnny suggests, I'd revel in books. One could buy a great many; and as for catalogues and reviews—oh! it would be Paradise!”

Mrs. Crine's “religious and respectable home for ladies and gentlemen of moderate means,” stood on one of the back streets of Wirlon. Here, for the reasonable sum of three dollars per week, board and rooms were furnished to perhaps twenty-four persons. Mrs. Crine, touchingly described in the *Wirlon Record* as “a motherly woman, with broad and kindly sympathies,” had a somewhat sour aspect that chilly autumn afternoon.

“Really, I scarcely know what to think of Miss Linnet's conduct. She pays no attention to my repeated requests that she come in in time for prayers. Tea is ready now, yet we must wait for her. It is preposterous, really preposterous, Mr. Snippins.”

Mr. Snippins, a mild-faced, sleepy-eyed young man, afflicted with chronic hunger, sighed mournfully as a savory odor of onions and cabbage penetrated the small apartment.

“She has been detained, I fear,” he said, freely, wriggling uneasily on his chair, and trying to conceal his longing for the meal. “Accidents will happen in the best, etc. You remember! He-e-e-e. She has never been absent from devotions before, has she?”

Mrs. Crine drew herself up stiffly. “Never sir, never. That is a thing I shall not allow. Whatever my failings may be, that, at least, is not among them. No, *sir!* situated as I am, holding the relation of a second mother to this entire household, is it *likely* that I should allow any member thereof to neglect such an important *duty?*”

Mr. Snippins' sleepy eyes opened in alarm; he clutched frantically at the ends of his stiff white necktie; his voice, quivering apologetically under favorable circumstances, became positively tremulous with anxiety.

“No, no, dear Mrs. Crine; you know I never doubted your wisdom or your—your high sense of—of duty. I assure you you misunderstand me if you thought *that*, and—here is Miss Linnet now.”

Someone opened the hall door, quiet steps sounded along the entry, and a moment later Miss Linnet came slowly in.

Mrs. Crine coughed significantly—her “lecture cough,” Helen called it in her letters to Bréece—and she blushed a little as the eyes of the other boarders turned toward her at that warning signal.

"We have waited for you sometime. Our hour for evening devotion is five p. m., as you may perhaps remember, and—"

"I am sorry I have detained you," Helen interposed quietly. "But you need not have waited for me."

"No; you are right. We *need* not, but we have done so and will do the same in the future. We, at least, are not indifferent to the claims of evening worship, and so long as you remain under this roof, and we take the place and perform the duties of a vigilant mother to you, we shall endeavor to promote your highest and best interests. Miss Fowler, hand me the Bible, please. I will now read the lesson for the evening:

"'Now Benjamin begat Bela his first born, Ashbel the second, and Alarah the third, Nohah the fourth and Rapha the fifth.'"

And so on through the forty verses of the eighth chapter of First Chronicles. Helen listened half dreamily, then knelt with the rest. Mrs. Crine was remarkable for her piety, and most certainly, if the length of her prayer could have been considered an evidence of her spiritual condition, a gratifying result must have been reached. Helen noted with quick amusement, Mr. Snippins' evident impatience. He had spread a small square handkerchief on the dusty carpet under the knees of his brown plaid trousers; his sharp, pointed elbows projected from between the slats of the chair-back; his small, meek nose was expressively alert, and his entire demeanor characterized by a curious blending of caution, longing and apology. Helen wondered, with horrified fascination, what would happen if he could not withdraw his elbows from their resting place. The incident of the handkerchief alone would have disgraced him forever in his landlady's opinion. She dared not laugh. *That* would have been rank heresy indeed, but as she met his wandering gaze she smiled a little, at which Mr. Snippins covered his face with two large, soiled hands in silent horror. Mrs. Crine had reached the peroration. She had prayed for everything and everyone "at home or abroad, far or near, the black and white, rich and poor, barbarian and civilian, the heathen and the Christian, the entire race of man, in whatever clime or condition," and then added:

"And now we beseech Thee, change the erring heart of one of our number. Bring the lost sheep back to the fold. Teach her the value of punctuality and regularity, O Lord, and take away any hard feelings she may feel inclined to cherish toward us."

To Helen, endowed by nature with a quick sense of the ludicrous, this petition seemed singularly incongruous. It placed her in so strange a position. She raised her handkerchief to her eyes. Suppose she should laugh. Mr. Snippins regarded her approvingly. Her heart had been touched. What a good woman Mrs. Crine must be. If he were not so hungry he wished she might pray on forever. "Amen." A great scrambling ensued. Mr. Snippins rose, red and

breathless. Miss Fowler beamed on him ecstatically, bestowing a disapproving stare on Helen. Mrs. Trimble, a stout, "fussy" woman, patted her shoulder and whispered, "Wasn't it bea-u-tiful? Our season of worship is always refreshing."

Helen did not answer. She could not help feeling that she had been insulted, and that in a peculiar and ingenious way, yet she knew Mrs. Crine had not meant to be unkind.

"I wonder what Breece would say about it," she thought. "Nan would be very indignant. She would laugh at me for allowing her to do such a thing. I



JUST A LITTLE WEARY.

suppose the woman thought she did her duty. I know she did, in fact, and it's very hard to know just what to say. Only I wonder whether she would have done the same had I been rich, instead of poor."

The dining-room was a long, low apartment, provided with two round tables. In the centre of each stood a huge, smoking platter filled with "vegetable soup," consisting of a mixture of onions, cabbage, carrots, turnips, tomatoes and peppers, mingled with rice and barley, and dotted with infinitesimal shreds of meat. Two

plates filled with thick slices of heavy, home-made bread, and another of half-done molasses cake, broken in squares, flanked each platter, and cups of "tea sweetened before boiling," (which saves sugar, as everyone knows,) constituted the meal. The narrow windows and doors were tightly closed, and the "conglomeration of scents" were positively overpowering. Mr. Hoyt, a sturdy, good-natured Englishman, who fancied himself a "great humorist, *and* no mistake," and who had a kindly feeling for the friendless little teacher, informed her in a loud whisper that "it were a uncommon boardin' place, w'ich the same could ha' been told by anyone, wether deaf or dumb or blind, on account o' the *smell* bein' that fillin'."

Filing slowly in, the twenty-four boarders stood erect and motionless, twelve at one table, twelve at the other, with Mrs. Crine at the northeast end. As she tapped a bell every head was bowed, and then in a loud, metallic voice, a blessing was asked by this amiable and devoted person, after which another tap of the bell gave the signal for sitting down around the tables. Mr. Hoyt, whose place was next to Helen on one side, applied himself to a hearty discussion of the meal, pausing now and then, with knife and fork in the air, to relate some amusing anecdote, of which he, and he alone, saw the point. As he always laughed heartily, however, and never seemed offended by the lack of interest displayed by his companions, Helen thought him a more agreeable than Miss Sultz, a somewhat middle-aged "young" woman, who was fond of parading her "common sense." The latter had sharp black eyes, so small that from a distance they had the appearance of points of light, and nothing ever escaped their vigilance.

Helen, rescuing a struggling fly from an untimely grave in her cup of tea, felt her steady gaze.

"Had one in mine," Miss Sultz remarked, sententiously. "Just fished it out. One of the delights of three dollars a week."

"Oh, don't!" said Helen, whose appetite had vanished suddenly.

"Come, don't be finicky. You have too much imagination, Miss Linnett. It is a serious fault in you."

Mr. Hoyt looked up.

"It's a very common fault, that 'ere is. Wen I were a 'prentice chap in Lunnon I knowed a man as were *all* 'ed and fancy. Once I says to 'e, I says, 'Look 'ere, wen you git them 'ere spells o' imagination, 'ow do you feel innards?' That 'ere's wot I said, and that e're's wot I wanted to know. And 'e says, says 'e, 'oppin' around as if 'e were 'appy as a lark, 'I feel a *upliftedness* o' sperrit. I'm light as a cork a-floatin' on a wide, wide sea. The bonds o' the body are all bust. Nothing only my beatificated soul remains.' 'E were a wery poetical gen'l'man; but 'e died young, wery young."



"I *hate* finicky people," exclaimed Miss Sultz, impatiently. "I believe in common sense. This talk about taste and fancy is all nonsense. Now, Mrs. Trimble will stand for hours looking at the pebbles on the beach. If you ask her what she sees she always clasps her hands and cries, 'Oh! oh! oh! it's bea-u-tiful! Oh! it's beau-ti-ful!' I declare I feel like shaking her sometimes. I've often wished a crab would nip her toes when she stood in the water, screaming herself hoarse over a lump of seaweed this summer. *Such* nonsense!"

"Well, this 'ere friend o' mine were a great thinker. 'E 'ad 'is 'ed examined into once by a man they calls a phrennygolygist, and 'e said, that 'ere phrennygolygist 'e said, arter 'e thumped my friend's 'ed and made a drawin' o' the bumps on 'is nose and fore'ead, 'e said 'is 'ed were the perfect image 'o John Milton's, wot wrote the last ways o' the Pompey days—"

"Oh, laws!" interrupted Miss Lettie Crine, a pert, affected young lady of sixteen summers. "When I was away at boarding-school, Miss Whaley, the principal, used to lecture us a great deal about cultivating our taste. Sue Talmon and I were *awfully* thick then, went with each other everywhere, and we sat together by the back window, opposite the boys. We always laughed at her, and Charlie Burleigh, who knew French, German, Spanish, Italian, Greek and Latin, wrote a poem in all the languages, calling her a silly old maid with no sense."

Mr. Hoyt, who had heard the incident described in precisely the same way at least a score of times, listened in breathless interest.

"'E were a well edicated chap, wern't 'e? Six languages! I never had any adwantages to speak of, but I always thought I'd like them 'ere dead tongues if I'd ever a chance to cultivate the study. Did you ever learn anything in em Miss Linnett?"

"Very little," Helen answered.

"I did. We read the whole of Virgil's horrid old *Æneid*. How we used to hate translation days! Miss Whaley was so awfully cross if we forgot the parts of a verb. She used to go into hysterics over its grandeur. There's one part which tells about *Æolus* kicking up a great rumpus over nothing at all, but oh! how mad she would have been if we had said that to her. She thought *that* was elegant. For my part, I always *detested* *Æneas*. Silly fellow! always getting frozen with fright, and forever sticking his hands out toward heaven."

"It was all ridiculous," added Miss Sultz, decisively. "Perfectly ridiculous. Mrs. Trimble says she *adores* Virgil, positively adores him (in a translation, you know). Now, I'm not ashamed to say I *never* read him, never wanted to and never *will*. There's no sense in it. Who on earth cares what happened to a childish young gentleman hundreds of years ago? You can't say he was good, and you can't say he was sensible, so why should anyone care for what he did?"

The ringing of the bell ended the conversation, and the boarders dispersed. Helen went at once to her room, a small, dull, carpeted apartment on the third floor. The windows fronted the ocean, and the loud roar of the white-capped waves came drearily to her ears. The wind was rising. A gray fog hung over the sea, still dimly visible through the darkness. Far down the shore stood a few white cottages, almost hidden in the mist, and away off in the distance gleamed a solitary lamp from the light-house tower. The air was damp and chilly. It would rain before morning, Helen thought with a sigh, and anything more desolate than Wirlon during a storm could hardly be imagined. As she closed the shutters, a fierce gust of wind almost extinguished her small lamp, and made the doors and windows rattle in their crazy casements. She sat down by the small pine table and began writing busily. It had been a tiresome day, and the morrow would prove the same. She knew exactly what they were doing at home. Her thoughts strayed from mother and the girls to the quiet room where the dear old aunty spent the evenings, and late in the afternoon often had a little child beside her, who was learning to sew. Home came very close to her.



THE QUIET ROOM WHERE AUNTY SAT.

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She smiled a little at the thought. It would be two months before her wish could be realized, but then—. Oh! how many beautiful dreams would come true in the holiday-week!

It was growing late. She heard Mr. Hoyt's heavy steps on the stairway, and knew he was escorting Miss Lettie, with clumsy gallantry, through the darkness.

"It's a verry bad night, this 'ere, arter a uncommon pleasant day; a aggerwatin change. I wish you verry pleasant dreams;" and Miss Lettie, a born coquette, who could not resist trying her power even on so unpromising an object, as honest John answered coyly:

"Mine could not but be pleasant after companionship with *you*. What of yours, Mr. Hoyt?"

"Hey?" queried John in great perplexity. "Why, you see it were this 'ere way with me. I'm such a duced uncommon snorer (beggin' your pardon), that I never get to dreamin', and that 'ere's the state 'o the case."

Helen laughed softly. It was a never-failing source of amusement to her to note how successfully and innocently the stalwart Englishman parried every complimentary advance. His room was just above hers, and she heard him moving about, singing softly to himself. She could not help liking the bluff, kindly-hearted man, who had a pleasant word for everyone.

A few moments later silence fell upon the house. Helen wrote on a few hours longer. The wind was blowing fiercely. As she blew out the light, she looked out into the darkness and saw the long, white line of ocean, and heard the huge waves foaming, beating, and dashing higher and higher up the sandy beach. It was raining steadily. She closed the blinds, with a dreary feeling of utter loneliness. No one in the house was awake save herself. The ceaseless sobbing of the waves made her sorrowful. She saw, as vividly as if they were in the little room, a crowd of faces, wan and white with suffering—the faces of the wives and mothers of drowned men. She heard their moaning above the wailing of the wind. In vain she told herself that her fears were but shadows. She had a strong imagination. The unreal scenes her mind pictured were sometimes more vivid than those of actual occurrence. It was torture to lie there in the gloom and feel the touch of chilly fingers and catch the gleam of shadowy robes. Every nook and corner of the silent room was filled with phantoms, whispering, sobbing, moaning. The young and the old wept side by side in the common worship of sorrow. Helen felt their breath upon her brow. She was numb with horror, yet she felt vaguely amused as she remembered the feelings of the pious Æneas. Each moment brought new terror. She saw the dead men with fixed, glassy eyes staring up through the water. In a frenzy of dread and abhorrence she buried her face in the pillows, sobbing passionately, "Oh! mother! mother! mother!" The

town-clock struck one. With sudden, unreasoning courage, she sprang up and struck a match. Nothing in the room but the four white walls and scanty furnishings. But yes; something lurked in one corner, and the next instant the air was cold with fresh fears. She could not control her fancies. All night long she lay sleepless and terror-stricken, suffering the most acute mental agony. She was not a brave girl. Breece would have exulted in the wild power of the night, Nan would have found music in the throbbing requiem of the sea; Helen only shrank from the grandeur. It overpowered her, filling her with a great sense of her own helplessness. Night after night in that little room she had lain awake, powerless to govern her emotions. These lifeless creations of her mind controlled her absolutely and beyond appeal. Weary days and nights of lonely toil had so wrought upon a naturally vivid imagination as to give to the most absurd fantasies all the startling power of reality. When the gray morning dawned over the gray sea it found her still hiding her white face in her trembling hands, striving in vain to escape from her grim companions.

PART II.

"Please, Miss Linnet, do you like asters?"

Helen looked down kindly at the questioner, who smiled shyly.

"Yes, indeed, Stuart. Oh, how very pretty!"

The lad blushed with pleasure at her delight, as he surrendered his great purple burden. "They *are* pretty, aren't they? I thought you might like them."

"They are beautiful, Stuart. Where did you find so many? You must show me the place sometime, or is that a secret?"

"Oh, Miss Linnet! Really? Would you really come? I'd love to show you, only—"

"Yes, Stuart?"

"Only—well, I seem only a boy, you know, and I thought p'r'aps, p'r'aps, you mightn't like to go with me."

Helen laughed "I should, indeed, Stuart. You may be sure of that always." The lad's innocent worship pleased and touched her. She was accustomed to winning friends quickly, but no friendship she had ever known had been more charming and loyal than that of this frank-faced, merry-hearted boy. She listened to his eager descriptions with smiling interest.

"I found them a long, long way up the beach, on the sunny side of the old North Rock. There were lots of them, and golden-rod too, just like big yellow candles. I went right after school yesterday, and didn't get back until seven o'clock. Whew! wasn't I tired, though? (only that don't matter; I liked it.) Didn't the wind blow dreadfully last night? Father said he never saw the waves so high. Did you see them, Miss Linnet?"

"Yes; they almost frightened me."

"Frightened you? Oh! I love to hear them roaring. Father says I ought to be a sailor. Here come the other scholars now. Isn't that too bad? I never get a chance to talk to you a bit without someone comes and spoils it all. Are you sorry, too, Miss Linnet?"

He glanced up, sighing regretfully, then went slowly to his desk. Helen knew that she could meet his laughing eyes at any moment of the day. He watched her constantly, yet his simple, silent admiration had nothing offensive, or impertinent about it, and half-unconsciously she had learned to depend upon his sympathy and help. He seemed unusually thoughtful all day. She wondered a little at his preoccupied manner, but before the time she reached the huge pavilion

(gay with pleasure seekers in summer, but now deserted and forlorn), on her way home, had almost forgotten his existence. Some one was standing on the damp sand, watching the wild waves. It was a lonely place. There were few



NOW DESERTED AND FORLORN.

houses in sight, and the clouded afternoon was nearly ended. Helen felt vaguely alarmed for one instant. The next she drew a long breath of relief.

"Is that you, Stuart?"

"Yes," he answered, simply, but he did not turn toward her with his usual eagerness. She waited a moment in surprise.

"Are you troubled over anything, Stuart? Can I help you in any way?"

"No," he answered, brokenly. "You can't help me. No one can."

"Tell me about it, Stuart. Let me try, at least."

"I can't. I can't tell you. You would hate me then."

She came closer to him. Something in the firm, tense face must have revealed his secret, for she stepped back with sudden embarrassment.

"Oh, Stuart!—that?"

"Yes, that," he cried fiercely, looking, not at her, but at the great white waves as they came rolling in. "Just that. I'd never have told you, never; but I'm glad you know. Are you angry, Miss Linnet?"

"Angry, my dear boy? Certainly not; but—"

"You think I am a boy. Everyone does. I am, I know, but I'm as old as you, Miss Linnet. I'm going away soon, though. I shall study very hard, and—"

"And what, Stuart?"

"And sometime I shall come back, and then, perhaps—"

"Oh, Stuart, don't! I never thought of this."

"No; I didn't either. I kept thinking of you and thinking of you, only I didn't know why. And now—"

"Dear lad, I'm very sorry."

"Yes. I didn't mean to worry you. Perhaps some day—"

He broke off abruptly, and they stood for a few moments in silence, the two eager faces (Helen's shadowed with a vague regret, Stuart's wistful with patient hope), looking out across the misty ocean. The lamp in the distant lighthouse flashed out brightly. To Stuart it seemed a beautiful omen of future joy; to Helen it was simply the beacon-light, warning of dangerous reefs and shoals.

When they spoke again it was with a peculiar sense of restraint. The phantom of the coming "some day" was between them. Each felt strangely saddened. Their old, familiar friendship was ended. Helen knew nothing more beautiful could take its place; Stuart dared not dream what might.

PART III.

The holidays were ended. They had been happy days to Helen, and she was returning to her work cheered and strengthened by their memory. Besides, Breece was to come to her at Easter for a week, and she was wild with delight at the thought. The intervening months would pass quickly. There would be wild flowers in bloom by that time, and she knew just where to find their daintiest homes. How Breece would admire that old North Rock with its great gray sides and mossy base, haunted in the spring-time by violets, blue as the dreamy depths of the summer sky, and drifts of the delicate wind-flowers' snow. Breece had never seen the ocean. She did not know what it meant to rise in the early dawn and watch the sunlight kissing the waves until they glowed with a strange new glory; nor how pleasant it was to look out over the deep, blue waters in the noon-tide hush, and count the distant sails as they moved slowly out of sight; nor how beautiful the sunset brightness over the shining sea of gold; nor the deeper, grander beauty of the midnight sky and the starlit waves, forever sobbing, throbbing, moaning for something they can never gain. Helen had been as ignorant

once. She would show Breece all that she had learned, and they would enjoy it together.

But the little schoolroom looked doubly dreary when she reached it, and all day she was conscious of a feeling of unrest. Stuart had left Wirlon during the holidays, and she missed him constantly. His vacant seat made her lonely. She caught herself glancing toward the familiar place with a longing to meet his merry smile.

As the last delinquent who had been "kept in" left the room, she sat down in Stuart's old place, and laying her head on the rude desk, cried bitterly. He was far away. He would forget her soon. Even Nan and Breece scarcely missed her. Three months must pass before Easter. She took a melancholy pleasure in the thought. Hers was not a gloomy nature, yet she sometimes made herself miserable by brooding over future troubles. She loved her friends with a strong, passionate love, too intense to be easily shaken. She could not be happy when away from them, but even in their presence was troubled at times by the fear that they might die soon. Now that Stuart had gone she tortured herself with vain reproaches. They had been such merry comrades, and it was her fault the lad had left his home. Some day he would return, perhaps, and then—. She fell into a delightful reverie. No one could tell what the years might bring. But he might forget her.

"She acts very strangely," Mrs. Crine remarked to Mrs. Trimble, in confidential undertones. "I don't know what to make of her. If you ask if she is well, she just stares at you in a dazed sort of way, and as likely as not answers some strange nonsense. It's been this way since Christmas. I'm sure I hope her sister comes. She really frightens me sometimes."

"Ye-es. Me, too. Isn't it a pity? Miss Sultz says it's all because she has so much imagination, but I don't know—"

"There's something wrong. She's going to have a spell of sickness, I'm afraid."

"Ye-es. Me, too. She's changed dreadfully. One doesn't like to say too much—"

The conversation was interrupted at this point by Helen's entrance. She did not seem to heed either of the talkers as she walked listlessly across the room and sat down by the low west window.

Mrs. Crine and Mrs. Trimble exchanged significant glances.

"In the blues to-night," the former whispered. "She was all life and excitement this morning. Just watch her a few minutes."

Helen had leaned her head on her hands wearily. There were purple shadows under her eyes. Her face was white with a sleepless fear. Yet now and then a fitful brightness flitted across her features, and a strange smile parted the pale lips.

Mr. Hoyt asked in his friendly way: "Your sister comes to-morrow, Miss Linnet?"

Helen did not answer, and it was not until the question had been repeated several times that she roused herself from her deep dreaming.

"Yes, to-morrow."

Mr. Hoyt looked at her in quick pity. She had planned for that visit so long and patiently. She must be ill, indeed.

Helen knew she was not ill. She had been living in a beautiful world of her own until the events of everyday life had become unreal to her. She had never been like other girls. Whatever she fancied had had, for the time, all the force of reality, and this imaginative power had grown beyond her control. Her thoughts and creations swayed her against her will. It was as if she had roused some giant from his slumber in the hope of finding comfort and health, and he had made her his powerless slave. She was utterly helpless in his grasp. Sometimes she realized with terrible distinctness her awful danger, and tried with the desperation of despair to escape from the peril which came nearer and nearer every



HER THOUGHTS SWAYED HER.

The days that lie behind me, oh! days of joy were they,
But the days that stretch before me are desolate and gray.
Oh, Father, give me courage and strength to live and cheer,
And day by day appoint to me my task, this weary year.

day. More often the knowledge simply numbed her, and she sought relief in some more extravagant fantasy or wilder dream. She was very sad that evening. A day of unusual exaltation had been succeeded by its natural reaction. She had a vague consciousness that she was regarded with surprise among the other boarders.

When Breece came the next morning she found Helen sitting by the old North Rock, gazing wistfully out over the sea. Poor little Breece! She had looked forward so long and patiently to this visit that her disappointment was very bitter. Mrs. Crine found great pleasure in describing Helen's puzzling actions, and Mr. Trimble joined her with hearty good will. Breece bore their idle chatter in silence for a few moments, then cried indignantly:

"You are mean, wicked, unkind gossipers. If Helen is so sadly changed it is because she found no sympathy or help from those who might have helped her. I hate you all. I hate you!"

But even the child's anger faded, and only a great sorrowful wonder took its place when she saw Helen's white, questioning face. It had not been one of the latter's happy days. She was an Egyptian princess that morning, lying in solitary state in the gloomy vault of the great pyramids, dead, dead for centuries, yet conscious of her resting place and its terrible associations. A little shriveled corpse, brown and wrinkled, with the last hint of beauty gone—a dead woman, surrounded by the dead, she lay in the darkness, and outside the noon-day sun was scorching the desert sand in relentless fury, and the air was fierce with its still, hot breath. The sunlight could not touch her as she slept, yet it seemed beating down on her dead head in mocking triumph. The desert winds could not reach her hiding place, yet they pierced her heart with their silent heat. She was dead; she could not think; she could not speak; she could not pray. As motionless as her companions in her black, black tomb, she lay dead, dead, and the years were flying on and on and on.

Breece was thrilled by the morning beauty, by the sunlight sleeping on the pale, calm sea. Helen was chilled by the horror of her slumber and the tremulous waves of heat that surged through every pulse.

"I've come to you at last, darling. Are you glad? Now you shall show me all the beautiful places you have written about. Didn't you get tired waiting? I did, but now that is all past and we are together, dear. A whole week! Just think! seven long, delightful days. Oh, Helen, Helen, dear, you can't think how we miss you at home!"

Breece spoke lightly, trying to cast off the sense of something strange which haunted her. Her sister looked at her with patient wonder. She had always been so proud and fond of little Breece, the "baby" of the family. A month before she would have welcomed her with wild delight. Had the child come the

preceding night she might have roused herself from her dreams. Now she did not seem to heed her eager words. For the first time in her life Helen was deaf to the "little one's" calls, and blind to her frightened face.

"She does not know me at all," the child thought. "She is not our Helen, our dear, bright, laughing Helen, now. They have changed her completely. Oh, my dear, my dear!"

But the girl's mood was already changing. She clung to Breece in her helpless misery, while the child wept softly.

"Shall I take you home, dear? Would you like to see mother and Nan? Tell me what to do; I'm not tired; tell me, darling."

"Home—mother—Nan," murmured Helen slowly. "I knew once—I forget now; I cannot think. Mother and Nan are dead; I am dead; you are; everyone is. We were all dead and buried long, long years ago. Don't cry. Don't worry. What can it matter? Nothing matters. We are all dead, dead, dead."

"Oh, don't dear! Are you sick? Come with me, Helen. Come, please, please come."

Helen followed her without questioning. As they passed the little school-house she paused for a moment.

"I taught here once, a long, long time since. That was before I died. Let us hurry. There are strange things here. They are watching us. See! do you see them too? Oh! let us hurry."

Breece hushed her patiently, and when they reached the house, went with her at once to her room. Helen shrank back in terror as they entered.

"They are here, too. They are laughing now. Sometimes they are angry; sometimes they cry and moan. They *never* laughed before."

Breece felt her heart stand still with fear.

"Oh, Helen! what do you see? What makes you look so? Tell me, dear"

"Don't *you* see them? Look! they are there in the corner—that one. Their eyes are dim and filmy; there is water in them. See! they are dead, too. They will haunt you as they have haunted me. Come away! we will hide from them. Come?"

"There is nothing here, dear. Let me kiss you and tell you of mother."

"They *are* here. They are everywhere. All night when I cannot sleep they cry to me. When I sleep I hear them in my dreams. They are dead and they hate me."

Breece could scarcely restrain her. Mrs. Crine came hurrying in to lament over the "awful dispensation."

"What will you do with her? You are only a child. She has been worse since you came. She will have to give up her school, I suppose? How sudden, and how very, very strange."



WISTFULLY LOOKING BACKWARD TOWARD HOME AND MOTHER.

"I shall take her home," Breece answered quietly. "She may be better soon. She has been overworking herself for sometime and needs rest. At any rate, mother will know what to do better than I. Will you please find out when the next train leaves, and could you do us one great favor?"

"Oh, yes! most certainly."

"Please let us go quietly, then. Will you not see that the boarders know nothing of our departure? Helen always disliked being stared at. It would be a true kindness if you only would."

"I will. You need not be anxious about that, and I'll go with you home. You are too young to be with her all alone. She is used to me, and your mother would be glad to have you have a companion."

Breece shuddered. She could imagine the journey home with Mrs. Crine. She knew just how frightened her mother would be at that lady's solemn face and funereal ways.

"Thank you," she said steadily. "But I am not at all timid. I would *rather* go alone."

And something in the firm tones told the woman her project was useless. She had been anxious to see Mrs. Linnet, to give her a full and melancholy account of Helen's "odd freaks," to lament with her over the girl's "strange condition," and then returning, furnish her "dear friend, Mrs. Trimble," with detailed particulars of her visit. Her plans were failures, however, and there was a touch of bitterness in her voice as she assured Breece her wishes should be respected.

The train left at three that afternoon. Helen had acquiesced in all her sister's arrangements. She seemed to have no desires of her own. When Breece spoke, she listened patiently, clinging to her with a trust which was pitiful.

Mrs. Crine had not kept her promise, the child thought, as she saw the little group waiting in the parlor to say "good-bye."

Mr. Snippins, meek and breathless as usual, gave Helen the tips of the fingers of the left hand, mopping his face vigorously with his big, bright bordered handkerchief with the right, and stammering in great embarrassment:

"Good-bye, Miss Linnet. Hope to see you again soon--some time. Most distressing occurrence, really. There are so many sad things. Ah! 'life is a checkered scene, with little light between,' as the poet has it. Good-bye."

Miss Sultz, who had found in her a practical illustration of the folly of imagination, could not refrain from expressing her convictions.

"Just stop thinking, Miss Linnet. There's no sense in it. Don't let your fancies run away with you. Have common sense. Just say to yourself, 'I'm well; I know it. I won't be so silly any more.' That's all you need to make you as strong minded as me."

"Poor, dear, deluded, unhappy, miserable little creature," interrupted Mrs. Trimble, clasping her arms about Helen's neck. "Oh! oh! how awfully sorry I am for you. And now we say farewell. Oh, sad, sad word farewell! We met; we part. You little know how much I cared for you. Poor child, how could you know? One kiss—the last before we separate, for years or forever. Farewell, farewell!"

Mr. Hoyt shook hands in silence, remarking to Breece as he turned away:

"It were a uncommon sad day, this. Don't 'e fret about it. She's only a wee bit dazed like. She needs her mother and she'll be all right."

Miss Lettie, feeling the heart beneath her pertness and vanity strangely touched by Helen's patient face, said gently:

"Good-bye, dear. Don't forget me while you are away. We shall all miss you very much."

In the hall Mrs. Crine met them with the remark that she just couldn't help her boarders saying good-bye. They *would* do it in spite of everything. She went with them to the depot, to Breece's great disgust, saw them safely "embarked," as she said, then returned to bewail their ingratitude.

Helen had not spoken since they left the little, stuffy boarding-house parlor. Breece was occupied with her own sad thoughts. As the train whizzed out of sight of the sunny sea, she sighed sorrowfully. This was the end of her longed-for visit. She would never, perhaps, see the ocean again, for she had little hope of Helen's recovery. The other passengers watched the two girls with great interest—the one sitting white and still, with dark, vacant eyes, shadowed by some fearful fate; the other striving hard to be brave for her sister's

sake, but showing, unconsciously, by her quivering lips and trembling hands, the pain her efforts cost. "Oh! if mother could only help her!" the poor child thought over and over. "If she could, and she can if any one can. Perhaps Helen will remember and know us when we reach home. Poor, poor mother and Nan! And they think I'm having such a nice time now."

And now they were in sight of the quaint, brown farmhouse, set in the midst of level green fields. They had played together under the smoky fir trees in the garden ever since they were children. There were myrtle-stars in the cool grasses, peeping from their glossy leaves as they had in other years. Helen had told her so



FULFILLED.

many pretty stories in that quiet place. Nan and she had liked to sit there and talk of the long vacation, finding comfort in the flying days which brought it nearer. And now she was bringing Helen home. Was she? Was that really Helen?

"We are at home, dear. Do you see the apple-blossoms by your window? There were never so many before. Will you be glad to see mother and Nan?"

But Helen smiled sadly.

"They are dead—mother and Nan and little Breece. We all died years and years ago. We are all dead, dead, dead."

PART IV.

"Where is Helen, mother?"

Mrs. Linnet looked up with a sigh. "Somewhere in the corn-fields, I suppose, Breece. She and the children passed the window a moment ago. She said she was their queen, poor child. She seemed very happy."

"She generally is," said Breece, sitting down on the wide porch at her mother's side. "Yet I have noticed lately a troubled expression in her eyes. Sometimes I am almost afraid of her."

"Afraid of her?" echoed Nan indignantly. "Afraid of our dear, brave Helen. Oh, Breece! how can you?"

"It *is* dreadful, isn't it? And oh, Nan! how terribly she has changed!"

Breece had changed, too, in those seven short years. The child of twelve had become a beautiful woman, half unconscious of her own power. As she sat talking in the freshness of the early morning, her likeness to Helen was almost startling. Some one coming up the shady path, stopped suddenly and grew pale at the sight. Then, as she rose and came forward to greet the stranger, he cried joyfully:

"Miss Linnet—Helen—you are not ill, then—you are better? And I have come to you as I promised once, do you remember? Are you the least bit glad to see me?"

"I am not Helen," Breece answered sadly. "My sister is ill yet. You are—"

"Stuart Grey. I was one of her pupils once, in Wirlon."

"She spoke of you often, I remember. She has forgotten you now, I think. She knows none of her friends; even mother and Nan and I are forgotten. You will find her sadly changed."

She was touched by the pain in his bright face as he murmured:

"I never thought of this, never. How she must have suffered. Dear Helen!" Then, meeting her wondering look, he added slowly:

"I loved your sister, Miss Breece. I love her now. You can never know all she did for me, how patiently she taught—how kindly she toiled, until the



WHITHER AWAY?

simple, ignorant lad woke to a knowledge of the heights he might attain by effort. She thought of me only as a boy. I loved her then, I love her now."

Breece smiled with sudden hope. "Something tells me," she said, then hesitated.

"What?" he questioned eagerly.

"Perhaps I ought not to say it. I may be mistaken—you must not hope too much—but it came to me suddenly that she might know you."

"I will go to her," he said, with quick passion. "I can find her. Let me go alone."

Helen was perched on a post of the old log fence, singing blithely. The children who had been her companions all the morning were playing in the tasseled corn. They had placed a sheaf of daisies in her lap. Her hat was twined with leaves and grasses. A stranger would have admired the dainty picture, but had he come nearer and seen the pathetic wistfulness in the sweet face, would have felt strangely saddened.

Stuart strode on along the narrow foot-path, bordered on either side by the white and gold of the nodding daisies, the delicate crimson of the wild-rose, and the misty purple of the tall seed-grasses. Helen heard his steps and laughed gleefully.

"Come, sir knight;" she called, "I have waited for you a long, long time."

With a strong effort at self-control Stuart bent and kissed the small brown hand, saying gently:

"You see I have come to you at last, Miss Linnet."

She shrank back with a startled moan. "Don't! No one calls me that. I was that once, but I died years and years ago. It is dreadful to be dead. You lie in the darkness all alone; no one remembers you; no one cares for you. I was dead once; but I am happy this morning. I will not talk of that—only—have you been dead, too?"

"No, never. Do you remember me, Miss Linnet?"

Helen looked at him in troubled perplexity.

"I must have seen you before. I can't remember. Perhaps I dreamed it. I don't know. I can't tell."

"Try to think, Helen; try to remember," he pleaded, forgetting caution in his earnestness. "Listen, dear! Can you not recall this—can't you see what I shall describe?"

"It is a cloudy afternoon—are you listening, dear?—the sky is dim and gray, and so low that it blends almost imperceptibly with the sea; there, in the shadow of the old pavilion, a boy is standing; some one is speaking to him; her face resembles—yours—"

His listener had watched him intently from the moment he began to speak.

She let the daisies slip unnoticed from her hands. Her eyes were bright with a weird, "uncanny" wonder.

"Who was he?" she demanded. "I am remembering! I am remembering!"

"I was the boy, Miss Linnet. "I loved you then; I love you even more dearly to-day."

"Who—who are you?"

"Your old scholar, Stuart Grey."

Helen tried to speak. The fields grew blank before her. She saw the little school-room with its rows of worn desks, and the sunlight sleeping on the rough pine floor. A boy's laughing eyes met hers in silent sympathy. Her dream-world had disappeared. Had it? Which was real? Had she dreamed, or was she dreaming now? With a low moan she turned from Stuart's questioning gaze.

"I cannot think. It is all dark. I want my mother, my mother!"

He led her home, his heart throbbing with mingled fear and hope. Mrs. Linnet stood in the doorway, waiting for him. Helen looked at her a moment in silence, then sobbed softly:

"Oh, mother, mother! I hear the sea moaning. It frightens me. It moaned while I was dead. Am I dreaming, mother, or waking at last?"

"You had better leave her now," they told Stuart. "No one can tell what the end will be."

So he went away reluctantly. Days and nights of weary suspense followed. Life and Death fought with desperate strength for the victory, but at last the happy tidings "she will live" reached Stuart.

"She knew me," Breece whispered, meeting him at the door. "Our dear, dear Helen! We can never be thankful enough, never."

She smiled as he entered. He thought her paler and fairer than ever, but her old brave, merry soul looked from her eyes and spoke in the kindly voice, and Stuart knew his love had broken the fateful dreaming and aroused the fairy princess from her enchanted sleep.

* * * * *

Autumn sunlight everywhere, on the amber sea and the yellow sands. The old North Rock is as gray as ever, with purple asters hiding in its shadow. Stuart gathers the nodding plumes and lays the dusky burden at Helen's feet.

"How very, very pretty!" she cries, smiling half-sadly at some tender memory.

"They *are* pretty, aren't they?" he asks mischievously. "I thought you might like them."

The waves came rolling in, higher and higher over the sandy beach. It is growing dark. The lamp in the distant lighthouse flashes out with sudden brightness.

"Do you remember, Helen?"

"Yes, Stuart."

"I was only a boy then. I gave you a boy's impulsive love. You were kind to the lad, dear. I am a man now. I love you! I love you!"

The waves roll in, higher, higher, higher. There are stars in the sky and sea.

"Helen, speak to me. You came into my life and made it beautiful. I would give that life for you."

Still she does not speak, but he sees her smile and is satisfied.

The dream is ended, but the deeper, truer beauty of reality begins.

And the waves have sobbed themselves into silence.

The Three Little Chairs.

They sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The gray-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of the days gone by;
The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts they could not speak,
And each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs placed side by side,
Against the sitting-room wall;
Old-fashioned enough as there they stood
Their seat of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice, he gently said,
"Mother, these empty chairs!
They bring us such sad thoughts to-night;
We'll put them forever out of sight
In the small, dark room upstairs."

But she answered, "Father, no; not yet;
For I look at them and I forget
That the children are away;

The boys come back, and our Mary, too,
With her apron on of checkered blue,
And sit there every day.

"Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts,
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,
While Mary her patchwork sews;
At evening the three child-like prayers
Go up to God from these little chairs
So softly that no one knows.

"Johnny comes back from the billow deep;
Willie wakes up from the battle-field sleep
To say 'good-night' to me;
Mary's a wife and a mother no more,
But a tired child whose play-time is o'er,
And comes to rest at my knee.

"So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time when alone we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above
In our Savior's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."



The First Flight from the Nest.

In these summer days many young girls are happily and eagerly anticipating their first real departure from the shelter of the home and the brooding care of the mother, a flight from the nest full of importance and full of possibilities for the future. Mothers, too, are wistfully and tenderly regarding the daughters for whom they desire the broadening influences and the intellectual discipline which college life affords. These fast flying weeks, for the girl, the last of her childhood, for the mother, the last of her daily eye-to-eye and hand-to-hand watchfulness, are very sweet and sacred.

"What will college do for this girl of mine?" the mother asks, in the solitude of her own chamber, in the hallowed silence of her closet. And the twin question follows closely, "What shall this daughter of mine do for her college?" Reciprocal obligations and interchanged impressions are the order in our life as fellow-beings. We cannot be entirely independent, nor is it desirable that in social life on earth we should be. Probably to all eternity we will go on, mutually helpful, often modifying one another, growing by what we give, giving from soul to soul.

For the young girl who steps from her quiet home into a great world of a large college, the first lesson is perhaps a recognition of, in a certain sense, her personal insignificance. She is no longer a dictator to younger brothers and sisters, no longer even the first person thought of and considered, as in the household economy of an ordinary home the dear eldest girl is apt to be. One of a great number, she falls into line as the soldier on drill does, and presently she finds herself merging individual preferences and petty ambitions in the class feeling. She is of her class and for it, and insensibly she slips the sheath of home narrowness and unfolds like a bud into sweeter bloom. Next she becomes aware of certain things, strong and fine, but alien to her previous experience, for no young person can be admitted into a social environment to which North and South, East and West, send their representatives without learning that much of good exists beyond her former pale. Provincialisms drop off. The general speech becomes refined and homogeneous. The strength and sweetness of certain professors are infused into the very manner of the girls who study under them. Timid girls develop qualities of leadership hitherto unsuspected, and bolder spirits become gentler and less aggressive. The college does for its students very much more than it outlines in its catalogue. It carries them far on the road toward success in life, and not merely by teaching them the lore of the ages or the science of the period.

Does it seem a contradiction that the girl, at first conscious almost to the point of surprise that she counts for little, is able to do something definite for her



THE BUILDING OF THE NEST.

They'll come again to the apple tree
Robin and all the rest;
And the prettiest sight in the world will be
The building of the nest.

college, indeed cannot avoid doing something for it, the measure of accomplishment being the measure of her own character? To the college of her choice each new student brings all that her home has made her, and her influence is felt by



HOME FOLK WILL MISS HER.

all, not the less really that it is silent and imperceptible to the outward eye. No sincere girl carries her consistent Christian life to college without being a torch-bearer. No true-hearted, high-minded girl but impresses her noble ideals,

her pure thoughts, her singleness of aim on all the rest. Good has a vitality surpassing evil, and every mother who sends a sweet, pure, consecrated daughter from her own care to that of the college is sending a blessing to the mothers' daughters of the land.

We have arrived at the days, long familiar to youth of the other sex, when mothers and daughters belong to the *alumnæ* associations of colleges, and when a mother, taking her child to the dear scenes of her own girlish struggles and triumph, renews her pleasant memories of the past. None the less is the step from home to college a step to be prayerfully contemplated, though joyfully taken. God bless the dear girls who are soon to make it. From their ranks will be drawn the most influential women of the future.

Home-made Pleasures.

As often as possible let there be something going on at home. Get the young people together, and have a frolic. Keep up the birthday anniversaries. Let Julia and Kitty make candy, and let everybody help in the mixing and the eating. Here are some fine and tried receipts:

Chocolate Creams.—Get a certain kind of sugar called confectioner's sugar. It can be found at the baker's, perhaps at the grocer's. Beat the white of one egg stiff, then stir in sugar until it is stiff enough to knead with the hands. Mold into balls, and set them on the back of a tin waiter to stand for about a day. Steam some unsweetened chocolate over a tea-kettle, but do not put any water in. When melted put in two or three spoonfuls of sugar. (Do not melt much chocolate at a time, as it hardens very quickly.) Drop the balls in and take them out with a fork, so that the chocolate can drip off and not be too thick on the creams. Then place on the waiter again, and leave until the chocolate is dry on them, and when you eat them you will say they are delicious.

Chocolate Caramels.—Three pounds brown sugar, half pound of butter, half pound of chocolate scraped fine, one pint of cream or milk. Melt all these together with care, and boil twenty minutes or half an hour, stirring constantly. Just before taking off the fire, flavor with vanilla, and add a small cup of granulated sugar. Pour into a buttered tin. When partly cool, mark in pieces about an inch square.

Taffy.—Two cups of brown sugar, half cup of butter, four tablespoonfuls of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of water, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Boil fifteen minutes.

Chocolate Puffs.—Beat stiff the whites of two eggs, and beat in gradually one half pound of powdered sugar; scrape fine one and a half ounces of prepared

cocoa; dredge it with flour, mixing in the flour well. Add this gradually to the eggs and sugar. Stir the whole very hard. Cover the bottom of a pan with a sheet of white paper; place on it thin spots of powdered sugar about the size of half a dollar. Pile a portion of the chocolate mixture on top of each, smoothing with a knife wet in cold water, and sift a little sugar over each. Bake in a quick oven a few minutes. When cold loosen them from the paper with a broad knife.

When using New Orleans molasses for making caramels, or for chocolate icing, or for putting pop-corn balls together, bear this in mind—that there is great danger of cooking it too much before you realize it. It is safe to take it off the fire and set it on the hearth even while trying it in cold water, the short time required for that being long enough to spoil the effect you wish, by the molasses being too hard.

Lemon Candy.—To make lemon candy: take a pound of white sugar and a coffee-cup of water. Cook these over a slow fire; pour in a tablespoonful of hot vinegar. Remove the scum that rises. Try in cold water now and then to see if it will “thread” from the spoon; when it will, flavor with lemon and pour on a platter, which is buttered slightly. This may be marked in sticks or squares. Fruit or nuts may be stirred in just before the candy is poured out of the saucepan. Horehound and thoroughwort candy can be made of this by boiling the dried leaves in a little water and using in place of clear water.

Nut Candy.—An excellent rule for making nut candy is to take two pints of maple sugar, half a pint of water, or enough to dissolve the sugar and no more. Let this boil until it becomes brittle, when a little is “tried” in cold water. Butter some plates or tins, cover with nut meats, and pour the candy over them. Hickory nuts or butternuts are nicer with this than almonds or peanuts.

Peppermints.—Two cups of sugar, one half cup of water; boil five minutes. Flavor to taste with essence of peppermint; stir until thick, and drop on white paper, well-buttered.

Lemon Drops.—Strain the juice of three or four large lemons into a bowl, then mix powdered loaf sugar with it until it is quite thick. Put it in a pan, and let it boil for a few minutes, stirring it constantly. Drop it from the end of a spoon upon writing-paper, and when set, keep the drops in tin canisters until wanted for use.

Butter Taffy.—Ten tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls vinegar, and a lump of butter the size of a walnut.

Chocolate Taffy.—Two teacups of molasses, one of grated chocolate, one of sugar, one half tea-cup milk, piece of butter the size of an egg; boil slowly.

Butter Scotch.—One cup of sugar, one of water, and one quarter cup of butter. Boil until crisp, and then pour into buttered pans.



Cream Sticks.—Delicious candy is made by beating the white of one egg, and working in all the confectioner's sugar that you possibly can. Shape the candy in sticks and cover with melted chocolate, flavor the sugar with vanilla; instead of chocolate you may cover the sticks with grated cocoanut; in this case flavor with lemon.

Chocolate Drops.—Delicious chocolate drops are made by melting the chocolate, and dipping little pieces of pine-apple in it; canned pine-apple will of course answer.

White Candy.—One cup of granulated sugar, one pint of water, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Boil just as you do molasses candy, but do not stir it. You can tell when it is done by trying it in cold water. Pull as if it were molasses candy. Have a dish near by with some vanilla in it, and work in enough to flavor it as you pull. Put it in a cold room, and the next day you will have delicious candy. This is similar to the ice-cream candy, vinegar being used instead of cream of tartar.

Golden Rules for Boys and Girls.

1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Never shout, jump, or run, in the house.
3. Never call to persons up stairs, or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
4. Always speak kindly and politely to the servants, if you would have them do the same to you.
5. When told to do, or not to do, a thing by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
6. Tell of your own faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.
7. Carefully clean the mud or snow off your boots before entering the house.
8. Be prompt at every meal hour.
9. Never sit down at the table, or in the parlor, with dirty hands or tumbled hair.
10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.
12. Let your first, last, and best friend be your mother.





A Minister's Study.

That little home of warm-hearted piety, a star of strength and beauty, shines far out over the steep hill paths and snowy valleys of New England. It is set in the midst of a community where, as a rule, self-denial and honest self-respect prevail. A little house with a half-dozen rooms. One of these is the minister's study. I can see it as I write. There is a plain, well-worn desk near the window, on which, close to the pastor's hand, lie the Bible, the concordance, the small, brown covered Greek Testament and the big Unabridged Dictionary; the church hymn-book, with sheets of paper bearing notes for sermons and the several other evidences of toil and diligence which appertain to the minister's workshop. On the shelves which line the side between the window and the door books, large and small, stand in orderly rows. The minister's wife dusts them, and sometimes, when she has a half-hour to spare, drops into the low chair near the fire, where all her babies have been rocked to sleep, and reads a page from some favorite author. It rests her to look at the backs of the books, she says, even when she has not time to read them.

From that little study what influences go out into the parish and from the parish to the world! Around the church, with its white spire, and around the parsonage stretch worn, old fields which yield but meager harvests wrested from the ground by hardest labor. Thence the sturdy sons of the soil hasten in their early manhood to seek an easier life and golden gains in some crowded seaport or stirring inland town.

Before the boy leaves home, however, home has set her stamp upon him and impressed him with her indelible trade mark. He is alert, intelligent, ambitious and anxious to make the most of himself, and so he has taken many a problem and many a baffling question to the minister's house. He has borrowed the minister's books, the minister's library being generously at the disposal of those of the people who are book hungry, and he has gained many a little hint and useful suggestion from the minister's wife and daughter. The touch of social polish, ease of manner, quickness of repartee, the *savoir-faire*, which make the difference between awkwardness and grace of bearing, are often gained insensibly by lads who have had limited opportunities in a social way through this very intercourse with the minister and his family.

If, as is probable, the minister keeps in frequent communication with the world outside his parish, he brings its feeling of activity and its genial manner into his daily contact with his people, and they catch his spirit and tone. "Our



minister has taught us to shake hands," said a woman not long ago, alluding to a curiously reticent and undemonstrative village congregation. They were in truth a warm-hearted set, but they had not cultivated the gift of expression, and it was developed in them by the hearty and genial air of the young "Great-heart" who became their pastor.

Whoever has observed the preaching in country pulpits will bear witness that it is almost invariably thoughtful, devout and earnest. Often it is also eloquent and scholarly. From the gray-headed, brown-handed deacons who listen critically, yet sympathetically, to the presentation of gospel truths, to the bright girls and boys who wait after morning service to attend the Sunday School, no one fails to be affected in greater or less degree by the excellent preaching. I have been fed with the finest of the wheat in country churches so that certain summers among the hills live in most grateful memory. But it is as much to the minister's wife, who does no preaching, as to the good man himself that the

church at large owes a debt. In her thin hand she holds deftly the social threads which converge at the parsonage. It is she who cheers her husband in the hour of depression, the reaction after the fervor of preaching, when he fears he will never preach 'again, she who sends him forth to call on this and the other parishioner, reminds him of the visitor stopping at the doctor's, and the anxious time a neighbor is having over a son ill in a distant township. A college graduate herself, she keeps up certain studies, perhaps finds time to catalogue the flora or the birds of the neighborhood, and sets to the girls of the place an example of lovely, harmonious womanhood which it is well for them to see and to follow.

Let us not be slow to acknowledge our indebtedness to the country parsonage. Can we not in some thoughtful moment discover a way to brighten it?

Dress Considered as a Duty.



THEODORE CHILD, whose taste in dress and adornment was most fastidious and whose latest work, "Wimples and Crisping Pins," was an elaborate study of the coiffures of women during many centuries, held that "no modern woman wore ornaments enough." Thoroughly Oriental in his way of looking at the subject on which his pen dwelt lovingly, Mr. Child said many things which we, daughters of the Covenanters or the Puritans, cannot possibly accept. Between the jewelled and brocaded dames of Mr. Child's research and Pleasant Riderhood doing up her back hair there stretches a long space of neutral ground. We practical women, who read our Bibles every day, keep house with diligence

and dress with some degree of attention to the reigning mode, find plenty of opportunity for noting the effect of our dressing upon our own feelings and on the minds of our children and friends.

A glance at the women of our acquaintance shows that few are careless or slatternly. The day of keeping on an unbecoming chocolate-colored calico, minus a collar, from morning till night has gone by for the busiest of us. Stepping from the buttery to the dining-room the farmer's wife and daughters are neat and trim, and the town-bred woman in her working gown is equally natty and trig and

shorn of superfluous details. One might deprecate a certain mannishness visible in the vests and the shirt fronts and cravats of our girls as they go to the business office or the schoolroom, were it not that the bright eyes and soft bloom and braided hair set off the uncompromising tailor-made dress, so that its masculinity is condoned. Anyway, as a dear old lady remarked the other day: "This is the girl's own lookout, and certainly their dress is more sensible than that of their grandmothers' paper-soled shoes and low necks and the rest of it."

Readers of *Shirley* remember how Caroline and her friend went across the dew-wet fields the night the mill was burned in white gowns and slippers, with curls floating and catching in the brambles as they fled along. The contrast indicated is very marked. A writer of to-day would put her heroines into serge or cheviot, with thick boots, for such a tramp as that.

But to come to the gist of the matter. There is a moral influence exerted on us, quite insensibly, by the mere fact of our dressing well and appropriately. If we are arrayed as we should be, for an occasion of any description, we shall be freed from self-consciousness and able to enjoy more, and, therefore, we shall appear better than if our dress is inappropriate. Of course, the really great person is above such a consideration. I heard a case in point not long ago. To some splendid function a crowd of professional men were invited. All came in evening dress, as was proper. The solitary exception to this was a gentleman who had on a rough traveling suit with a red tie. My informant said, however, that he was entirely at his ease and made a brilliant after-dinner speech. The man in rough-and-ready clothes was an eminent surgeon, famed throughout the whole country. He had unexpectedly arrived in the city and was passing through it when he was captured by friends. His presence in a mackintosh would have been thought an honor, and he, being a sensible man, went dressed as he was, and gave pleasure and received it.

In the home it is worth while always to make some change in our dress when the work of the day is over. The husband likes to see his wife daintily attired; the children enjoy it and behave better because "mammina has on a pretty gown," and the woman herself feels toned up and encouraged to undertake her tasks with greater alacrity. Bathing and brushing and possibly a nap precede the careful afternoon toilet, and the whole atmosphere is enlivened by the effort which has been made to present an attractive appearance in our little world. Why, I have seen a baby stop crying and laugh with pleasure when somebody held out her arms to him and he saw a pretty ribbon at her neck!



Entering Into the Cloud.

It must always be a part of the loving discipline which God's children are called to endure in this training school of the earthly life that they now and then enter into the cloud. Sometimes there is a long period of sunshine undimmed by any shadow, sometimes the soul mounts as if winged into the very ether around the throne, but alike in the experience of the household and of the individual there comes a day of entering into the cloud.

The cloud is not invariably the same, nor is it always a tangible shape of disaster or calamity. Rather it is in its nature variable, subtle, difficult to define, a foreboding, a presage or an apprehension based upon clearly defined conditions.

When there came to you a day in which you understood at last what the kind doctor meant when he counseled rest and change for your dear one, promising, however, no permanent cure, when you knew at last the full significance of that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, then, dear friend, you entered into the cloud. It was Belle, or Eva, or Mary on whose cheek the fatal rose bloomed in solemn beauty, and night and day, as they succeeded one another, were bringing the hour when that rose glow should fade to lily pallor, and you were aware of it; and thus you entered into the cloud.

Far worse, worse beyond the power of imagination to measure, was the cloud which fell upon a lovely woman's life, when suddenly she discovered that the young husband whom she honored and trusted as the synonym of all that was noble and upright had yielded to temptation, robbed his employers and fled from justice. As she held her baby boy to her breast, and he laughed in her face with eyes and lips like his father's, that wounded one entered into the cloud.

When disgrace came upon a name that had been held beyond reproach for generations, disgrace through the wrong-doing of a son of the house, there was the entrance into the cloud for one and all connected with the unhappy youth who had erred. No trouble is so difficult to bear as trouble which comes hand in hand with shame. No calamity compares with a blow to honor. God help those who in their own persons or vicariously enter into this cloud! But, ever, there is an upper side to the cloud which infolds you, if you are God's child. You shall be lifted high over every apprehension, you shall be comforted in every tribulation, you shall be sustained in the "breaking gulfs of sorrow," because God is in the cloud with you.

In the strong daylight of prosperity you could not see His face. Perhaps He sought to reveal Himself to you when all around was gladness, and you were too much occupied, too pre-engaged, to notice the tokens of His presence. But, out of the cloud, He will speak to you; in the midst of it you shall behold One like unto the Son of Man, and great peace shall fill your soul.

The Thankful Spirit.

A perfunctory way of offering thanks is a snare into which most of us easily fall. For example, take one of our commonest devotional actions, the saying of grace at meals. Do we always bring to that daily act of worship our full attention, our reverent thoughtfulness, our entire and hearty union of sentiment and aspiration? In family prayer and in church, where the pastor speaks for the whole assembly, and even in our closets, are we not occasionally shocked to find



THE JOY OF THE HOUSE.

that we are giving merely a superficial attention, that of habit and of routine, to what we are saying to God?

If this be so in our experience, it becomes worth our while to ask whether or not the thankful spirit can be cultivated. Does it gain, as wealth gains, in the wise using? May it be increased by watchfulness, by solicitude, by seeking opportunities for its exercise? And, on the other hand, may it be atrophied by constant neglect, so that after a while the very capacity for thankfulness may be gone, and the withered soul receive and receive with never an impulse to gratitude?

Strangely enough, the people of whom one would extract the most outward and visible expressions of thankfulness to God for His goodness are not the

readiest in this direction. Your neighbor who has lost a dear child, your friend who is racked with pain, your acquaintance whose ships never come in, will seize upon an occasion for thanksgiving much more eagerly, as a rule, than the other on whom fortune has smiled, whose home has known no break, whose health is unimpaired. Of course this is not invariably the case. There are happy exceptions. But, generally speaking, it is true of each of us that

Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

The dark and cloudy day, the bitter cup remind us of our need of the Father and of His readiness to help in our need. We are brought in touch with the divine when our human extremity makes us clasp and cling to the everlasting strength. And then, realizing how we have been saved, how we have been pulled through when our own strength was weakness, we put on "beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

It is a wonderful thing, and a sweet beyond description, to be always thankful. Old Matthew Henry, in his quaint fashion, once observed that thanksgiving at its best was thanks-living. "My husband," I heard a lady remark, "feels thankful all the while; I only know that I ought to feel so." To know how one ought to feel is one great step forward, but to live ever in the atmosphere—the pure, sweet, exalted atmosphere—of thankfulness is much more.

Our beautiful national custom of setting apart a day for thanksgiving annually must never be suffered to fall into desuetude. The home day, when the clans gather and rally, when bearded men, having traveled for days, arrive breathless and eager at the old threshold to keep Thanksgiving among kith and kin, when troops of grandchildren surround the old table, when all the land is thrilled and moved because of the great feast—this day is so peculiarly our very own that we must always hold it dear. Its religious and its social character should continue to be interchangeable, and the consecration to God should but make the separateness of its home joys the more precious.

Thankful in spirit, yes, we may be this, though we have our private and personal griefs, our hours of loneliness. Then to comfort some one else may be our best consolation, to uplift some bowed-down soul our own signal for exaltation.





Where Two Ways Meet.

One day last summer you went for a drive. You were away from home and you did not know the country very well, and, naturally, when you arrived at a point on the road where it branched off in two opposite directions, you were much puzzled which way to turn. Both roads invited. This might lead to a beautiful view, or to the nearest village; the other might take you to the sea, or might abruptly lose itself in an old farm lane. Right of way seemed equally yours and guidepost there was none.

Often in life we meet experiences similar to this. We arrive at a point where we do not know how to decide on our future course. Two or more paths are open, but we do not know which we would better take and we fear to make a mistake, because a mistake will involve more than ourselves in its inevitable train of consequences.

It would be less complex always if we were not so interdependent. But what I do in Brooklyn to-day may set in motion a series of events which will affect Ethel in San Francisco, John in Drury, Rebecca in St. Augustine, Lettie in far-off Manitoba. A word that you speak, a step that you take, may keep on in its influence, never stopping there, till its last receding ripple breaks on the shore of the jasper sea.

Twenty-five years ago a boy came to a young married friend with a question of conscience. He did not know how to decide it. There were urgent reasons why he should enter on a business life immediately, and there was an imperious desire impelling him to undertake a long and self-denying struggle to obtain a liberal education. The young woman gave the lad the counsel that was put into her heart for him. To-day he is a successful pastor, preaching by voice and pen to a multitude, and especially stimulating and helpful to young men. Where two ways met, he was guided into the path of the larger opportunity, the more abundant blessing.

Many of us are always impatient of indecision. We cannot endure the stress of inaction. Any course, we think, is preferable to doing nothing. Yet at times we are absolutely hedged in by obstacles, so that, for the moment, our strength is literally to sit still. Sometimes we must lie fallow. Our intellectual and spiritual nature demands repose. At such periods the decision between this or that path is taken out of our hands. We can only await the hour of returning vigor. "Tarry thou the Lord's leisure," is for the day the form of our marching orders.

But again there dawns the day when we must decide on some positive, definite course, and abide by our decision. We pray for light, for a divine intimation, for the fulfillment of the promise, "Thou shalt hear a voice behind thee, saying, *This is the way!*" And, having prayed and resolved, we act. We accept the

offered position, or we seek the new employment. We leave the place where we have been engaged; we start on the proposed journey; we adopt the little child



TIRED OUT.

from the orphan asylum; we allow ourselves to be pledged to support the enterprise concerning which we were in doubt; we take hold of the work which comes to us.

This secret of personal piety, this closeness to Jesus, makes the difference between the Christian whose light is a steady glow or his which burns only like a feeble taper, scarcely noticed in the daytime. Wherever there is the warm, steady,



BABY'S BREAKFAST.

unbroken fervor of love, there is power which makes itself felt, and in some measure all who approach the earnest, vitalized man or woman are affected and drawn to that which has shown the divine in the human shape, the life which conquers death.

Something of that loveliness of God in man which made Jesus of Nazareth the magnet for the sorrowful, the sinful and the sick, while He walked up and down Judea, should live and shine in every one of us, His disciples. Is not Christ dwelling in us, and our life hidden with His? Does He not speak through us? Are we not living epistles?

In our times of introspection, which we greatly need unless we are always on that high plane which is above self-examination, it may be well for us to ask, What hinders our growth in goodness? "The kingdom of heaven is within you," said the Master. If we do not know for ourselves the abiding peace and blessedness of this kingdom there is a reason. What can it be? Are we cherishing a wrong temper, cold, resentful, unforgiving, toward somebody who has been unkind to us, possibly to whom we have been unkind? Are we doing violence to conscience by engaging in some business pursuit, or phase of business, which we feel called upon to blush for, which directly or indirectly infringes God's law? Are we negligent of prayer? Are we dishonorable in any transaction? Is there some sin which we secretly tolerate, some tendency which we would not willingly admit, yet which fetters our freedom and acts as a clog in the race?

Our Bibles, do we study them, and is prayer the atmosphere in which we dwell? Are we giving of our substance in the right proportion, making our liberality an offering to our Master, not grudgingly sparing as little as we decently can?

These and similar inquiries will occur to us as we go over the ground which introspection suggests. But let them not dismay nor crush us, since, after all, our main duty is, "forgetting the things that are behind, to press forward." Whoever hears and obeys the word of the Lord, however brought to his ear, will receive the benediction and be made victorious.

If we have failed in the past, no matter. The past is with our gracious and forgiving Master. From this moment, at this point, taking up this present duty, putting down this temptation, breaking the chains of this particular sin, Christ bids us go forward. By all means let us try to do this without worry. A great deal of force is wasted by those who simply repent and regret and grieve, but who do not believe and work. In the sweetest, most hallowed life work and trust go hand in hand and can never be divorced. Trusting, loving, denying self, taking up the cross, aspiring, hoping, we press toward the heaven above, which to one and all will only be in continuance the kingdom of heaven that is within us here.

Happy Times at Home.

Games and Innocent Recreations.

The Comic Concert.—In this performance the company for the time imagine themselves to be a band of musicians. The leader of the band is supposed to furnish each of the performers with a different musical instrument. Consequently, a violin, a harp, a flute, an accordeon, a piano, a jew's-harp, and any thing else that would add to the noise, are all to be performed upon at the same time. Provided with an instrument of some description himself, the leader begins playing a tune on his imaginary violoncello, or whatever else it may be, imitating the real sound as well as he can both in action and voice. The others all do the same, the sight presented being, as may well be imagined, exceedingly ludicrous, and the noise almost deafening. In the midst of it, the leader quite unexpectedly stops playing, and makes an entire change in his attitude and tone of voice, substituting for his own instrument one belonging to some one else. As soon as he does this, the performer who has been thus unceremoniously deprived of his instrument takes that of his leader, and performs on it instead. Thus the game is continued; every one being expected to carefully watch the leader's actions, and to be prepared at any time for making a sudden change.

Consequences.—The old-fashioned game of consequences is so well known that there are, doubtless, few people who are not thoroughly acquainted with it. It is played in the following manner: Each person is first provided with half a sheet of note paper and a lead pencil. The leader of the game then requests that (1) one or more adjectives may be written at the top of each paper by its owner, and that, having done so, the paper may be folded down about half an inch, so as to conceal what has been written. Every one then passes the paper to the right-hand neighbor, and proceeds to write on the sheet that has just been given him by his left-hand neighbor, (2) the name of a gentleman, again folding the paper down and passing it on to the right. Then (3) one or more adjectives are written; then (4) a lady's name; next (5) where they met; next (6) what he gave her; next (7) what he said to her; next (8) what she said to him; next (9) the consequences; and lastly (10) what the world said about it.

Every time anything is written the paper must be turned down and passed on to the right. As soon as every one has written what the world said the papers



SOARING HIGH.

are collected, and the leader will edify the company by reading them all aloud. The result will be something of this kind, or, perhaps, something even more absurd may be produced—"The happy energetic (1) Mr. Simpkins (2) met the modest (3) Miss Robinson (4) in the Thames Tunnel, (5) He gave her a sly glance, (6) and said to her, 'Do you love the moon?' (7) She replied, 'Not if I know it.' (8) The consequence was they sang a duet, (9) and the world said, 'Wonders never cease.' " (10)

Crambo (1).—Two pieces of paper, unlike both in size and color, are given to each person. On one of them a noun must be written, and on the other a question. Two gentlemen's hats must then be called for, into one of which the nouns must be dropped, and into the other the questions, and all well shuffled. The hats must then be handed round, until each person is supplied with a question and a noun. The thing now to be done is for each player to write an answer in rhyme to the question he finds written on the one paper, bringing in the noun written on the other paper.

Sometimes the questions and the nouns are so thoroughly inapplicable to each other, that it is impossible to produce any thing like sensible poetry. The player need not trouble about that, however, for the more nonsensical the rhyme the greater the fun. Sometimes players are fortunate enough to draw from the hats both noun and question that may be easily linked together. A question once drawn was—"Why do summer roses fade?" The noun drawn was butterfly, so that the following rhyme was easily concocted:

Summer roses fade away
The reason why I cannot say,
Unless it be because they try
To cheat the pretty butterfly."



Crambo (2).—One player leaves the room, while the rest take their places in a circle. They select a word and call the guesser in. He is then told a word that rhymes with the one chosen, and he then goes on to guess, by describing without naming, other words to rhyme till he arrives at the right one. For example, the word chosen is Play. The guesser goes round the circle and asks each in turn a question, the answer giving the word he has thought of. He is told that the word chosen rhymes with Say. "Is it the poet's month?" "No; it is not May." "Is it a road to anywhere?" "No; it is not way." And so on, till he ends in guessing rightly, when the last speaker leaves the room, while another word is selected to tax his ingenuity. This is a good game, but Dumb Crambo, in which the words are acted, is a funnier and more lively pastime.

Dumb Crambo, or Acting Rhymes.—After dividing the company into two equal parts, one half leaves the room; in their absence the remaining players fix upon a verb, to be guessed by those who have gone out when they return. As soon as the word is chosen, those outside the room are told with what word it rhymes. A consultation ensues, when the absent ones come in and silently act the word they think may be the right one. Supposing the verb thought of should have rhymed with Sell, the others might come in and begin felling imaginary trees with imaginary hatchets, but on no account uttering a single syllable. If Fell were the right word, the spectators, on perceiving what the actors were attempting to do, would clap their hands, as a signal, that the word had been discovered. But if Tell or any other word had been thought of, the spectators would begin to hiss loudly which the actors would know indicated that they were wrong, and that nothing remained for them but to try again. The rule is that, while the acting is going on, the spectators as well as the actors should be speechless. Should any one make a remark, or even utter a single syllable, a forfeit must be paid.

Dwarf.—Just as absurd and ridiculous as the representation of the Giant (elsewhere explained) is that of the Dwarf, and to those who have never before seen it performed, the picture is certainly a most bewildering one. The wonderful phenomenon is produced in the following manner: On a table in front of the company the Dwarf makes his appearance, his feet being the hands of one of the two gentlemen who have undertaken to manage the affair. His head is the property of the same gentleman, while his hands belong to the other gentleman, who thrust them over the shoulders of his companion to take the place of those that are being made to act as feet. Stockings and shoes are, of course, put on these artificial feet, and the little figure is dressed up as well as can be managed, in order to hide the comical way in which the portions of the two individuals are united. For this purpose a child's pinafore will be found as suitable as any thing else. A third person generally takes part in the proceedings as exhibitor, and

comes forward to introduce his little friend, perhaps as Count Borowlaski, the Polish dwarf, who lived in the last century, and who was remarkable for his intelligence and wit. This little creature was never more than three feet high, although he lived to be quite old. He was also very highly accomplished, and played on the guitar quite proficiently. Or he might be introduced as Nicholas Ferry, the famous French dwarf, who was so small that when he was taken to church to be christened his mother made a bed for him in her sabot, and so comfortable was he in it that for the first six months of his life it was made to serve as a cradle for the little fellow. Sense or nonsense may be improvised on the spot, and made use of in order to render the exhibition a success.

The Stage-Coach.—Now for a really stirring game, provided that in the party a few energetic, lively, young people are to be found. Many a hearty laugh has been heard from big people, as well as little ones, while the stage-coach has rattled along through the rain and snow and sunshine round the drawing-room table. The leader tells every one to assume a name connected in some way with a stage coach. Any of the four wheels, the horses, the bridle, the whip, the windows, the cushions, any of the passengers, or numerous other things, may be chosen. The objects selected are generally written down on paper, linked with the name of each owner, unless it be that the leader can trust to his memory without any such assistance. He then begins his narrative, which must be as lively and ridiculous as possible, telling how the stage-coach started, where from, where it was going, how many passengers there were, what they were like, and so on. The narrator will find that one thing suggests others to his mind; the difficulty will probably be to narrate every incident that occurred as the conveyance rolled along. We must not forget to say that the greatest part of the fun consisting in the jumping up, twirling round, and changing seats, that have to be done while the narrative is proceeding. The names assumed by the company are mentioned as frequently as possible, each of whom must recognize the call by rising from his seat, turning round, and then sitting down again. When the stage-coach itself is mentioned by any one, all must change places, the person left without a seat being called upon for a forfeit.



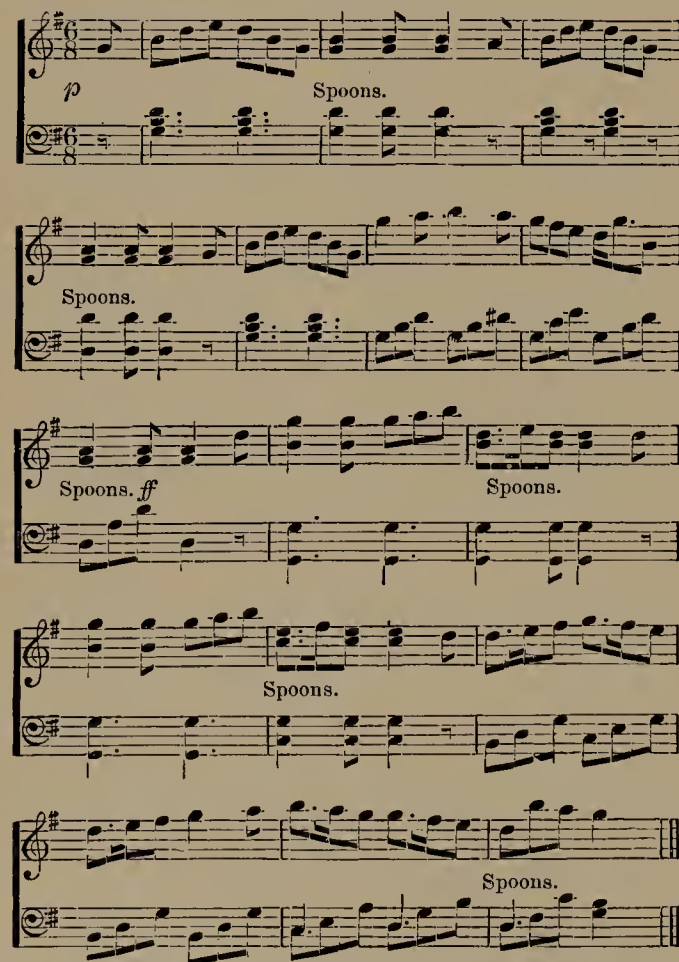


THE HORSE HAS LOST A SHOE.

Buff with the Wand.—Blind Man's Buff is so time-honored and popular with young and old, that one would think it impossible to devise a better game of the kind. The newer game of Buff with the Wand, however, is thought by many to be superior to the long-established favorite. The blind person with a stick in his hand, is placed in the middle of the room. The remainder of the party form a ring by joining hands, and to the music of a merry tune which should be played on the piano they all skip round him. Occasionally the music should be made to stop suddenly, when the blind man takes the opportunity of lowering his wand upon one of the circle. The person thus made the victim is then required to take hold of the stick until his fate is decided. The blind man then makes any absurd noise he likes, either the cry of animals, or street cries, which the captive person

must imitate, trying as much as possible to disguise his own natural voice. Should the blind man detect who holds the stick, and guess rightly, he is released from his post, the person who has been caught taking his place. If not, he must still keep the bandage on his eyes, and hope for better success next time.

Spoon Music.—A very good effect may be produced in the following manner: The performers who are to assist in the entertainment must each be provided with a wine-glass and a spoon. The accompanying air (or other) is then played over, and when the pianist arrives at the passages marked *spoons*, each glass is to be touched lightly on the edge with the spoon. By way of variety, the second time the air is played clapping of hands may take the place of the spoons; and the third time whistling may be



adopted. The fourth time a good hearty laugh from every one will sound well, after which the game may begin again with the spoons. The idea suggested may, of course, be carried out still further. Any air may be selected, the playing

of which may be interspersed at suitable intervals, by the jingling of spoons, laughing, and whistling.

If done with delicacy it is astonishing what a pleasing effect may be produced, especially if the wine-glasses provided be of thin glass. In the hands of adepts at the game, the glass will be in no danger of being broken, because the more gentle the touch the greater will be the success achieved; nothing is needed but clear, gentle ringing notes, sounded in harmony.

Cross Questions and Crooked Answers.—This is a pleasant game, that may be enjoyed while sitting in a circle round the fire. The person at either end, who is honored by commencing the game, must, in a whisper, ask a question of the player sitting next to him, taking care to remember the answer he receives, and also the question he himself asked. The second player must then do likewise, and so on, until every one in the party has asked a question and received an answer. The last person, of course, being under the necessity of receiving the answer to his question from the first person. Every one must say aloud what was the question put to him, and what was the answer he received to the question he asked—the two together, of course, making nothing but nonsense, something like the following:

Q. Who is your favorite author?

A. Beans and Bacon.

Q. Were you ever in love?

A. Cricket, decidedly.

Q. Are you an admirer of Oliver Cromwell?

A. Mark Twain.

Q. Why is a cow like an oyster?

A. Many a time.

Another way of playing this game is for one person to stand outside the circle; then, when all the whispering is finished, to come forward and ask a question of each person, receiving for his replies the answers they all had given to the questions they asked each other. Or what is, perhaps, a still better plan, both questions and answers may be written on different colored paper, and then, after being shuffled, may be read aloud by the leader of the game.



Capping Verses.—This game is not unlike one that is elsewhere described as "Mixed-up Poetry." Every one at the table is supplied with a sheet of paper and a pencil, at the top of which is written by each player a line of poetry either original or from memory. The paper must then be folded down so as to conceal what has been written, and passed on to the right; at the same time the neighbor to whom it is passed must be told what is the last word written in the concealed line. Every one must then write under the folded paper a line to rhyme with the line above, being ignorant, of course, of what it is. Thus the game is carried on, until the papers have gone once or twice round the circle, when they can be opened and read aloud.

Charades.—Although the acting of charades is by no means an amusement of very recent invention, it is one that may be always so thoroughly attractive, according to the amount of originality displayed, that most young people, during an evening's entertainment, hail with glee the announcement that a charade is about to be acted. It is not necessary that any thing great should be attempted in the way of dressing, scenery, or similar preparations. Nothing is needed beyond a few old clothes, shawls, and hats, and a few clever, bright, intelligent young people, all willing to employ their best energies in contributing to the amusement of their friends.

The word charade derives its name from the Italian word *Schiarare*—to unravel or to clear up. The simplest charades, that require little if any previous preparation, are apt to furnish the most amusement. A little practice makes one quite expert in getting up charades, and the success of one or two good ones will suggest others equally bright. We give a few simple ones that can be done by any body and almost anywhere.

A man or boy enters with his hat on his head. Man-hat-tan.

An axe with several potatoes on it. Commen-tators on Acts.

A gentleman enters. He is greeted by one of the performers with the salutation, "How do you do, doctor?" The answer is, Met-a-physician. And here is another that is somewhat newer. One says, "How do you do, Doc?" and the other says the same. This makes them of course, A par-a-dox.

Let several of the youngsters lie down on the floor quite near each other. Cover them with a sheet. When the door is opened, or the curtain drawn, let them begin to snore, and the audience will be some time in guessing that this is Sheet Music.

A lady dressed in gray enters, takes up some article of food and begins eating. In-gra-ti-ate.

Several come in, one after the other, and pat the table that stands in full view of the audience. Can you guess it? It is In-com-pat-ible.

A young lady enters with a mitt on one hand; looks diligently around for the mate; finds it and puts it on with an air of satisfaction. She passes out and

another party enters in a long cloak and staff, on which he leans; a hat with slouching brim, and a long beard of white wool or horsehair, complete the costume. The answer is Her-mit.

We give a few easy words suitable for acting: Patchwork, Broomstick, Penitent, Watchman, Bookworm, Bracelet, Cupboard, Handsome, Necklace, Nightmare, Penmanship, Parsonage, Spinster, Welcome, Workmanship, Youthful.

The Baby Elephant.—A very good imitation of a Baby Elephant can be got up by two or three of the company, who are willing to spend a little time and trouble in making the necessary preparations. In the first place, a large gray shawl or rug must be found, as closely resembling the color of an elephant as possible. On this a couple of flaps of the same material must be sewn, to represent the ears, and also two pieces of marked paper for the eyes. No difficulty will be found in finding tusks, which may consist of cardboard or stiff white paper, rolled up tightly, while the trunk may be made of a piece of gray flannel also rolled up. The body of the dear little creature is then constructed by means of two performers, who stand one behind the other, each with his body bent down, so as to make the backs of both one long surface, the one in front holding the trunk, while the one behind holds the tusks, one in each hand. The shawl is thrown over them both, when the result will be a figure very much resembling a young elephant. When all is complete the services of a third performer should be enlisted to undertake the post of keeper to the elephant. If the person chosen for this capacity has great inventive faculties the description given by him may be made to add greatly to the amusement of the scene.

The Bird-Catcher.—One of the party is chosen to be the bird-catcher. The rest fix upon some particular bird whose voice they can imitate when called upon, the owl being the only bird forbidden to be chosen. Then sitting in order round the room, with their hands on their knees, they listen to the story their master has to tell them. The Bird-Catcher begins by relating some incident in which the feathered tribe take a very prominent position, but particularly those birds represented by the company. Each one, as the name of the bird he has chosen is mentioned, utters the cry peculiar to it, never for a moment removing his hands from his knees. Should the owl be referred to, however, every one is expected to place his hands behind him, and to keep them there until the name of another bird has been mentioned, when he must, as before, place them on his knees. During the moving of the hands, if the Bird-Catcher can succeed in securing a hand, the owner of it must pay a forfeit and also change places with the Bird-Catcher.

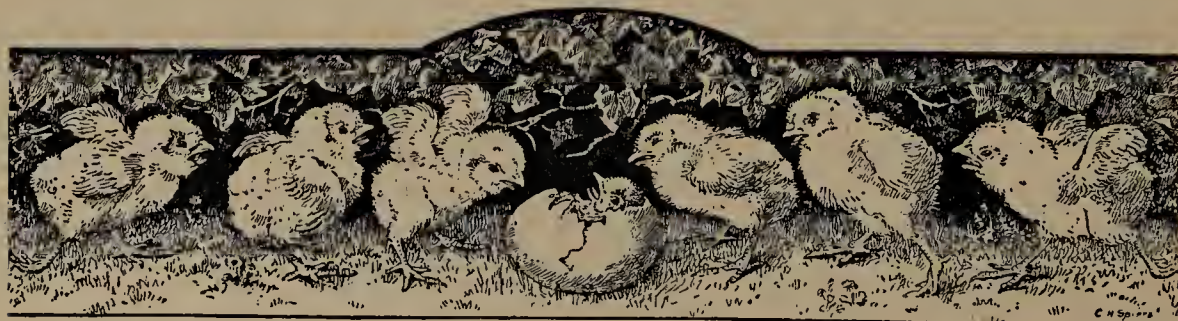
We must not forget to observe that when the leader, or Bird-Catcher, as he is called, refers in his narrative to "all the birds in the air," all the players are to utter at the same time the cries of the different birds they represent.

Blind Postman.—In this game the first thing to be done is to appoint a postmaster-general and a postman. The table must then be pushed on one side, so that when the company have ranged themselves round the room there may be plenty of room to move about. The postmaster-general, with paper and pencil in hand, then goes around the room and writes down each person's name, linking with it the name of the town that the owner of the name chooses to represent. As soon as the towns are chosen, and all are in readiness, the postman is blindfolded and placed in the middle of the room. The postmaster then announces that a letter has been sent from one town to another, perhaps from London to Edinburgh. If so, the representatives of these two cities must stand up and, as silently as possible, change seats. While the transition is being made the postman is at liberty to secure one of the seats for himself. If he can do so, then the former occupant of the chair must submit to be blindfolded and take upon himself the office of postman.

Adjectives.—A sheet of paper and a pencil are given to the players, upon which each is requested to write five or six adjectives. In the meantime one of the company undertakes to improvise a little story, or, which will do quite as well, is provided with some short narrative from a book.

The papers are then collected and the story is read aloud, the reader of the same substituting for the original adjectives those supplied by the company on their papers, placing them without any regard to sense, in the order in which they have been received.

The result will be something of this kind: "The sweet heron is a bird of a hard shape, with a transparent head and an agitated bill set upon a hopeful neck. Its picturesque legs are put far back in its body, the feet and claws are false and the tail very new-fangled. It is a durable, distorted bird, unsophisticated in its movements, with a blind voice, and tender in its habits. In the mysterious days of falconry the places where the heron bred were counted almost shy, the bird was held to be serious game, and slight statutes were enacted for its preservation," and so on.



Blowing Out the Candle.—No end of merriment has frequently been created by this simple, innocent game. It is equally interesting to old people and to little children, for in many cases those who have prided themselves on the accuracy of their calculating powers and the clearness of their mental vision have found themselves utterly defeated in it. A lighted candle must be placed on a small table at one end of the room, with plenty of walking space left clear in front of it. One of the company is invited to blow out the flame blindfold. Should any one volunteer he is placed exactly in front of the candle, while the bandage is being fastened on his eyes, and told to take three steps back, turn round three steps, then take three steps forward and blow out the light. No directions could sound more simple. The opinion that there is nothing in it has often been expressed by those who have never seen the thing done. Not many people, however, are able to manage it—the reason why you young people will soon find out, if you decide to give the game a fair trial.

The Artists' Menagerie.—A pencil and a piece of paper of moderately good size are given to the players, each of whom is requested to draw on the top of the sheet a head of some description, it may be a human head or that of an animal, either bird, beast, or fish. As soon as each sketch is finished the paper must be folded back, and passed to the left-hand neighbor, no one on any account looking at the drawing under the fold. The body of something must next be drawn. As before, it may be either a human body or that of any animal, and the papers must then be again folded and passed to the left. Lastly, a pair of legs must be added, or it may be four legs, the number will depend upon the animal depicted. The productions all being complete, they are opened and passed round to the company, who will be edified by seeing before them some very ridiculous specimens of art—see our illustrations, for instance. The dotted lines in the figures show where the papers was folded back, as each “artist” finished his work.



The Resting Wand.—It is necessary in playing the Resting Wand that at least two people should be acquainted with the mystery attached to it, and that they should make an arrangement with each other beforehand to understand each other's movements. One of these two persons is blindfolded and placed with his back to the company, while his companion, with a staff in his hand, stands facing

them. The latter of the two then begins an animated conversation with his friends, trying when talking to them to make frequent mention of their names. Stopping occasionally, he touches some one with the wand, saying at the same time to his friend, who is blindfolded; "On whom does the wand rest?" Strangers to the game will not all at once perceive that the wand is always made to rest on the person who was the last but one to speak, and that is on account of this arrangement that the blinded person is able to mystify his friends by answering correctly the question, "On whom does the wand rest?"

Retsch's Outlines.—To those at all skilled artistically great fun may be extracted in the following manner: Each person must be provided with a piece of paper and



a pencil. Upon every paper the owner then scribbles a crooked or straight line of any description and passes it on to the right-hand neighbor. All are then expected to make the line on their paper the foundation for a little picture of some kind; and although very often the results are exceedingly absurd, it is possible on the other hand for pretty little sketches to be thus produced. The original outlines must be drawn very thickly to distinguish it from the rest of the figure, as in the wood-cut.

A Word Game.—A box of common letters is required for this game. The players sit round a table, and one letter is placed in the centre. Some one then draws (without looking) another letter from the box; if this letter with the one in the pool form a word, he takes both, and draws again. The letter now drawn, added to those on the table, may make a longer word, in which case he will continue drawing. If, however, it does not, he must put it in the pool, and pass the box to the next player. Sometimes a player may draw, or see in a pool, a letter which might be added to any of his companions' words, in which case he may take them for himself. Supposing, for instance, that the word "in" is on the table, the letter "k" in the pool, and that a player draws a "g," he may then take the "k" from the pool, and with the "in" of the other player form "king." Sometimes a player may discover a whole word in the pool, and if so he may take it, but not until it is his turn. Whoever first gets six words wins the game.

The Telescopic Giant.—Another method, besides that already described of making a giant, is to fasten a hat to the top of a broom or a long stick, and then a

little below the hat to fix a small hoop to form the shoulders. A very long mantle of some description must then be firmly fastened on as gracefully as possible, under which a gentleman, the taller the better, must take his post, holding in his hand the stick. As may be imagined, the result is exceedingly ridiculous, owing to the giant being able to make himself tall or short, as it may suit his inclination. At one moment he may shoot himself out to a great height, then become quite small, chattering and gesticulating all the time, to make the affair more comical.

An Amusement.—Very pretty designs may be obtained by writing a name on a fold of paper, doubling it, and rubbing it together, while still wet, with a paper knife. First fold your paper, then write rapidly, *with a soft pen*, the name you choose, on the crease; fold the paper again and rub it very hard.

The Game of Planting.—Each player in turn says, "I planted such a person or thing, and it came up such a tree, flower, or vegetable." Latin or scientific names are of course of little or no use in this game: but a knowledge of plants and their virtues will add much to the amusement of the circle, as well as an aptness for punning to make such names available. A few specimens are given to start the game with spirit.

ADA. I planted a scotch terrier, and it came up *ratsbane*.

EDITH. I planted a dunce, and he came up *beet*.

VIOLET. I planted a village belle, and she came up *queen of the meadow*.

PHILIP. I planted a Lord Mayor, and he came up *London Pride*.

FANNY. I planted a good housekeeper, and there came up *thrift*.

CHARLES. I planted a truce, and there came up a *white flag*.

LOUISA. I planted Father Ignatius, and there came up *monkshood*.

ADA. (Second time round.) I planted a schoolmaster, and he came up *cane*.

EDITH. I planted a studious young lady, and she came up *bluebell*.

PHILIP. I planted a dandy, and he came up *cockscorn*.

FANNY. I planted a government appointment, and there came up a small *celery*.

We add a few more examples for the use of young players.

I PLANTED	AND IT CAME UP
The sea shore	A beech.
Jealousy	Yellow flag.
A white satin shoe	Ladies' slipper.
Wisdom	Sage.
Beauty's abhorrence	The crowfoot.
Folly	Rue.
A good conscience	Heartsease.

Proverbs.—One of the company who is to guess the proverb leaves the room; the remaining players fix upon some proverb, such as "All is not gold that glitters," "Birds of a feather flock together," "A miss is as good as a mile," etc. A proverb being chosen, the words are distributed in rotation through the company, and each player must, in the answer he gives to any question, bring in the

word which he received. We will suppose the proverb, "Train up a child in the way he should go," to have been chosen. The first person will receive the word *train*; the second *up*; the third, *a*; the fourth, *child*, and so on. The person who has gone out is now called in and begins his questions with the first player, something in the following manner: *Q.* Have you been out to-day? *A.* No; I must *train* myself to like walking better than I do. He turns to the second player. *Q.* Are you a good marksman? *A.* No; I gave it *up* some time ago. The third player has an easy task to bring in the word *a*, but the fourth, with the word *child*, finds his task more difficult. *Q.* Are you fond of reading? *A.* Any *child* might answer that question. Now, the guesser, if he be a sharp reasoner, will see that this answer is evasive, and only given to bring in the word *child*. He will perhaps guess the proverb at once, but if he is a cautious person he will go on and finish the round of questions before committing himself by a guess, for he is allowed only three guesses. If he succeeds in guessing the proverb, he has to point out the person whose answer first set him on the right track, who must then pay a forfeit, and go out in his turn to guess.

The Orator.—A manager is elected, who invites the guests to come and hear Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Elvarts, or some other distinguished orator. It requires two to deliver the oration. The one who is to speak puts his arms behind his back; a shorter friend (well concealed by the window curtains) passes his arms round the speaker's waist, and supplies with his own the latter's want of hands. He is then to gesticulate to his friend's words, and the fun of the performance consists in the singular inappropriateness of the action to the speech, the invisible gesticulator making the orator absurd by his gestures. A table placed before the speaker, and a good arrangement of the curtains, makes the illusion very perfect. The speaker must be able to keep his countenance, as his gravity is likely to be severely taxed by his friend's pantomimical illustration of his speech.



Pairs.—Great fun may be extracted out of this game, and it is admirably adapted to boys who, as most of us know, seem to take an immense delight in making each other appear ridiculous. Each gentleman is requested to choose a partner for himself. Should ladies be among the company, it is needless to say that the game will be all the more interesting, especially if there be a sufficient number to provide a lady for each gentleman. One gentleman alone, who personates a lawyer, walks up and down the room in front of the various couples, asking questions of any one he pleases. The answers to his questions must be answered, however, not by the person addressed, but by his or her partner. It may, therefore, be easily imagined what inappropriate replies may be given. For instance, the lawyer may ask a lady what is her favorite occupation. The lady's partner, who must answer the question while she herself remains perfectly silent, may say "dressing dolls," "cricketing," "playing leap-frog," or anything else equally wide of the mark. The lady must patiently hold her tongue, or incur the penalty of paying a forfeit. Those who feel themselves libeled, however, by the remarks made about them by their partners, have the satisfaction of knowing that they will most likely have the opportunity of retaliating before the game is over, because when their turn comes to answer the questions addressed to their partners they can give tit for tat.

The Reviewers.—Each player is provided with a piece of paper, on the top of which must be written by every one the title of some book; a real title may be chosen, or an imaginary one. The papers must then all be folded down, so that no one but the writer may know what is concealed underneath, and passed on to the left neighbor. Below the fold a second title must be added, the paper again folded down, and again passed on to the left. A motto of some kind must come next, or a piece of poetry; and, lastly, two or three opinions of the press. It perhaps might be as well to observe that the great charm of the game consists in every contributor being ignorant of what has previously been written, therefore, the honor of all is depended upon not to look under the folds. A collection of the papers is then made, and they are read aloud; the results being something of this description:

A FEW BRIGHT SPOTS IN HISTORY.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

"We would strongly recommend this new and valuable work to all lovers of geology, as one of the greatest helps they could possibly procure."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"No gentleman's library will be complete until this gem of literature has its place on one of the book-shelves."—*Weekly Gazette*.

The Five-Dot Game.—Any number can play, but each player must be provided with a sheet of white paper and pencil. All must then mark five dots in any arrangement on the piece of paper before him, and pass it to his next neighbor

at the left hand. He then takes the dotted paper which has been handed to him, and tries to draw on it some human figure in such a posture as to bring one of the five dots at the middle of the top of the forehead, one at the point of each foot, and one at each hand.

But no one must take longer than a certain time, say five or ten minutes, in making his picture. The results sometimes are very laughable, and the game calls for a good deal of invention and skill.

Think of a Number.—Tell your neighbor to think of any number he likes, but not to tell you what it is. Tell him then to double it; when he has done that, let him add an even number to it, which you yourself must give him; after doing this he must halve the whole, then what is left take away the number he first thought of. When he shall arrive so far, if his calculations have all been made correctly, you will be able to give him the exact remainder, which will simply be the half of the even number you told him to add to his own.

Trades.—Children play a game in the streets of New York that bears some likeness to the well-known English game of "Trades." Each player selects some character which he or she undertakes to represent, and this having been arranged, a "round" is sung, in which the different parts are alluded to. The characters, however, need not be settled beforehand, but be introduced by the players as each sings his verse of the "round" to the following effect:

"When I was a shoemaker,
And a shoemaker was I,
This way, and this way,
And this way went I."

"When I was a gentleman,
And a gentleman was I," etc.

"When I was a lady,
And a lady was I," etc.

"When I was a chimney-sweep,
And a chimney-sweep was I," etc.

And so on the rhyme goes until all the players have introduced the characters they are representing for the time being. As soon as the words, "And this way went I," are sung, the singer goes through the actions proper to his part. Thus the "shoemaker" plies his trade; the "gentleman," with hat jauntily perched on one side, and swinging his cane, parades up and down; the "lady" gathers her skirts together, and walks about proudly; the "sweep" makes a good job of imaginary chimneys, and so with other characters.



Forfeits.—As half the fun of the round games consists in redeeming the forfeits, we give a list of some of the most harmless and amusing. When the time has come to redeem the forfeits the one who is to name the penalties attached to each should sit or kneel down blindfolded before another member of the company who takes up in turn each article contributed as a forfeit, and says:

“What shall the owner do to redeem this?”

“Is it fine or superfine?” asks the one blindfolded.

If the property of a gentleman it is *fine*, if of a lady it is *superfine*, and the one who pronounces sentence may make selections that will add greatly to the mirth of the company.

1. Say three flattering speeches to ladies without uttering the letter C.
2. Recite four lines from Shakespeare.
3. Kneel to the prettiest, bow to the wittiest, and kiss the one you love best.
4. Not to speak until a question is asked you (the company all take care not to ask this one a question for some time after).
5. To find another line of poetry that rhymes with one given you.
6. Ask a riddle.
7. Recite a piece of comic poetry.
8. Not to speak for ten minutes.
9. To imitate, without laughing, any animal named.
10. Repeat the names of all the kings of England.
11. Give the name of some one celebrated in history for his crimes.
12. Laugh in one corner, cry in another, yawn in a third.
13. Spell Constantinople by a syllable at a time. (As soon as the speller arrives at Constanti—, all the company call out “No, no;” if the speller is puzzled, he begins again, and must pay another forfeit for doing so. If he, however, does not stop when “No, no” is called out, his forfeit is restored to him.)
14. Repeat the following: “Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, if Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where’s the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?”
15. Ask a question that can only be answered by “Yes.” The question is, “What does Y-e-s spell?”
16. Bite an inch off the poker. (This is done by making a bite at the distance of an inch from the poker.)
17. Put your hand through the key-hole. (This is done by writing “your hand” on a piece of paper and putting it through the key-hole.)
18. To go all round the room and tell everyone you are going to see his Holiness the Pope—that you will be glad to take whatever is given you to him. (Every one to give some heavy article to be carried to the farthest end of the room—all the articles at once.)

19. "*'Twas I.*"—The victim in this case is unmistakably doomed to occupy a very humiliating position. He must go round the room, inquiring of each person what object he has seen lately that has particularly attracted his notice. The answer may be—a baby, a thief, a donkey; whatever it is, the unfortunate redeemer of the forfeit must remark—" 'Twas I."

20. *Put four chairs in a row, take off your boots and jump over them.*—This task would, no doubt, appear rather formidable for a young lady to perform, until she is made to understand that it is not the chairs, but the boots, she is expected to jump over.

21. *Blow a candle out blindfolded.*—This forfeit is very similar to the game, elsewhere described, of Blowing out the Candle; still, there is no reason why it should not take its place among the rest of the forfeits. The victim is blindfolded, turned round a few times, and then requested to blow out the light. When the performance is over, the owner of the forfeit will, no doubt, have well deserved to have his property returned to him, for if securely blindfolded the task will have been no easy one. Another way of blowing out the candle is to pass the flame rapidly backward and forward before the mouth of the player, who must try to blow it out as it passes, a method that is almost, if not quite, as difficult as the former one.

22. *The German band.*—In this charming little musical entertainment, three or four of the company can at the same time redeem their forfeits. An imaginary musical instrument is given to each one—they themselves must have no choice in the matter—and upon these instruments they must perform as best they can.

23. *The cat's concert.*—This is another method of redeeming any number of forfeits at once. The players who have their forfeits to redeem are requested to place themselves together in a group, when, at a given signal from the leader, they all begin to sing any tune they like. The effect, as well may be imagined, is far from soothing.

24. *Spelling backwards.*—Spell some long words, such as hydrostatics, etc., backwards.

25. *Put yourself through the keyhole.*—To do this the word "Yourself" is written upon a piece of paper, which is rolled up and passed through the keyhole.

26. *Sit upon the fire.*—The trick in this forfeit is like the last one. Upon a piece of paper the words "The fire" are written, and then sat upon.

27. *Take one of your friends up stairs, and bring him down upon a feather.*—Any one acquainted with this forfeit is sure to choose the stoutest person in the room as his companion to the higher regions. On returning to the room the redeemer of the forfeit will be provided with a soft feather, covered with down, which he will formally present to his stout companion, obeying, therefore, the command to bring him down upon a feather.

28. *Kiss a book inside and outside without opening it.*—This is done by first kissing the book in the room, then taking it outside and kissing it there.

29. *Place a book, ornament, or any other very small article on the floor, so that no one in the room can possibly jump over it.*—The way this is done is to place the article close to the wall.

30. *Shake a dime off the forehead.*—It is astonishing how even the most acute player may be deceived by this dime imposition. The presiding genius, holding in his fingers a dime, proceeds with an air of great importance to fasten the coin upon the forehead of the victim, by means of first wetting it, and then pressing it firmly just above the eyes. As soon as the coin is considered to be firmly fixed, he takes away his hands, and also the coin. The person operated upon is then told to shake the dime down to the floor, without any aid from his hands, and so strong generally is the impression made upon the mind of the victim that the sixpence is still on the forehead, that the shaking may be continued for several minutes before the deception be discovered.

31. *Put one hand where the other cannot touch it.*—This is done by merely holding the right elbow with the left hand.

32. Laugh in one corner of the room, sing in another, and cry in another.

33. *Leave the room with two legs and return with six.*—To do this you must go out of the room, and come back bringing a chair with you.

34. *The Statue.*—The unfortunate individual doomed to redeem his forfeit by acting a statue must allow himself to be placed in one position after another by different members of the company, and thus remain stationary until permission is given him to alter it.

35. *Comparisons.*—The gentleman or lady must compare some one in the room to some object or another, and must then explain in which way he or she resembles the object, and in which way differs from it. For instance, a gentleman may compare a lady to a rose, because they are both equally sweet; unlike the rose, however, the lady is, of course, without a thorn.

36. *The excluded vowels.*—Pay five compliments to some lady in the room. In the first one the letter *a* must not occur, in the second the letter *e* must be absent, in the third there must be no *i*, in the fourth no *o*, and in the fifth no *u*.

37. *Form a blind judgment.*—The person upon whom the sentence has been passed must be blindfolded. The company are then made to pass before him one by one, while he not only gives the names of each, but also his opinion concerning them. Not infrequently the victim has to remain blindfolded a very long time, for even if the name should be guessed correctly, it is no easy matter to form a just estimate of character, and unless his ideas meet with the approbation of the company, his forfeit is withheld from him. Great silence must be observed while the ordeal of examination is going on. No one should speak, and all should step as lightly as possible.

38. *Act the dummy.*—You must do whatever any of the company wish you to perform without speaking a single word.

39. *Give good advice.*—Go round the room, and to every one of the company give a piece of good advice.

40. *Flattering speeches.*—This penance is usually given to a gentleman, though there is no reason why the ladies should always be exempted from its performance. Should it be a gentleman, however, he must make six, twelve, or as many flattering speeches as he is told to a certain lady, without once making use of the letter L. For instance, he may tell her, she is handsome, perfect, good, wise, gracious, or anything else he may choose to say, only whatever adjective he makes use of must be spelled without the letter L.

41. *The deaf man.*—This cruel punishment consists in the penitent being made to stand in the middle of the room, acting the part of a deaf man. In the meantime the company invite him to do certain things, which they know will be very agreeable to him. To the first three invitations he must reply, "I am deaf, I can't hear." To the fourth invitation he must reply, "I can hear;" and, however disagreeable the task may be, he must hasten to perform it. It is needless to say the company generally contrive that the last invitation shall be anything but pleasant.

42. *Act the parrot.*—The player condemned to do this penance must go round the room, saying to every one of the company, "If I were a parrot, what would you teach me to say?" No end of ridiculous things may be suggested, but the rule is that every answer shall be repeated by the parrot before putting another question.

43. *Make your will.*—The victim in this case is commanded to say what he will leave as a legacy to every one of his friends in the room. To one he may leave his black hair, to another his eyebrows, to another (perhaps a lady) his dress coat, to another his excellent common sense, to another his wit, and so on until every one in the room has been remembered.

44. Repeat the letters of the alphabet, leaving out O, three times without stopping.

45. Stand on a chair and perform whatever grimaces or motions you are told without laughing.

46. *Give "poetic numbers."*—Repeat a passage of poetry, counting the words aloud as you proceed thus: "Full (one) many (two) a (three) flower (four) is (five) born (six) to (seven) blush (eight) unseen (nine), and (ten) waste (eleven) its (twelve) sweetness (thirteen) on (fourteen) the (fifteen) desert (sixteen) air (seventeen!)" This is sure to afford considerable amusement.

47. Repeat five times without mistake "Around the ragged rocks the ragged rascals ran."

Pleasant Things to Do Outdoors and Indoors by Young and Old.

Don't you know how popular the person is who can be depended on to start a pleasant time? These recreations are good for rainy and sunny days alike. It requires only a little patience and attention to learn these interesting exercises and to become proficient and skillful in them.

To Make Daisy-Chains.—Gather the daisies with long stems, make a loop in a stem, put the head of another daisy through it, and then tighten the loop so as to hold the daisy, as in sketch; or push the stem through the daisy's "eye" or flower, and thus unite them.

Daisy means "day's eye," because it opens when the sun rises, and shuts up or goes to sleep when he sets.

Take Care!—A flower-pot is filled with sand or earth; a little stick with a flag is placed in it. Every child playing has to remove a little sand from the pot with a stick, without upsetting the flag, crying at the same time, "Take care!" The one who upsets the flag pays a forfeit. It becomes an anxious matter when the sand has been removed several times.

Chain of Dandelion Stems.—If you prefer a plain green chain of links, you must gather a great many dandelions and nip off their flowers. You will find that the stem is hollow, and that one end of it is smaller than the other. Push the small end into the larger end of the stem or tube, and you will have a green ring any size you please to make it. Then put another stem through the ring, and join it by pushing the narrow end into the wide one again, as in sketch.



Soap Bubbles.—Few things amuse children more than blowing bubbles. Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of castile or oil soap, cut up in small pieces, in three quarters of a pint of water, and boil it for two or three minutes; then add five ounces of glycerine. When cold this fluid will produce the best and most lasting bubbles that can be made.

Fly Away!—The company are ranged in a circle, with one in the centre, who places the fore-finger of her right-hand upon her knee, and all the others put their fore-fingers around it. If the one in the centre raises her finger, saying, at the same instant, "Fly away, pigeon!" or, "Fly away, sparrow!" the others must raise their fingers in the same manner; but if, for the sake of mischief, she exclaims, "Fly away, trout!" or, "Fly away, elephant!" the others must be careful not to move their fingers, else they must pay a forfeit. That is, the fingers



must all rise if a creature is mentioned that *can* fly, and keep quiet if a thing which *cannot* fly is named. As it is done with great rapidity, it requires quick ears and quick thoughts.

Chain of Ivy or Beech Leaves.—These chains are very lovely, and make pretty ornaments. I dare say if your elder sisters were helping to deck the school-rooms



for a school-feast, they would be very glad if your little fingers could make them some of these chains. This is the way to do them. Gather your leaves with long stems. Put the stem of one leaf through the top of the other, and pass it back underneath through its own leaf, as in sketch.

Oranges and Lemons.—Oranges and Lemons, or "London Bells," is a game that will often cause considerable sport for a party of young people. Two of the tallest players are chosen, who join hands and hold them up to form an arch. The rest of the company take hold of each other's dresses or coats, and march, one after the other, beneath the arch, singing in chorus, "Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's. You owe me five farthings, say the bells of St. Martin's. When will you pay me? say the bells of Old Bailey. When I grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch. When will that be? say the bells of Stepney. I do not know, says the great bell of Bow. Here comes a candle to light you to bed; and here comes a chopper to chop off the last, last, last man's head."

The last one in the line, being cut off by the descent of the arms forming the arch, is asked whether oranges or lemons are preferred, and according to the answer is sent to the right or left side of the room. This is repeated until all heads are off, when the oranges and lemons have a tug of war. The contestants clasp each other around the waist, the foremost players of each party grasp hands, and all pull with might and main. The party wins which brings the other over to their side of the room. The war tug may well be confined to the boys of the party, the girls looking on and cheering their respective sides. This play is also best adapted to uncarpeted floors.

Buz!—This is a lively and interesting game. Any number of children, excepting seven, both boys and girls, seat themselves round a table or in a circle. One begins the game by saying "One!" The little girl at the left says "Two!" and so it goes round till it arrives at *seven*, which number must not be mentioned, but in place thereof the word "Buz!" Whenever the number seven occurs, or any number into which seven may be multiplied, "buz!" must be used instead of that number. Such are the numbers 7, 14, 17, 21, 27, 28, 35, 37, etc. Any one mentioning any number with seven in it instead of "buz!" or calling out of her

turn, or naming a wrong number, must pay a forfeit. After she has paid her forfeit she calls out "One!" and so it goes round again to the left, by which means each has to say a different number. When, by a little practice, the circle gets as high as seventy-one, then "buz-one!" "buz-two!" etc., must be used, and for seventy-seven, "buz-buz!" and so on. If the person whose turn it is to speak delays longer than while any one of the circle can moderately count five, she must pay a forfeit.

The Mulberry Bush.—This round has been played by little English children since the days when mulberry bushes were common in every village. It is the most ancient of games called "rounds," and is generally played by the very little folks. The children all take hands and go round, singing:

"Here we go round the mulberry bush,
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush!
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
So early in the morning!"

Then they stop and pretend to wash their dresses, singing:

"This is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes!
This is the way we wash our clothes,
So early in the morning!"

Then they move round hand in hand again, singing, "Here we go round the mulberry bush," etc., as at first.

Again they stop and make motions of wringing out linen, singing:

"This is the way we wring our clothes,
Wring our clothes, wring our clothes!
This is the way we wring our clothes,
So early in the morning!"

Then the round is resumed, and stopped to "iron the clothes," which is done in dumb show, to the proper song-tune:

"This is the way we iron our clothes,
Iron our clothes, iron our clothes!
This is the way we iron our clothes,
So early in the morning!"

When the different washing actions are finished (they must go "round the mulberry-bush" between each) they sing:

"Thus we play when our work is done,
Work is done, work is done!
Thus we play when our work is done,
So early in the morning!"

And the little boys turn wheels, or jump, or play in any other way they please; the little girls skipping round, together or apart.

This game is better taught by action than by description; but we give it a place, that our young readers may know how their grandmothers played as children.

The Swiss Peasant. (A Round).—The children of Switzerland have their round game also, greatly resembling our Mulberry Bush. We give it here. The air is very pretty, and is familiar to every kindergartner.

At the words, "So does the peasant sow his barley and wheat," the little players pretend to scatter seed.

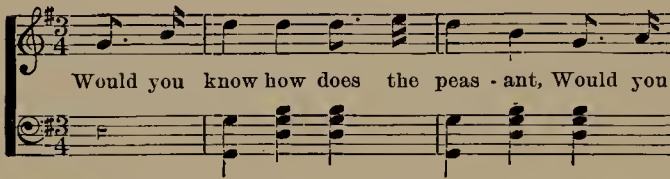
At "So does the peasant reap his barley and wheat," the children make the motion of reaping.

At "Thresh his barley and wheat," they wave their arms for flails.

At "Sifting the wheat," they pretend to shake a sieve.

At "How he rests," the little players all throw themselves on the turf, or carpet if in a room.

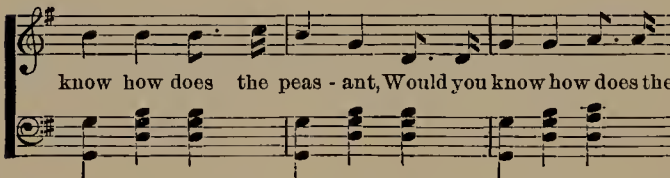
At "Would you know how he plays?" they all skip and jump about.



(Repeat each first line three times.)

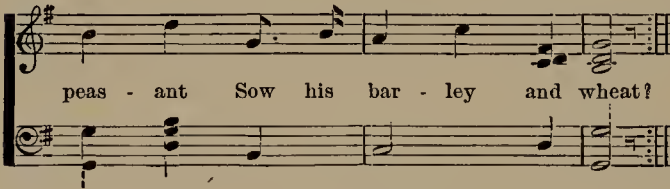
Look, 'tis so does the peasant
Sow his barley and wheat.

2



Would you know, etc.
Look, 'tis so, etc.
reap his barley and wheat?

3



Would you know, etc.
Look, 'tis so, etc.
thresh his barley and wheat?

4

Would you know, etc.
Look, 'tis so, etc.
sift his barley and wheat?

5

Would you know how rests the peasant, etc.
Look, 'tis so, etc.

when his labor is done?

6

Would you know how plays the peasant, etc.
Look, 'tis so, etc.

when his labor is done?



Melon-Seed Birds.—String water-melon seeds in the form of a diamond, thus: Take five threads and a large needle, tie the threads together at the end in a knot, then pass them through a single seed, then thread two seeds, then three, then four, then five, then four again, then three, then two, then one. Tie the ends together, and leave them twisted three or four inches long. Stick a feather at one end for the tail; a little stick or bit of wood for a beak. If you pull the string up and down they look like two birds fighting, and will amuse the little folks.

The Sea and Her Children.—The players seat themselves in a circle, leaving out one of their number, who represents the "Sea." Each player having taken the name of some fish, the "Sea" walks slowly round outside the ring, calling her companions one after another by the titles they have adopted. Each one, on hearing his or her name pronounced, rises and follows the "Sea." When all have left their seats, the "Sea" begins to run about, exclaiming, "The sea is troubled! The sea is troubled!" and suddenly seats herself, an example immediately followed by her companions. The one who fails to secure a chair becomes the "Sea," and continues the game as before.

Hunt the Slipper.—All the players but one are placed in a circle; that one remains outside to hunt the slipper, which is passed from hand to hand very rapidly in the circle. The hunter cannot judge where it is, because all the players keep their hands moving all the time, as if they were passing it. The one in whose hands it is caught becomes the hunter, and pays a forfeit. Usually little girls play it, sitting side by side, very close to each other, with their feet tucked under them. There should be two slight openings in the circle, one on one side, and the other opposite. When the slipper is passing through these openings, the player who passes it should tap it on the floor to let the hunter know where it is. She springs to seize it, but it is flying around so rapidly and all hands are moving so fast that she loses it, and in less than an instant, perhaps, she hears it tapping on the other side. This game may be played rudely, and it may be played politely. If the little girls are rude they are in great danger of knocking each other down in trying to catch the slipper; for squatting upon their feet, as they do in this game, they easily lose their balance.

Some prefer playing this game with a thimble or a marble, because it is not so likely to be seen as a slipper.

Cat and Mouse.—The players stand in a circle, holding each other's hands, excepting one, who acts "the mouse," and who, standing outside the circle, touches one of the players and then runs under the arms of the others. The player thus touched becomes "cat," and must pursue the "mouse" until he catches him; but in doing this he must be careful to pass in and out of the circle under the arms of the same persons passed by the "mouse," who is thus enabled to lead his pursuer a pretty chase. When the cat is agile and the mouse cunning

the game can be made to yield a good deal of fun. A "mouse" who has been caught becomes "cat," while the cat who has caught him takes his place in the circle.

The Elements.—Seated round the room, one of the company holds in his hand a ball, round which should be fastened a string, so that it may be easily drawn back again. Sometimes a ball of worsted is used, when a yard or two is left unwound. The possessor of the ball then throws it first to one person then to another, naming at the time one of the elements; and each player as the ball touches him must, before ten can be counted, mention an inhabitant of that element. Should any one speak when fire is mentioned he must pay a forfeit.

The Farm-yard.—If it were not understood that joking of all kinds is considered lawful in most game-playing, we might be inclined to think that in this game of the Farm-yard a little unfairness existed in one person being made so completely the laughing-stock of all the rest. Still, as "in war all things are fair," so it seems to be in amusements, most hearty players evidently being quite willing to be either the laughers or the laughed at. The master of the ceremony announces that he will whisper in the ear of each person the name of an animal which, at some signal from him, they must all imitate as loudly as possible. The fact is, however, that to one person only he gives the name of an animal, and that is the donkey; to every one else he gives the command to be perfectly silent. After waiting a short time, that all may be in readiness, he makes the expected signal, when, instead of a number of sounds, nothing is to be heard but a loud bray. It is needless to remark that this game is seldom called for a second time in one evening.

The Feather.—A small flossy feather with very little stem must be procured. The players then draw their chairs in a circle as closely together as possible. One of the party begins the game by throwing the feather into the air as high as possible above the centre of the ring formed. The object of the game is to keep it from touching any one, as the player whom it touches must pay a forfeit; and it is impossible to imagine the excitement that can be produced by each player preventing the feather from alighting upon him. The game must be heartily played to be fully appreciated, not only by the real actors of the performance, but by the spectators of the scene. Indeed, so absurd generally is the picture presented, that it is difficult to say whether the players or the watchers have the most fun.

Giant.—The wonderful performance known as the Giant is accomplished by the united efforts of two gentlemen, one of whom takes his position on the shoulders of the other, sitting, of course, with one leg on each side of his companion's neck. Cloaks, rugs, or coats of any description are then arranged round the two figures in order to hide the real state of things, so that when the Giant makes

his appearance nothing is to be seen but one huge figure. The lower gentleman who supports his friend is expected to do little more than patiently to carry his burden, though he may be called upon to exert himself a little in the way of skipping, should the Giant feel so inclined. The talking and gesticulating business all devolves upon the gentleman perched aloft, who may wear a mask, paint his face, or do any thing else of the kind, to avoid being identified by the company.

The Giraffe.—A very good imitation of a Giraffe may be contrived on the same principles as those adopted in constructing the Baby Elephant. Provided with an animal's head as nearly like that of a giraffe as possible, no more difficulty need be feared. First of all, the head must be fastened to the end of a long stick. One of two performers must then hold the stick aloft, while his companion, standing close behind, must place himself in a stooping position, so as to make the outline of his own person like that of the lower part of the giraffe's body. The long stick will, of course, form the neck of the animal, and the first performer will form the front part of the body. A cloth is then pinned round the stick and round the bodies of the two performers, leaving the legs, of course, to represent the legs of the giraffe. A rope tail must be stuck in by some means or other, and if cleverly managed, it is astonishing what an excellent imitation of the real animal can thus be manufactured.

Flying.—To play this game well it is necessary that there should be a good spokesman in the company, who will find ample opportunity for his gift of eloquence.

Simple as the game may appear to be, it is one that is generally played with very great success.

Each member of the party wishing to take part in it must place the right hand upon the left arm.

The leader then intimates that in the discourse with which he intends to favor his friends, whenever he mentions a creature that can fly, every right hand is to be raised and fluttered in the air in imitation of a bird flying. At the mention of all animals that cannot fly, the hands remain stationary. It is, of course, needless to say that the leader will do his best to have the hands raised when other animals are mentioned as well as flying ones, in order that a good number of forfeits may be collected.

All being in readiness, he will begin in a style something like the following:

"One lovely morning in June I sallied forth to take the air. The honey-suckle and roses were shedding a delicious perfume, the *butterflies* and *bees* were flitting from flower to flower, the *cuckoo's* note resounded through the groves, and the *lark's* sweet trill was heard overhead. It seemed, indeed, that all *the birds of the air* (here all hands must be raised) were vying with each other as to whose song should be the loudest and the sweetest, when," etc.



Hands.—In this game the company generally divides into two parts, half being players, while the rest do the work of guessing. A thimble is then produced by one of the party, or something equally small, that may be easily held in the hand. Seated by the side of the table, the players begin passing on the article from hand to hand. When the working has been done sufficiently, the closed hands are all placed on the table for the opponents sitting opposite to guess in succession whose hand holds the treasure. As soon as the hiding-place is discovered, the opposite side take their turn.

The Grand Mufti.—One person is appointed to have the dignity of Grand Mufti conferred upon him, which means that, whatever ridiculous action he may choose to perform that is preceded by the words, "Thus says the Grand Mufti," every one else must follow his example. Nothing that he does, however, unaccompanied by these words, is to be regarded; he may laugh, sneeze, throw up his arms, or do any thing else equally absurd, no one must imitate what he does, unless he has uttered the words, "Thus says the Grand Mufti." In order to lead the company astray, and that more forfeits be paid, the Mufti will, no doubt, occasionally alter the order of the words, or change them in some way; but all must be on the alert, and remain perfectly silent and motionless, whatever the Mufti either says or does, unless he has been pleased in the first instance to utter the proper words in their right order.

"He Can Do Little Who Can't Do This."—This simple game has been a puzzler to young people many and many a time. With a stick in the left hand the player thumps on the floor, at the same time saying, "He can do little who can't do this." Then, passing the stick into the right hand, he gives it to the next person, who, if unacquainted with the game, will, no doubt, thump with the right hand. Of course, it is most natural to use the right hand for every thing, consequently few people suspect that the secret of the game lies in simply taking the stick with your right hand when it is passed to you, but knocking with your left.

Hiss and Clap.—In this game the gentlemen are all requested to leave the room, when the ladies take their seats, leaving a vacant place on the right side of every one for the gentleman of their choice. Each gentleman in turn is then summoned, and asked to guess which lady he imagines has chosen him for her partner. Should he guess rightly, he is allowed to take his seat by the lady who has chosen him, while the company loudly clap hands, in proof of their congratulations on his success; but should he guess wrongly, he will be only too glad to disappear from the scene, so loud will be the hisses of his friends.

Jingling.—This may be considered by some as almost too noisy for an indoor game, but when played in an empty room is proper enough. The players are blindfolded, with the exception of one, who is called the jingler, and who has two or three little bells fastened to him which jingle whenever he moves. The object

of the blind children is to catch the jingler as he runs to and fro among them, and a line is drawn on the floor, beyond which he dare not run in his efforts to evade them. The line is not necessary if the room is a small one. If the jingler can manage to remain uncaught for a certain time he is considered to have won the game. On the other hand, the victory remains with any of the blindfolded children who can catch him before his time of probation has expired.

Five Geese in a Flock.—The children sit on the grass, or on a bank or bench in the garden, side by side. One stands as Market-Woman opposite the row of players.

She walks along the row and touches each child, beginning wherever she pleases, and saying one word of the following rhyme to each, as she touches her:

“ Please—good—farmer—cut—the—corn,
Keep—the—wheat—and—burn—the—thorn,
Shut—your—gate—and—turn—the—lock,
Keep—the—five—geese—in—a—flock.”

As soon as she says the word “flock,” the one *first* touched jumps up and runs away. The market-woman pursues her. But while she is catching her, the other geese have fled, and she has to catch each player and re-seat her in her place before the game can begin again. The one first caught becomes in her turn market-woman.

Of course the market-woman may go backward and forward along the line till the rhyme is finished. If the player first touched does not start *before* the market-woman touches her, (after she has said the word “flock,”) she may not move, and the same market-woman begins again; the player who was too slow in running off paying a forfeit.

Hunt the Whistle.—This game is always successful, and a source of very great amusement if only some one ignorant of the secret can be found who will volunteer to act as hunter. Such person is first requested to kneel down while some lady goes through the ceremony of conferring upon him the order of knighthood. During the process the whistle, attached to a piece of ribbon, is pinned to the coat of the newly-made knight. He is then told to rise and go in quest of the whistle, which is in the possession of one of the party. The hunt now begins, the players all trying to deceive their victim in every way imaginable, and to make him think that they are passing the whistle from one to another. On every possible occasion, of course, the whistle should be sounded, until the deluded knight has made the discovery that the object of his search is fastened to himself.



"*I Apprenticed My Son.*"—The shortest way of describing this game will be to give an illustration of the manner in which it is played. John: "I apprenticed my son to a grocer, and the first thing he sold was half-a-pound of C."

Nellie: Coffee?—No.

Sam: Cocoa?—No.

Tom: Cayenne Pepper?—No.

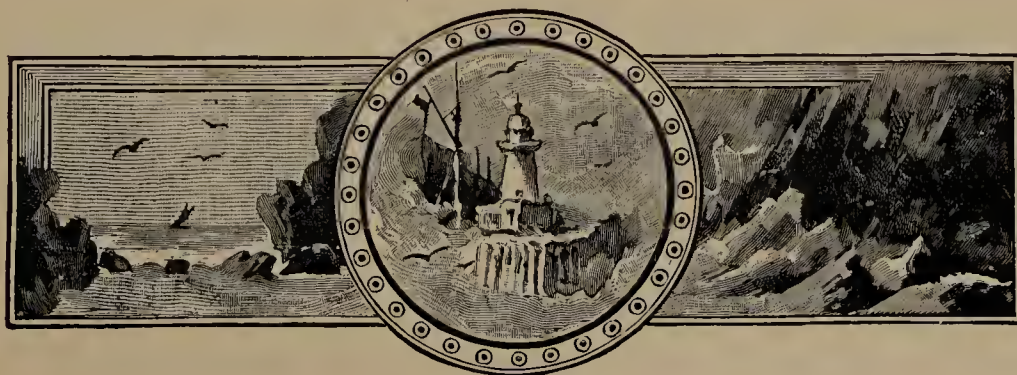
Edith: Chicory?—Yes.

Edith, being the guesser of the right article, is entitled to be the next to apprentice her son. One guess only in turn is allowed to each player.

Puss in the Corner.—This is a game as often played indoors or out. It requires but five players, and, being of a most elementary character, the exercise of but a small amount of ingenuity.

Four players take up their positions at different corners, the fifth player standing out, and being known as "Puss." It is the object of the four players to change corners among themselves as frequently as possible, but so as to prevent Puss from getting into any one of the corners while it is vacant; and it is the object of the Puss to get into some corner when it is thus vacant. The player left without a corner becomes Puss.

Magical Music.—This is a game in which music is made to take a prominent part. On one of the company volunteering to leave the room, some particular article agreed upon is hidden. On being recalled, the person, ignorant of the hiding-place, must commence a diligent search, taking the piano as his guide. The loud tones will mean that he is very near the object of his search, and the soft tones that he is far from it. Another method of playing the same game is for the person who has been out of the room to try to discover on his return what the remainder of the company desire him to do. It may be to pick up something from the floor, to take off his coat, to look at himself in the glass, or any thing else as absurd. The only clue afforded him of solving the riddle must be the loud or soft tones of the music.



The Old Game of Honey-pots.—One of the players must be selected to act the part of a Honey Merchant, another to come as a Purchaser to the honey stores. These two should be the tallest and strongest of the party. Indeed, the game can only be well played when two elder brothers, or an elder brother and sister, or “papa and mamma,” can be induced to act honey merchant and purchaser. The rest of the party represent pots of honey. They must clasp their hands under their raised knees, sitting in a row on the grass, or on the floor. Then the game proceeds thus:

The Purchaser approaches the merchant, and asks, “Have you any good honey for sale, friend?”

HONEY MERCHANT. “Yes, ma’am, (or sir,) first rate. This pot is from Mount Hybla, the finest honey in the world; tastes of thyme, I assure you. This one is from Sicily, and this from Asia. Taste and try before you buy.”

The Purchaser then goes round, and pretends to taste the honey-pot.

PURCHASER (*shaking her head.*) Not very good. I see that everything Greek is best *ancient*. Ah! I like this Sicilian jar. How much will you sell it for?”

HONEY MERCHANT. “A shilling a pound.”

PURCHASER. “What does the jar weigh?”

HONEY MERCHANT. “We will see, sir, if you will be good enough to help me.”

They then take hold of the arms of the Sicilian jar, (who must hold her hands very tightly clasped under her knees,) and swing her backward and forward till she is obliged to let her hands drop apart, and her feet touch the ground. She is then said to weigh as many pounds as she had been times swung backward and forward.

Purchaser may object to the weight, and choose another pot; and thus the game goes on, till each jar has had a swing, and taken part in the sport.

Clap! Clap!—This game may be played in or out of the house. Example:

Mary puts her hand under her pinafore, cloak, or cape, holds up a finger inside it, and of course out of sight, and says,

“Mingledy, mingledy, clap! clap!
How many fingers do I hold up?”

The others guess one, two, three, or five, as they think most likely to be right; but it is very rarely that the guess proves correct. If not, the guesser pays a forfeit, and the player (changing the number of her fingers) begins again. When a little girl guesses rightly, it becomes her turn to play, and the former player pays a forfeit.

Shouting Proverbs.—A game that is much more speedily despatched, and much more boisterous than the ordinary game of Proverbs, is this one called Shouting Proverbs. A proverb having been selected, one word of it is given to each of the company, which he must shout clearly and distinctly when told. The person to whom the proverb is unknown then stands as near the company as they

will permit him, while he says the words, "Charge! Present! Fire!" As soon as he utters the word "Fire!" the party all shout their words together, and from this confusion of sounds he is expected to guess the proverb. Generally the shouting has to be repeated many times before the proverb can be detected.

Blind Man's Buff.—Blind Man's Buff is a good game on a large lawn; but as at all times it is attended with some risk, we advise our little readers to play it in a safer way, thus:

Pointer's Buff.—A little girl is blinded carefully with a handkerchief, and a wand or stick is put into her hand. The rest take hands and skip round her. When she waves her wand they stop; she touches the one nearest to her with it, and says, "Who is this?" The little girl touched answers, in a voice as unlike her own as possible, "It is I." If the blindfolded child guesses rightly by the voice who it is, the two exchange places. The little girl who is caught becomes "blind," and the player in the centre resigns her wand and joins the circle.

Fettered Buff.—In Fettered Buff the hands are tied behind, and the player has to move quickly and turn suddenly in order to seize a captive. This game can be played indoors or out-of-doors, and must be limited to a certain space.

Twelve O'clock at Night.—One of the playfellows is chosen to be the Fox. She hides in the most shady corner she can find. Another is selected to be Hen. The rest of the children are her Chickens. They form a string behind her, holding each other by the waist. The hen walks thus with them up to the fox's den, and says,

"If you please, Mr. Fox, could you tell me what o'clock it is?"

If he says *one*, or *two*, or *three*, etc., she may go away in safety, and return again with the same question; but the moment he says "*Twelve o'clock at night*," she and her chicks must take flight, for he intends to seize one of them. A good deal of merry running then begins; the chicken caught is obliged to take the place of fox, and pay a forfeit.

But I must not forget to state that a spot is fixed on, to be called the farm-yard, on reaching which the chickens are safe, and the fox has to return alone to his den, where he must remain till he gets another opportunity of catching a chicken.

The fun of the game is the uncertainty of *when* the fox will dart out. A good fox delays doing so till the fear of his pursuit begins to grow less, and then, the moment he says "*Twelve o'clock at night*," he rushes out.

As he says "*Twelve o'clock*" (*noon*) without intending to seize a chicken, the hen is always in dreadful doubt of which twelve is coming.

"*Simon Says.*"—In this game an imaginary Simon is the presiding genius, and the orders of no one but Simon are to be obeyed. The leader of the company generally begins by saying, "Simon says, 'Thumbs up,'" when every one must



immediately obey the command of Simon or incur the penalty of paying a forfeit. Simon may then say, "Wink your left eye," "Blow your nose," "Kiss your neighbor," or any thing equally absurd. Whatever Simon says must be done. No command, however, not prefaced by the words "Simon says," is to be regarded. With the idea of winning forfeits, the leader will endeavor to induce the company to do certain things not authorized by Simon; indeed, the fun of the game consists in every one doing the wrong thing instead of the right one, and in having a good collection of forfeits.

Mixed-up Poetry.—A great amount of fun may be obtained from this game of mixing up poetry, which is nothing more than selecting lines from different authors and arranging them so as to make rhyme. The specimen below will illustrate our meaning:

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 Away down south where I was born;
 Let dogs delight to bark and bite
 Cows in the meadow and sheep in the corn.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
 His father's hope, his mother's joy;
 Found something smooth and hard and round,
 John Brown's little Indian boy.

Man wants but little here below,
 Oats, peas, beans, and barley;
 This world is all a fleeting show
 Over the water to Charley.

There is a calm for those who weep
 In famous London town;
 Little Bo Peep she lost her sheep—
 The bark that held a prince went down.

John Gilpin was a citizen
 From India's coral strand;
 Far from the busy haunts of men
 There is a happy land.

Hark from the tombs a doleful sound;
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
 Shake the forum round and round,
 Come to the sunset tree.

Musical Chair.—It is no use attempting to play this game in any thing but a good-sized room; and, if possible, chairs that may be easily moved and not soon broken should be chosen. Supposing there are fifteen players, fourteen chairs must be placed in the middle of the room, every alternate one having the seat the

same way, and upon these the players must seat themselves. One person, therefore, is left standing. The music then begins, when the owners of the seats all march round until the music stops, which it is generally made to do unexpectedly; at this instant each person tries to secure a chair. Necessarily one player is left without a seat; he is considered *out*, and, in addition, he must pay a forfeit. One of the chairs is then taken away, and the game proceeds, a chair being removed every time the music stops. One unfortunate person is always left out in the cold, until at last one chair is struggled for by two remaining players, and the successful one of these is considered to have earned the right to pronounce judgment on such as have had to pay forfeits.

The Magic Answer.—This trick should be known to only two of the company. It is thus: One person goes out of the room while the others fix on a word which she is to guess on her return. There is an agreement between the two that the *right word* shall be named after any thing with four legs—as a table, a chair, a dog, an elephant, etc., etc. For example: A lady goes out of the room; the company fix on the word “watch;” she returns; her accomplice in the trick says:

Query. Did we name a rose?

Answer. No.

Q. Did we name a book?

A. No.

Q. Did we talk of yourself?

A. No.

Q. Of a bird?

A. No.

Q. Of a ship?

A. No.

Q. Of a *sheep*? (four legs.)

A. No.

Q. Of a watch?

A. *Yes*.

The Giantess.—This is a very amusing deception. A tall young lad is dressed in a petticoat. Then a large umbrella is covered over its silk ribs with a gown and cloak; a ball, for a head, is tied on the point of the umbrella-stick above the dress, and a bonnet and thick veil put on it. The umbrella is partially opened, so that its sticks set out the dress and cloak as a crinoline does. The player gets under it, and holding the handle up as high as he can grasp it, appears like a gigantic woman. Somebody knocks at the hall door to pretend that there is an arrival; and a minute or two afterward the footman is to open the drawing-room door and announce “Miss Tiny Littlegirl.” The giantess then walks into the drawing-room, to the amazement of the company, bows, etc. It has a good effect to enter holding the umbrella-handle naturally, and then to raise it by degrees, which will

give a comical appearance of growth. We have seen the giantess thus appear to rise till she peered over the tops of the highest pictures in the room. The effect is exceedingly funny. She may talk to the company also bending her head down toward them, and speaking in a shrill tone of voice.

In clever hands, the giantess causes a great deal of fun.

The Magic Hats.—Though the following trick cannot exactly be designated a Round Game, it may be performed by one of the company with great success during an interval of rest from playing. The performer begins by placing his own hat, along with another which he has borrowed, on the table, crown upward. He then requests that the sugar-basin may be produced, from which, on its arrival, a lump is selected and given to him. Taking it in his fingers, he promises, by some wonderful process, that he will swallow the sugar, and then, within a very short time, will let its position be under one of the two hats on the table, the company may decide which hat it shall be. It is generally suspected that a second lump of sugar will be taken from the basin, if it can be done without observation, consequently all eyes are fixed upon it. Instead of that, after swallowing the sugar, the performer places the selected hat upon his own head, thus, of course, fulfilling his undertaking.

The Magic Wand.—This being a game of mystery, there is not only a peculiar charm attached to it on that account, but it can also be made exceedingly attractive by the voluntary artistic movements of the performer. Not only the leader must understand the game, but one of the company also must be in league with him, so that the two may understand each other, and work together. The person thus acting with the leader announces to the company that he will retire while a word is fixed upon, to be written on the floor when he returns by means of the magic wand. This done, a word is chosen, the person who retired is summoned, and the performance commences. The leader then begins by flourishing his wand in the air, and imitating as much as possible the tricks of the conjurer. He also makes an appearance of writing on the floor, at the same time speaking to his friend in short sentences. The letter at the beginning of the first sentence must be the first consonant of the word that has been chosen by the company, the second consonant must be at the beginning of the second sentence, and so on; the vowels occurring between being expressed by thumps on the floor with the wand. "A" is expressed by one thump, "E" by two thumps, "I" by three, "O" by four, and "U" by five thumps. One good decided thump at the end signifies that the word is complete.

An illustration will, perhaps, best explain our meaning. We will suppose the word *Christmas* to have been chosen. If so, the performer might first begin by waving his stick aloft, then he must commence writing, as if with great care, on the ground, at the same time remarking, "Come quickly, fellow-worker, and



prepare for thy duty." Here must be a slight pause, followed by the second sentence. "*How difficult thy task will be, I dare not tell.*" Another pause, then the third sentence. "*Remember, nothing can be really well done without labor.*" We have now got C H R. *I* being the next letter, is represented by three loud thumps with the stick. The conjuror here, assuming a puzzled air, might observe, "Surely we shall not be baffled." A pause, and then, "*Trust me, I will help all I can.*" After another pause, "*Mark my wand with care.*" The letter *A* coming now, one good thump is given on the floor; then, with the words, "*Speak quickly, friend, say the word,*" followed by one good thump, the mysterious business is concluded, the accomplice, no doubt, easily detecting that *Christmas* was the word chosen.

The School-master.—Among stirring games, one that is always a success when played with energy, is that called The School-master. The one of the party who volunteers to be master of the ceremony places himself in front of his class, who are all seated in a row. If agreeable, he can examine his subjects in all the different branches of education in succession, or he may go from one to the other indiscriminately. Supposing, however, he decides to begin with natural history, he will proceed as follows: Pointing to the pupil at the top of the class, he asks the name of a bird beginning with C. Should the pupil not name a bird beginning with this letter by the time the master has counted ten, it is passed on immediately to the next, who, if successful, and calls out, "Cuckoo," or "Crow," etc., in time, goes above the one who has failed.

Authors, singers, actors, or any thing else may be chosen, if the school-master should think proper, as subjects for examination; but, whatever may be selected, the questions must follow each other with great rapidity, or the charm of the game will be wanting.

Conquest.—Any number of boys and girls can play this together, and will find it quite exciting. On pieces of card-board, half or three-quarters of an inch square, write the separate syllables of about fifty towns in all parts of America, Richmond will take two pieces, thus: (RICH and MOND;) Albany three, (thus: AL, BA, NY). Mix all the pieces of card-board well together; turn the side which is written upon downward, so that the syllables cannot be seen. Arrange these pieces of card-board in a circle, with a clear space in the centre. The players all sit round, and in proper order each turns up a piece of card-board. As soon as you can see syllables forming the name of a town, call out its name, when you remove it, and you have conquered a town. The game thus goes on until all the pieces are taken, when whoever has the most towns is THE CONQUEROR.

A Guess Game.—In this game some one goes out of hearing while the players fix on some object in the room. After this has been done, he must ask them in turn the three following questions: "What is it like?" "Why is it like?" (the

thing mentioned,) and "Where would you put it?" To make myself clearer, I will give an example. Supposing, for instance, A B C and D to be playing, D to be the guesser, and a lump of sugar the thing chosen: D. "What is it like?" A. "Like snow." B. "Like a rock." C. "Like myself." D. "Why is it like snow?" A. "Because it is the same color." D. "Why is it like a rock?" B. "Because of its shape." "Why is it like yourself?" C. "Because it and my temper possess the same qualities." D. "Where would you put it?" A. "On the table." B. "In the store-room." C. "In my mouth."

Famous Numbers.—Let each player write a number on a slip of paper. Twist the paper and throw it on a plate or in a box. Then draw one and open it, and say: "My famous number is twelve" (or whatever the number is). "There are twelve famous Cæsars." Or, "Twelve months in the year."

If you don't know enough famous things or people to make the number you must pay a forfeit.



Stories for the Evening Lamp.

The Boys' Reading.

Not long ago New York State witnessed an awful tragedy. Three young men were sentenced, one to prison for life, the others for terms of forty years. Their crime having been the wrecking of a railway train to which they were incited by reading wretched books. Can we be too careful about this?

A boy returned from school one day with the report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Son," said his father, "you've fallen behind this month, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of dime novels scattered about the house; but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the boy obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the boy said:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put any more in."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in? No, of course you can't put them in! You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you why. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much. And here you've been the past month filling it up with chipdirt—dime novels."

The boy turned on his heel, whistled, and said: "Whew! I see the point."

Not a dime novel has been seen in the house from that day to this.



TELLING MOTHER ALL ABOUT IT.

A boy cannot go far wrong whose confidante is his mother. If he has been tempted, if he has done something for which he is sorry, the mother's ear and the mother's true heart are open to him. Mothers, never seem too much shocked or surprised at any confidence your boy reposes in you. Never wound him by anger or hasty reproof. Sympathize with him, rebuke him in tenderness, set him right if you can, but do not check him harshly, and have time to listen to him when he has a story to bring or a confession to make.

The Wife's Own Money.

Some time ago a very suggestive and practical article in the *Congregationalist* gave a wife's experience in managing the finances of the family as partner in business with her husband. Both husband and wife in that charming little essay drew upon the same bank account. A more excellent way, I think, is one which has been adopted by a friend of mine, who gives his wife on the first of every month a fixed sum, which she deposits and from which she draws for the payment of all household expenses, for the children's clothing and her own, and for certain purposes which belong to both husband and wife in common. The only stipulation made by the husband is that the wife shall never allow her balance to fall below a definite sum, which he wishes her to leave as a margin. If she has on occasion greater than usual demands upon her exchequer, he cheerfully supplements the sum in bank, so that she suffers no anxiety about ways and means. The separate bank account and independent financial management of the income, in this case, work admirably to the content of all concerned.

That the wife should be a mendicant, even a petted and indulged mendicant, is not to the conserving of her proper place in the household. When she took her husband's name and merged her own life in his she became entitled to her full share in their common interests, as truly, by virtue of her position, responsible for the right spending and right administering of the family funds as her husband for the earning of them. This is generally understood among artisans, mechanics and people belonging to the class of wage-earners whose labor is repaid by a salary. The weekly wages are apportioned to a penny between the cost of rent, fuel, food and clothing, and the wife is nearly always the treasurer and frequently the sole manager of the money her husband earns. There is seldom cause for irritation and complaint in the families of men whose income is an established one, however limited, and paid over to them in weekly or monthly sums.

It is the fluctuating income of the merchant or the professional man, the man who desires his wife to make a good appearance and convey to society an impression of his prosperity, which often causes heart-burning and sometimes wrecks domestic happiness. A man naturally generous may have a very mistaken idea of the amount necessary to carry on a family in easy comfort, to dress wife and children, to pay the wages of servants and to provision the garrison against all contingencies. Most married women dislike to ask their husbands for money, just as most grown daughters prefer not to put in such a claim upon their fathers, and a delicate care for the wife's sensitive feeling on the subject will lead a truly loving husband never to allow in her that distress. A business-like review of probable income and outgo, an apportionment of expenses, with something left over for those extras on which one never can count beforehand, would make

the difference in many homes between irritating friction and tranquil mutual understanding.

While speaking of domestic finances we should not overlook the fact that the children in the family are reasonable beings, and as early as possible should possess the father's and mother's confidence with regard to this very important matter—the right spending or saving of money. An allowance to each child, and the teaching each child to keep accounts, is one of the best ways to induce in children responsibility about money. This allowance should be very small at first and should be gradually increased with the child's increasing years. Beyond this, however, as the young people grow up they ought to know something of the family affairs, so that they may intelligently sympathize with their parents in *their* aims and endeavors, and that they may be armed against the temptation to a selfish extravagance.

Atmosphere Inside the Castle.

Home, be it lofty or lowly, is one's castle.

Here we repel the assaults of the world. Here, as the Shunamite said, may each say "I dwell with mine own."

A cheerful atmosphere is important to happy home life. It is very hard for children to be good when they are exposed to an incessant hail-storm of fault-finding from their parents. It is very difficult for a wife to maintain a calm and charmingly sweet demeanor when her husband is critical or sullen, and takes all her tender efforts with indifferent appreciation.

I know full well the polite amazement or amiable incredulity with which men receive the statement of a woman's opinion that in the home partnership the wife, and not the husband, pulls the laboring oar. Still, it is true that, let a man's business be ever so engrossing, ever so wearisome, ever so laborious, the mere fact that he goes to it in the morning and returns from it at night sets him above his wife in ease and comfort. For him the slavery of routine has its breaks. He gets a breath of the world outside; he has change of scene daily; he sees people and hears them talk; and his home is distinctly his refuge and shelter.

Let a wife and mother love her home and her children with the most absolute unswerving devotion, and serve them with the most unselfish fidelity, there are, nevertheless, times when she's very weary.

She knows better than anyone else the steps and the stitches, the same things done over and over, and the pettiness of the trials that come from nursery and kitchen. They are so insignificant that she is ashamed to talk about them, and I fear she sometimes forgets to tell her Saviour how hard they press her, and so, bearing her cross all alone, its weight becomes crushing. A sunshiny husband

makes a merry, beautiful home, worth having, worth working in and for. If the man is breezy, cheery, considerate and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over the puddings and the mending-basket, counts the hours till he returns at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration.

You may think it weak or childish, if you please, but it is the admired wife, the wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles of commendation, who is capable, discreet and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, self-distrusting little body, fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood under the tonic, the cordial of companionship with a husband who really went out of his way to find occasion for showing her how tenderly he deferred to her opinion.

In the home there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogatives, or division of interest. The husband and the wife are each the complement of the other. And it is just as much his duty to be cheerful as it is hers to be patient; his right to bring joy into the door as it is hers to sweeten and garnish the pleasant interior. A family where the daily walk of the father makes life a festival is filled with heavenly benedictions.





Twice Married.

BY MARY B. SLEIGHT.

It rather surprises some of my acquaintances when I tell them that I have been twice married; for, to casual observers, my second wife is so like the first that none but my mother and one or two near friends ever knew when I lost the one and found the other. Yet, in spite of this seeming likeness, they differ as widely as a white December morning in its steely purity differs from the brooding tenderness of June; and for my own part, looking to-day into the eyes of the woman whose love fills every hour of my life with a sweet and sacred joy, I can find scarcely a shadow of resemblance to the sphinx-like being whom in those earlier days I called my wife. I will tell you how it came about. It is six years since I was married first. We had been engaged for eighteen months, and like most lovers, I dare say, thought ourselves well acquainted with each other: but I was in college, studying hard for my profession, while she was at home reading law-books to her blind old father; and neither of us had much time to give to love-making. It was her devotion to her father that first attracted me. "Any girl," I said, "who could resign herself to the reading of law, and spreading of mustard pastes for this crusty old gentleman, who seldom gave her so much as a smile in return, could not fail to make a good wife. But experience has taught me that a devotion which would satisfy the most exacting of fathers may seem to a husband but the veriest husks of love. I do not think all wives understand this. There is a great deal said in newspapers and novels about woman's wasted affections: and I am perfectly willing to admit that there are men who can no more appreciate womanly tenderness than a pig can appreciate the beauty of a flower-bed: but there are others by the score, regular six-footers some of them, with broad shoulders and shaggy beards, who hunger for just such tenderness of love as a mother gives her baby, and are not a whit the less manly for it. Poor fellows! not a few of them, I am afraid, go hungry all their lives; for it is not every woman that has a mother-heart, and only the mother-hearted woman can be a real wife. But I did not understand this then, neither did Cora. We were both young; and our courtship had been limited to an exchange of letters once a week, and such brief visits as my studies would allow: yet, ignorant as we were of each other's inner self, I cannot help thinking that we were quite as well acquainted on that wedding-day as many a couple who have known ten years of wedded life, so few comparatively ever reach the perfect oneness of true wedlock. It is pleasant to think what a surprise it will be to those who have lived side by side for a lifetime here, without coming to any thing like a just knowledge of each other, except, it may be, of their faults and failings, when the Lord shall set them down together in some fair mansion by "the crystal sea," and give them time to become fully

acquainted. What soundings of unguessed depths there will be! What liftings of the veil that through all the years of time had kept apart and lonely the hearts that were meant to be one! Ah, me! if men and women would only try a little harder here for a mutual understanding, perhaps they might save themselves some sad regrets up there.

What! you wish I would stop preaching, and go on with my story? Well, we were married, and for a time I had nothing more to ask; it was enough to know that she was mine; but, as the months wore on, there grew into my consciousness a vague sense of something lacking. Cora loved me, I had no doubt of that: but some way it was not with just the sort of love which my heart most craved; for the shy reserve which had been so charming in her as a maiden still clung to her, and was drawing by degrees a dividing line between us, over which it seemed impossible for either of us to pass. Even in her tenderest moments it made itself felt, chilling me in a way which only those who have had a like experience can fully comprehend. Perhaps her seeming coldness was due in part to the self-restraint which her father's frigidity had imposed, and no doubt my own dullness of apprehension helped to increase it; but, whatever the cause, it made a weary time for us both. It is like a dream to me now,—since at last the fullness of love has come to me,—those days when I hungered so unutterably for even the tiniest crumbs. I used to bend over her as she slept, a tranced Undine," and pray for the power to waken her from the deeper sleep that held her dear heart from me. I sat at her side by the hour, pretending to be absorbed in a book, when in reality I was thinking only of her, and waiting, as parched leaves wait for the dew, for her just to touch her lips to my forehead, or thread her fingers through my hair. If I had asked the favor, she would have given it as sweetly and kindly as she gave a slice of bread to the beggar-child at the door; but "love wants to be wanted," and there is no love-proof so dear as that which comes unsought. There are those, doubtless, who would call this sheer weakness; but all men are not shaped in the same mould, and it is no easy matter for one heart to judge of another's needs. Well, it went on so until our baby came, and then I took courage: for I felt that now her mother-heart would unfold itself, and so it did; but the new-born tenderness, in which I had selfishly hoped to have a share, was lavished only on the little one. It seems cruel to blame her, she was so happy in those days of early motherhood; but not even for her child has a wife a right to forget her husband: and at last, in the stoicism of desperation, I did what hundreds of others have done under similar circumstances,—attempted to drown myself, not in the North River, but in the vortex of business. I threw myself into all sorts of hazardous enterprises. I schemed and speculated, and made money, and men called me a prosperous man; and none knew that I was a beggar, starving at my own door for love's largesses. There were other doors

enough standing open for me, as there are for all the hungry ones, God help them! for a miserable mess of pottage it is, for which men sell their birthright when they take paid kisses on their lips; but I had neither need nor liking for the favors of strangers, I wanted only my darling's heart.

One morning, while we were at breakfast, a telegram came, calling me at once to Boston. Cora started when she heard it read, and then turned quietly to

her coffee and toast again. Once I thought I saw tears in her eyes, but it must have been only an imagination: for after breakfast she packed my valise without a word, and, when it came time to go, accepted my kiss with a scarcely audible "Good-by;" yet for the first time since our marriage I was to be away at least three days and possibly longer.

We were living in the country that summer, on account of the baby's health; and Cora was so cheerful and contented, that I tried to forget that there was any drop of bitterness in my own cup. Indeed, in spite of it, home was the dearest place in the world to me; and over and over in



MARJORY.

the next days, in all the hurry of business, I was saying to myself how good it would seem to be there again, and was ready to sing a hallelujah when on the third day I found that I was likely to be through in time for the evening train. It cost

me some exertion to accomplish it, however, and I was thoroughly worn out when at dusk I took my seat in the cars; but it was too early to think of going to sleep, and by way of recreation I fell to watching the faces of my fellow-travelers. A car-load of people is a curious study.

In front of me sat a woman with a poodle in her arms, and a child at her side; and she kissed them both promiscuously. I dare say she kissed her husband in the same way; and I remember feeling glad that Cora did not take to poodles. A seedy-looking man on my right was regaling himself with occasional draughts from an unsavory black bottle, and at least six of my nearest neighbors were diligently devouring peanuts. To the American tourist there seems to be nothing like peanuts to mitigate the tediousness of travel; and, as I sat there watching them disappear, I could not help speculating as to what would be the probable result if the crop should happen to fail. That which most attracted me, however, was a gray-haired couple a few seats from me. They were both past seventy, I judged by their looks, yet their tender deference to each other was so marked, that it set me to wondering how long it had taken them to reach that happy unity, and whether or not, by the time our hair turned white, Cora and I would be any nearer to it than now. But, in the midst of my cogitations, the porter signified that the berths were in readiness; and, worn out with my day's work, I was quite willing to forego for awhile the study of human nature.

The train was due at our station at five in the morning, and it was already broad daylight when I opened my eyes again. I was only half awake, however, and lay trying to collect my faculties when I was startled by a strange jarring sensation, together with a chorus of frightened voices; and the next I knew I was measuring my length in the aisle, very much shaken up in the inner man, but not otherwise injured. A broken rail had thrown us from the track, and made a complete wreck of the engine. It was decidedly a disagreeable affair, the more so as there was no train due for at least two hours; yet, with the exception of a few of those depraved individuals who grumble at every thing, the people who had been so rudely tumbled from their berths were too grateful for their escape to do much fault-finding; for half a mile back of us lay the gorge, a steep ravine some fifty feet in depth, and they knew only too well, that, had the accident occurred there, some of them would have been lying mangled and stiff among the rocks. As it was, no one was hurt beyond a few bruises,—no one at least but the pet poodle, who in some way had managed to get his leg crushed, and was consequently the hero of the occasion. Only one car remained right side up; and into this, as there was no other shelter at hand, the women and children were crowded, while the rest tramped up and down the track, trying to keep warm, for, although it was August, the morning was chilly, and a drizzling rain was falling. As for myself, finding that I could do nothing to lighten the woes of my fellow-travelers, and being

within five miles of home, I decided not to wait for the train. Possibly, I said to myself, the news of the danger through which I had passed might win me a warmer welcome, and with the eagerness of a boy I struck into the nearest path. An hour's plodding through the rain brought me drenched and tired to my own gate. Apparently no one was up in the house; and, thinking to surprise Cora, I entered with my latch-key, and, leaving my muddy boots in the hall, stole softly up to her room. But the stillness of the place oppressed me, and I stopped on the threshold dumb with a nameless terror. It was only for a moment, however; and, smiling at my fears, I threw wide the door, expecting to see Cora start at my sudden entrance, and to hear the baby crow for joy; but there was neither wife nor baby there. Two or three of the bureau drawers stood open, and the one in which baby's hood and cloak were kept was empty; Cora's waterproof and hat were also missing, and on the table stood a cup of tea and a plate of crackers. I took it all in at a glance, and then dashed down to the kitchen to question Bridget. But the kitchen, too, was empty; and then I remembered hearing Cora say that she had promised to let the girl go for a day or two to visit her mother. What could it all mean?

A horrible suspicion crept into my brain; but seeing the barn-door standing open, I breathed more freely for a moment, thinking that Mike might be able to explain the mystery. No Mike, however, answered to my call. Old Dobbin and the spring-wagon had also disappeared, and there were fresh wheel-tracks near the horse-block. I saw it all now. And so this was to be the end! "O Cora! Cora!" I cried, and staggered back to the house with a frenzied wish in my heart that I had been killed in the wreck. I hope none of you know by experience what such a desertion means. We read of similar ones in almost every morning paper, and even smile at them sometimes; but a man does not feel much like smiling when he finds the tragedy enacted in his own home. Deserted! I went up and down the desolate rooms, saying it over to myself, till suddenly every thing grew black about me; and—if I had been a woman I should say I fainted; but men are not supposed to faint—I reeled to the lounge, and lost all consciousness. How long I lay there it is hard to tell, possibly half an hour though it seemed to me at least a day before any sound reached me, and then it was only the trilling of the canary. "Poor little fellow!" I sighed, thinking vaguely that somebody ought to feed him; but, while I was trying to gain courage to rouse myself, the door swung open, I heard a quick, glad cry, a pair of arms went round my neck, and some one called my name, while kisses warm and eager rained over my face till they fairly took my breath away. It was so like a blessed dream that I did not dare to think myself awake; but, when the kisses gave place to tears and sobs, I opened my eyes to find bending over me, not the pale, shy woman who had so quietly bidden me good-bye two days before, but one whose face was aglow with



the unutterable tenderness of wifely love. Then I knew that it was a dream after all: I had no wife but Cora, and this surely was not Cora. I shut my eyes to puzzle it out, and knew nothing more until roused by a masculine grip on my wrist. I remember seeing dimly two or three queer-looking figures flitting like black ghosts about the room, and hearing the doctor say, in his cool professional tones, that the attack was evidently due to over-exertion, aggravated by some severe mental strain; and then I wandered again. They told me afterward that I raved incessantly of Cora, begging her to come back and love me; and I have a vague remembrance of sometimes feeling a wet cheek pressed to mine, and hearing a tender voice whisper frantically, "I am here, darling." But for nine weary days and nights the fever filled my brain, and when at last it ebbed I was too weak to know or care what was going on about me. I was only conscious, in a happy, dreamy way, that soft hands smoothed my pillow, and that loving lips whispered my name between kisses that dropped like rose leaves on cheek and forehead. But one September morning, after a long, refreshing sleep, I waked to see a white-robed figure kneeling by my bed, and heard a voice praying passionately, "Oh, Father! spare him till he shall know how dear he is to me!" And then I knew that I was loved. It was the beginning of my recovery. Slowly but steadily I gained strength, for love is the true elixir; and, when I was able to hear it, Cora told me the story of her seeming desertion on the day of my return. Owing to Bridget's absence, she had risen an hour earlier than usual that morning, and was standing by the window watching the clouds and wondering whether or not it would be worth while to send Mike to the station for me, when she heard loud voices on the street, and caught the words, "Terrible accident near the Gorge!" "Cars a total wreck!" "Passengers killed and wounded!" Ten minutes later she was sitting in the spring-wagon, with baby in her arms; and, while Mike was urging old Dobbin to his utmost speed, she was begging him to drive faster, and praying God in an agony of hope and fear to let me live at least until she reached me.

"Oh darling, darling!" she cried, "I never knew the meaning of love till then?" And there she broke down like a bashful girl, and hid her shining face in my bosom. And so through pain my Undine found her soul.

For months after that terrible fever I was unable to leave my room or attend to any business; yet they were the happiest months I had ever known; and, looking back now, I can see that there was not one of all those days of discipline that was not needed for the perfecting of the good work. We thought then that nothing could ever disturb our new-found peace and joy; yet I dare say if I had recovered quickly, and returned at once to business, we might unconsciously have drifted back into the old ways. As it was, in that long period of daily and hourly companionship we grew into each other's soul with a closeness that left no room for doubt or coldness to come between. The ways of God are past finding out,

but always they work together for good; and to the end of time I shall give thanks for those months of pain and weakness, for it is to them that I owe my second wife.

My story is told. We had come into love's kingdom, but it was only by slow degrees that we learned the riches of our inheritance. Most men count toil and hardship small prices to pay for wealth; and, to those whom God has joined together, it is worth all cost of time and pain and patience simply to know each other; for knowledge is the foundation of all intelligent love, and love alone is wealth. The new wife, with her radiant face, leans over my shoulder while I write, and her eyes grow misty as she reads.

"It seems too sacred, dear, for other eyes to see," she whispers; but I shake my head at that.

"There is nothing too sacred for use that may help others to the truth, my darling."



Good Housekeeping.

Nothing looks so easy. Nothing really demands so much time and care and attention to detail. "Man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done," is true so far as the ordering of a household is concerned. But now and then we find somebody who gives due credit to the good wife's housekeeping.

Says the author of "How to Be Happy, Though Married: "

"To paterfamilias it seems as much a matter of course as that night succeeds day and day follows night that his meals should be served up in becoming rotation, and each with its proper complement of viands; that his servants should perform their offices deftly; that his children should not profanely break in upon his repose; that his chimneys should be swept before the soot has dangerously accumulated; and that, generally, his household machine should revolve easily, with its works well oiled and in the best of gear. But suppose he had not a helpful wife, how then?

"We hear enough and to spare of the strikes and complaints of 'working men,' but there is one class of laborers who never strike and seldom complain. They get up at five o'clock in the morning and never go back to bed until ten or eleven o'clock at night. They work without ceasing the whole of that time, and receive no other emolument than food and the plainest clothing. They understand something of every branch of economy and labor, from finance to cooking. Though harassed by a hundred responsibilities, though driven and worried, though reproached and looked down upon, they never revolt; and they cannot organize for their own protection. Not even sickness releases them from their posts. No sacrifice is deemed too great for them to make, and no incompetency ever daunts their heroic courage or wears out their fortitude."

Robert J. Burdette, well known by his humorous contributions to the *Burlington Hawkeye*, and also as a lecturer, gives an account in *Lippincott* of the stimulus which he received from the invalid wife, lately deceased, of whom he tenderly says, at the close of the article, "Whatever of earnestness and high purpose there is in my life I owe to the gentlest, best and wisest of critics and collaborators, a loving, devoted wife." Concerning his work he says: "As Mrs. Burdette's health failed I did more and more of my work at home, soon withdrawing entirely from desk-work in the *Hawkeye* office and writing altogether at home. 'Her Little Serene Highness' was at this time quite helpless, suffering every moment, in every joint, rheumatic pain, acute and terrible. But in these years of her suffering helplessness more than ever is visible her collaboration in my work. Each manuscript was read to her before it went to the paper. She added a thought here and there, suggested a change of word or phrase, and so tenderly that, in her trembling hand, the usually dreaded and remorseless 'blue pencil'

became a wand of blessing, struck out entire sentences and pet paragraphs. How well she knew 'what not to print!' Blessed indeed is the man who writes with such a critic looking over his shoulder, a wife who loves and prizes her husband's reputation far above his own vanity or recklessness!"

The thorough way in which some wives identify themselves in the pursuits of their husbands is illustrated in the case of two American ladies. The engineer who was carrying on the works of the stupendous bridge which now connects New York with Brooklyn became incapacitated, through illness, from further superintendence while a great part of the work still remained unfinished. Thereupon his wife, who, in assisting her husband in making his plans and specifications, had already mastered all the details connected with the structure, at once took his place and successfully completed the magnificent bridge, having, while daily overlooking the works, commanded the respect of contractors and workmen by the knowledge and ability she displayed in conducting the operations.

The Schoolboy's Evenings.

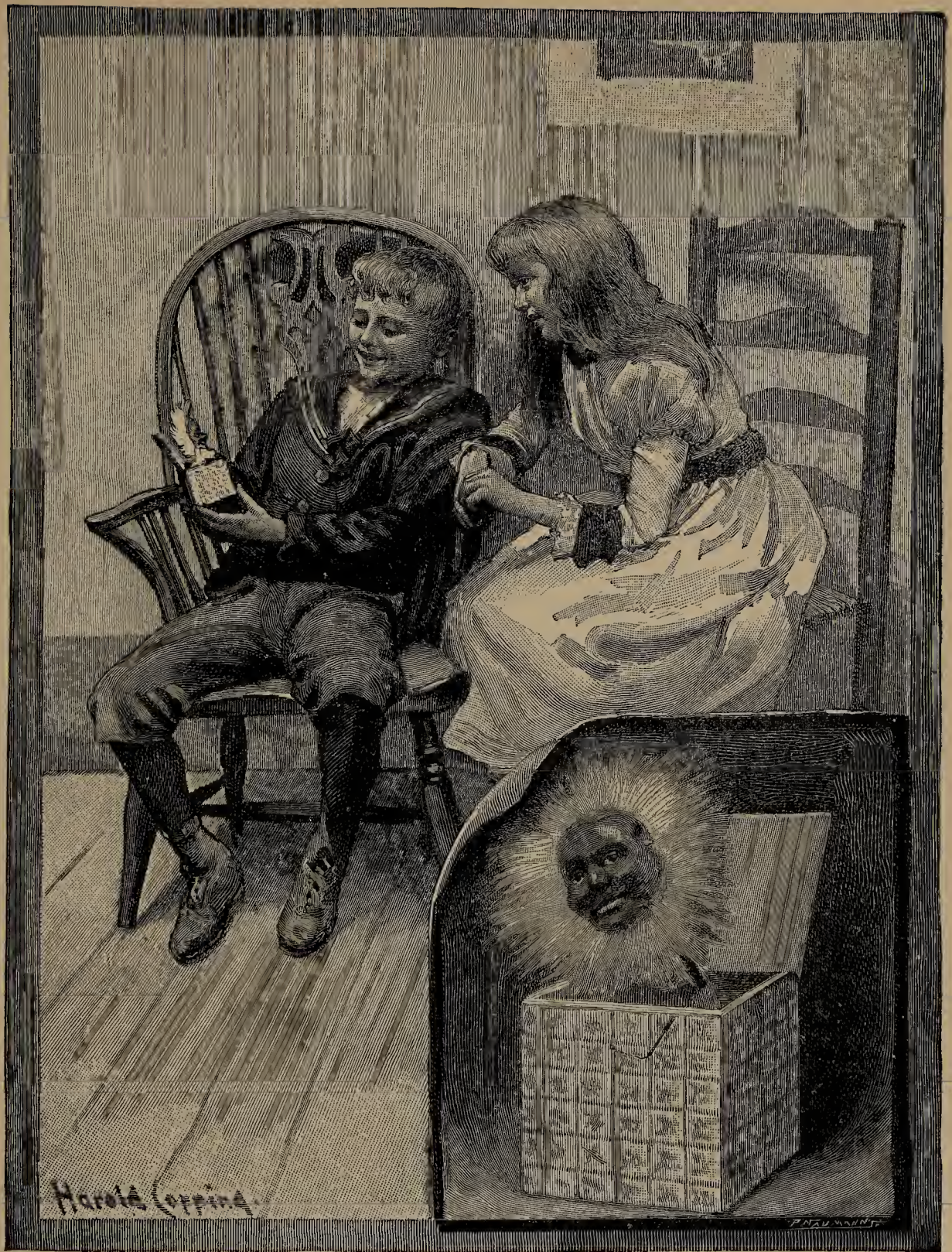
The worst thing which can befall a boy is to be allowed to spend his evenings in the street. "Where does Freddie go after supper?" I asked a mother.

"Oh!" she said lightly, "I don't know. He's around with the boys. So long as he's in by ten o'clock we ask no questions."

This is a great mistake. Home, after dark, is the place for growing lads. And make home pleasant for your sons, dear mother.

Let the father or the mother think long before they send away their boy—before they break the home-ties that make a web of infinite fineness and soft silken meshes around his heart, and toss him aloof into the boy-world, where he must struggle up amid bickerings and quarrels, into his age of youth! There are boys indeed with little fineness in the texture of their hearts, and with little delicacy of soul, to whom the school in a distant village is but a vacation from home; and with whom a return revives all those grosser affections which alone existed before—just as there are plants which will bear all exposure without the wilting of a leaf, and will return to the hot-house life as strong and as hopeful as ever. But there are others to whom the severance from the prattle of sisters, the indulgent fondness of a mother, and the unseen influences of the home altar, give a shock that lasts forever; it is wrenching with a cruel hand what will bear but little roughness; and the sobs with which the adieux are said are sobs that may come back in the after years, strong and steady and terrible.

God have mercy on the boy who learns to sob early! Condemn it as a sentiment, if you will; talk as you will of the fearlessness and strength of the boy's



THE JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

heart—yet there belong to many tenderly strung chords of affection which give forth low and gentle music, that consoles and ripens the ear for all the harmonies of life. These chords a little rude and unnatural tension will break, and break forever. Watch your boy, then, if so be he will bear the strain; try his nature, if it be rude or delicate; and, if delicate, in God's name do not, as you value your peace and his, breed a harsh youth spirit in him, that shall take pride in subjugating and forgetting the delicacy and richness of his finer affections.

The Best Day.

How pleasant it would be if everywhere the Lord's Day was welcomed with songs and shouts. We know a household in which the Sunday is hardly over before the little ones begin to inquire, "Mamma, when will it be Sunday again?" To these children Sunday is the "red-letter" day of the week, looked forward to and backward to on every other day. And this because on Sunday they have their father at

home all day. This wise father makes Sunday the children's day. He dismisses his business cares, gathers his children close about him, listens to their histories of the week, reads to them, or talks to them, or walks with them. He is making beautiful associations to cluster about this beautiful day.



HURRAH FOR US!

This should be the day of days in every household. Six days must the bread and butter be earned, and the bread and butter prepared, the raiment taken thought of and the raiment stitched. Six days must the fathers and sons and daughters and little children go abroad to their work and their lessons. But then comes the seventh day, the beautiful Sunday, in which business may be set aside, the lessons dismissed, husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters reunited. Let this day be consecrated to all that is highest and best in our natures, to thanksgiving and aspiration, and to the development in the home of those spiritual graces which make our homes heavenly places. Wise parents will make the day so bright and sweet with their joy in their children, their sympathetic conversation, their choice books, their songs, and their bits of poetry, that those who come to the hearthstone weary or discouraged will be renewed and cheered for the work of the coming week, and all will bear in their hearts a bright memory to shine on them in all cloudy weather.

A Timely Hint.

We are too apt to forget the old, and to leave them to fend for themselves. In our zeal to provide suitable amusements for the young people let us not overlook those who have reached the opposite extreme of life and, by reason of failing powers, are in positive, though it be only occasional, need of real recreation. Until one has lived in a household with elderly persons one has no conception of how many lonely hours they spend, usually in most uncomplaining fashion. Impaired eyesight limits the amount of reading they might otherwise enjoy, and rheumatic limbs or similar infirmities hinder active exercise. Those living in cities or large towns may suffer but slightly from this sense of isolation and monotony, but it is sometimes an actual burden to those who are remote from centres of interest and in households where there are no young people. A genuine service might be rendered to such by the boys and girls, not by making a perfunctory call now and then, but by a group of them going together to spend an evening with the old folks, and taking some music or simple games for the entertainment of all. The long evenings are approaching and here is a beautiful field of service for King's Daughters and Christian Endeavorers. One such visit would enliven the entire winter and give the aged ones something pleasant to talk about and think over for weeks afterward. They always enjoy, with extremely few exceptions, the sight of young faces.

The Brookside.

The author of this drawing-room favorite of twenty years ago, is Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), the English poet, politician and prose-writer.

He was born in Yorkshire, June 19, 1809. He was graduated at Cambridge, and entered Parliament, where he soon espoused the liberal side, advocating popular education, religious equality, reform for criminals, etc. He visited this country in 1875, and died in London, August 11, 1885.

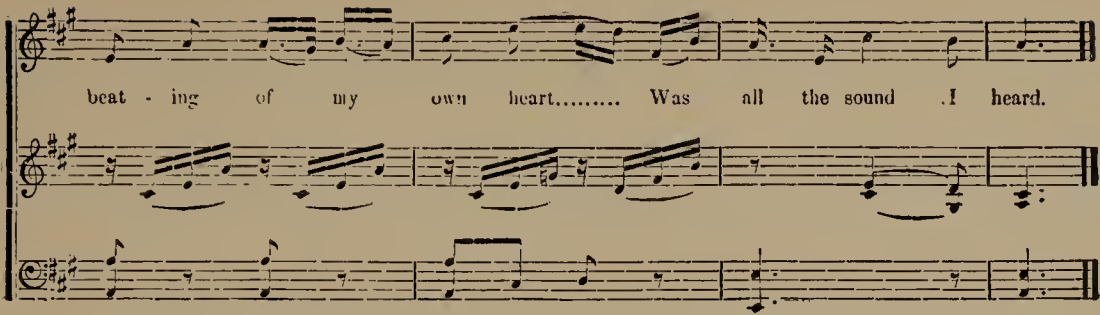
The melody which suits these picturesque words so well, was composed by James Hine.

1. I wan - - der'd by the brook - side, I wan - - der'd by the
2. I sat..... beneath the elm tree, I watch'd..... the long, long

mill; I..... could not hear the brook flow, The
shade, And as it grew still long - er, I

noi - sy wheel was still; There was no burr of
did not feel a - fraid; For. I lis - ten'd for a

grass - hop - per, No chirp of an - y bird,... But the
foot - fall, I lis - ten'd for a word,.. But the



I wandered by the brookside,
 I wandered by the mill;
 I could not hear the brook flow,—
 The noisy wheel was still.
 There was no burr of grasshopper,
 No chirp of any bird,
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm tree;
 I watched the long, long shade,
 And, as it grew still longer,
 I did not feel afraid:
 For I listened for a footfall,
 I listened for a word,—
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
 The night came on alone,—
 The little stars sat one by one,
 Each on his golden throne;
 The evening air passed by my cheek,
 The leaves above were stirred,
 But the beating of my own heart
 Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
 When something stood behind;
 A hand was on my shoulder,—
 I knew its touch was kind:
 It drew me nearer—nearer—
 We did not speak one word,
 For the beating of our own hearts
 Was all the sound we heard.

Putting on the Finishing Touch.

It might be a good thing for some of us older ones, if we could take to heart the lesson in this little story.

Van is four years old, and very proud of the fact that he can dress himself in the morning—all but the buttons “that run up and down ahind.”

Van isn't enough of an acrobat yet to make his small fingers thus do duty between his shoulderblades, so he backs up to papa and gets a bit of help.

One morning Van was in a great hurry to get some important work he had on hand, the marshalling of an army, or something of the sort, so he hurried to get into his clothes, and, of course, they bothered him because he was in a hurry and didn't take as much pains as usual. Things would get upside down and “hind side 'fore,” while the way that the legs and arms of these same things got mixed was dreadful to contemplate. So I am afraid it was not a very pleasant face that came to papa for the finishing touches.

“There, every thing is on now!” shouted Van.

"Why, no, Van," said papa, soberly, "you havn't put every thing on yet!"

Van carefully inspected his clothes, from the tips of his small toes up to the broad collar about his neck. He could find nothing wanting.

"You havn't put your smile on yet," said papa with the tiny wrinkles beginning to creep about his own eyes. "Put it on, Van, and I'll button it up for you!"

And, if you will believe me, Van began to put it on then and there! After that he almost always remembered that he couldn't really call himself dressed for the day until he had put a sunny face atop of the white collar and the Scotch plaid necktie.—*Youth's Companion*.

Annie Laurie.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
 Forgot was Britain's glory;
 Each heart recalled a different name,
 But all sang "Annie Laurie."

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim,
 For a singer dumb and gory;
 And English Mary mourns for him
 Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Annie Laurie has come to mean, the universal soldier's sweetheart, "The girl he left behind him," and it is pleasant to know that there really was an Annie Laurie, once; two centuries ago, she was a blooming lassie. Here is the record, exactly as it was made in a trustworthy old "Ballad-Book," collected by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, of Hoddam: "Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of the Maxwellton family (created twenty-seventh of March, 1685), by his second wife, a daughter of Riddello, Minto, had three sons, and four daughters, of whom Anne was much celebrated for her beauty, and made a conquest of Mr. Douglas, of Finland, who composed the following verses, under an unlucky star—for the lady married Mr. Ferguson, of Craigdarroch." These are the original words:

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
 Where early fa's the dew;
 Where me and Annie Laurie
 Made up the promise true;
 Made up the promise true,
 And never forget will I,
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie
 I'll lay me down and die.

She's backit like the peacock,
 She's briestit like the swan;
 She's jimp about the middle,
 Her waist ye weel nicht span;
 Her waist ye weel nicht span,
 And she has a rolling eye,
 And for Bonnie Annie Laurie,
 I'll lay me down and die.

The present air of "Annie Laurie," is the composition of Lady John Scott, authoress of both words and music of many songs, which have become popular in her own country. Her maiden name was Alicia Anne Spottiswoode. She married, in 1836, Lord John Douglass Scott, a son of the Duke of Buccleuch.

A collection of Lady Scott's musical compositions has been published in London.

Andante.

1. Max - well-tou braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's..... the
 2. Her brow..... is like the snaw - drift, Her neck is like..... the
 3. Like dew on the go - wan ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fai - ry

p

dew, And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie, Gie'd me her prom - ise
 swan, Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone
 feet; And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and

true, Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be;
 on— That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e;
 sweet— Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me;

cres. *sf.*

p And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee.
pp ad lib.
p *pp colla voce.*

Smiles.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Smile a little, smile a little,
 As you go along,
 Not alone when life is pleasant,
 But when things go wrong.
 Care delights to see you frowning,
 Loves to hear you sigh;
 Turn a smiling face upon her,
 Quick the dame will fly.

Smile a little, smile a little,
 All along the road;
 Every life must have its burden,
 Every heart its load.
 Why sit down in gloom and dark-
 ness,

With your grief to sup?
 As you drink Fate's bitter tonic,
 Smile across the cup.

Smile upon the troubled pilgrims
 Whom you pass and meet;
 Frowns are thorns, and smiles are
 blossoms

Oft for weary feet.
 Do not make the way seem harder
 By a sullen face.
 Smile a little, smile a little,
 Brighten up the place.

Scolding.

Better live on the corner
 of a house-top than with a
 brawling woman (or man) in a wide house. A writer in the *Outlook* has some
 views on nagging and scolding which are worth repeating.

There is a righteous indignation, which is a teacher of righteousness; but
 nagging is born of unrighteous indignation. Its hidden source is offended self-
 esteem. It is often our duty to find fault, but it is more often our duty to stop
 finding fault. To cease speaking is as great an art as the art of speech. Better
 corrections many times too few than once too often. "Let your yea be yea, and
 your nay, nay," applies to fault-finding as well as to expletives. Here, as else-
 where, we are not heard for our much speaking. True, "constant dropping
 wears away the stone," but in the matter of hearts, on the contrary, constant
 dropping petrifies them. "Precept upon precept, line upon line"—but not the



THE PIPER PIPES.

same precept, nor the same line, nor in the same place. The best workman uses the fewest blows. If we are seeking our dear one's amendment rather than our own glory, we shall be anxious that as much of the amendment as possible shall come from him. Nagging fails largely because it does not give the culprit a chance to improve of his own motion. See how carefully God has preserved the free agency of mankind, refraining from forcing upon us either good or evil; and shall we not be as wise in dealing with each other? If you want a man to do the right, point it out, and leave him alone long enough for him to make willing choice of the right, and label his deed with his own name.

In fact, fault-finding always finds failure if it considers the fault rather than the man. We speak, and then look for results, for amendment, instead of looking for the will to amend. This proves the shallowness of our own desire, that it regards exteriors, and is not prompted by the Spirit, since it does not look to the spiritual for its success. Our correction will produce righteousness only when it produces love for righteousness; and if it seeks first to inspire this love, everything else will be added to it.

And not only will love be the object sought by admonition; it will also be the tool that is used. Diamonds are cut only by diamonds, and hearts are formed to beauty only by loving hearts. "Liking cures;" that is the law of spiritual homeopathy. Admonition, like charity, endures all things, because it hopes all things; nagging endures nothing, because it hopes nothing and has no love. The first requisite of a good corrector is that he be a good lover. If you want to find fault, first find hearts. Words do not reach your brother's will except along the telegraph wires of heart strings. If he won't do it for your heart, he won't do it for your tongue.

How Many Bones ?

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen when they are all in place.

How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear?
Three in each, and help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.

How many bones in the shoulder bind?
Two in each—one before and behind.

HOME LIFE MADE BEAUTIFUL.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each one, two in each forearm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each, like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each, and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees?
One in each, the knee pan, please.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each, as the palms were put.

How many bones in the toes half a score?
Twenty-eight and there are no more.

And all together these many bones fix,
And then count in the body two hundred and six.

And then we have the human mouth,
Of upper and under thirty-two teeth.

And now and then have a bone, I should think.
That was in a joint, or to fill up a chink.

A sesamoid bone, or a wormain, we call,
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

The Child's Use of Money.

The virtues of a child may be his own inherent possessions, but his vices and faults pretty generally result from the neglect, indifference, positive bad example or positive bad management of parents. The careless use of money is, clearly enough, a fault for which the child is not responsible. He brought nothing into this world; his ideas of the use of money, his very conceptions of the meaning and value of money, must come to him from those who are educating him. True, the habit of acquisitiveness is more or less natural to all children, but I think it hardly probable that young children hoard money for money's sake.



A LITTLE VISITOR.

I've come to see Aunt Mary!
I like it in her house;
Though you notice that I'm keeping
As quiet as a mouse.

A little child is such a delightfully entertaining creature, at least to most of us, it is so easy and natural to pet and flatter him, to win a smile by a gift, more or less well considered, that the marvel is that children should attain maturity with any sound ideas of the value of money. If the lowest coin of the realm were a nickel, a dime or a quarter, the child would doubtless be much better off. A penny is such a trifle, we say, when a little hand is outstretched for that which represents to him sweets at the corner store. If the little one begged for a quarter most of us would be forced to consider whether it was wise or not to grant the request. Constant giving of favors of this sort induces boldness. Presently the child begins to ask for pennies indiscriminately of friends and of strangers. There are children who, unless restrained, jingle their banks or open tiny pocketbooks in one's presence and, urged by their craving for sweets and toys, boldly hint their wishes. Then the child becomes unlovely, but it is not a fault of his own creating.

Innocent as may appear the habit of spending small sums without thought, it is a habit which, when allowed to continue unchecked, may induce extravagance, wastefulness, intemperance and other vices. Early impressions and practices are proverbially potent. The child who is allowed to spend pennies without advice or consultation with his mother, and on whatever pleases his fancy, is not likely to be careful with larger sums and so soon acquires habits of extravagance. He who is careless with money, which represents so much, will probably be careless and wasteful with other possessions besides money, as time and opportunities.

To counteract the extravagant tendency in a child it is not necessary to repeat the error by going to the opposite extreme. Of the two, an extravagant man is a better citizen than the miser. It is a good plan to keep a child free from any ideas whatever about money so long as possible. Teach him how to make his own playthings and he will enjoy them twice over, besides developing a taste for industry and exercising his ingenuity and mechanical skill. Simple, home-made candies, to be eaten at the table, are much better for him in every way than the rich, impure sweets which a child is likely to buy over the counter. He can easily be instructed to find his happiness in something that is not suggested by money. Having should not always mean spending. Even a very busy mother who will take time and spend thought in devising or suggesting occupations for the child will lose nothing in the end, even though her mending basket should be neglected. The country would be the better by one good citizen if all mothers realized what individual care of a child, in this one particular, might mean.

When money must come into the child's life consider and suggest various good ways of spending it. In a home where birthday and Christmas gifts are made much of love generally reigns and continues until the later years of life. A gift, however tiny, warms the heart of both giver and receiver. The little child

has been a recipient from his infancy; make him happy by showing him how he can earn money and buy gifts for others. A rose tree for grandmamma's birthday, some desired trifle for father or sister or mother, purchased by his own forethought, mark a new era in the child's life and distinctly influence him for good.

Teach him how to divide his small hoard of money so that each member of the family, his playmates, the poor children in the neighborhood and in the orphan's home, may receive a gift on Christmas morning.

A bank account should be started for the child and he should be encouraged to add to it so long as the spirit of avarice can be kept in abeyance. But we must not look for sound views about the needs of the coming years in a little child. Sav-



GRANDPA'S SOVEREIGNS.

ing up money for some future good scarcely appeals to the small man or woman. Past and future have no existence for them; the present is their golden age.

Discussions about money should be avoided in the hearing of a child. Teach him by your own conversation and example that money is not a thing to which

important thought should be given. Keep him out of the financial atmosphere, the atmosphere of the glittering shop and the eager discussion of ways and means. Children are so much more susceptible to the atmosphere by which they are surrounded than most of us suspect. If the gaining and the spending of money are frequently discussed in the home circle the child is certain to gain the impression that money is a principle good. A community in which many homes based on moderate incomes are found, in which there is neither great poverty nor great wealth, in which men and women value money for what it may represent of education, refinement, culture, in which habits of reserve and prudence in getting and spending are the rule, is a good community for a child to be born into; and such a community furnishes the best sort of citizens for a republic.—*The Congregationalist*.

Mother's Dress.

BY SALLIE V. DUBOIS.

A little fellow, who had been taken from a charitable institution and had found a home in the country on a farm, was seen often to open his jacket and gaze intently on something that was concealed within. One day the mistress of the house said to him kindly, "James, what have you of such value there?" The boy started and blushed as he answered, "It's just a piece of my mother's dress, ma'am, the one she had on when she died. It's a comfort to look at it now and then, and to touch it; it makes her presence seem nearer." Sure enough, the little boy had sewed the small piece of calico on the lining of his jacket, and there it was, faded and soiled with much handling, but precious beyond words.

I wonder how many of the boys and girls of our land, living in homes where the loving mother is the predominate spirit, realize what this protecting care means to them. "Somehow, I don't like to be where you ain't, mamma," said a dear little fellow of six, as he nestled close in his mother's arms. And a little girl of eight, who was standing by, noted the answering caress bestowed by the mother, and said quietly to a playmate, "It must be nice to be loved like that." The child had lost her mother when less than two years of age, too young to have any remembrance of the face or form, but there was an empty void in her heart which no human affection could fill.

Be tender of that precious mother whom God has given you. Show her a thoughtful love, be solicitous about her comfort. Be ready to do her bidding as soon as it is known to you. The footsteps of love ought to be swift and light, not slow in action and heartless in deed.

Some day God may take from you this mother whose love is now your constant joy. "Ah," said a clergyman, in addressing a class of young lads, "my

mother is now with the saints in heaven, but I find constant joy in the thought that I always strove to render obedience to her. My desire was not to commit any act which I should blush to repeat in her presence, and to render her the homage which was her due. Her precious memory is the most sacred earthly possession left me."

Do not, oh, do not slight the love of your mother. Since the earliest days of infancy you have been her constant charge and care, her love for you has fostered and grown, until it is woven into every motive and thought of her heart. It becomes sacred in its intensity, and when we slight or ignore it we fail to realize no greater gift of God can ever be bestowed upon us. Perhaps we have all repeated many times the Fifth Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," without realizing it is the first of them all which contains a promise.

Let us learn now to realize, while the freshness of life is ours, that this priceless parents' love, so Christlike in its beauty, must not be lightly regarded.

Sentiment vs. Feeling.

It must be admitted that sentiment is on the decline. In looking over some old books the other day I came upon one of those albums which once formed part of the outfit of every young lady, a sacredly personal belonging, in which her friends wrote verses tenderly affectionate or playfully facetious, signing their names not, as now, in stately and decorous fullness, "Elizabeth," "Katharine," or "Lenora," but in the familiar undress of the home and pet name, "Maggie," "Nellie," "Kate," "Minnie" and such pretty diminutives being thick strewn on the pages. The book carried me back to my youth and brought vividly to my memory the girls whom I knew in the days when sentiment was still somewhat in fashion.

I say somewhat, for in the fifties it was already going out. Girls did not then faint at a spider or a mouse, or turn pale on slight occasion, or dissolve in tears without some excellent reason. They were a sensible, practical set and with the coming of the war there arrived abundant need and opportunities on every hand for the exercise of their quickness and the play of their finest powers. The girls of my day were the young women in wartime, and they kept up the courage of their brothers, husbands and friends, and worked nobly at home and in the Sanitary and Christian Commissions while the men were at the front; nor, in all fairness must it be said, were the women of the South a whit behind them in the way of nobly bearing hardship and heroically making sacrifices.

The war undoubtedly gave a rough and severe experience to our people, which had much to do with lifting us into a region too ethereal and too pure for



that lower emotion which expresses itself superficially in sentimental phrase and verse. After this, when the long era of peace came with blessing and prosperity, we had enough to do and to think of, and enough to hope and to achieve, to keep us from again growing effusive or weak and gushing.

The discipline of the more strenuous and thorough education for girls, made practicable by the excellence of colleges for women, has so strengthened our girls intellectually and so widened their outlook that there is almost the hint of danger in another direction. We find it in our hearts sometimes, looking at the bright, energetic, self-reliant, resourceful young women who surround us, to wish that they were just a trifle more impressionable, a trifle less rectangular, than they are. The college girl of the special era, plus a very little of the sentimental element, would be a fascinating and delightful creature. As it is, she sometimes seems to have attained maturity too soon. We could wish her more youth and more spontaneity and impulsiveness than she possesses. But we cannot have the graces and dignities of every age compressed into one, and our own century has no need to be ashamed of its girls.

I am always glad when out of a friend's letter falls a little slip cut from a newspaper on which are verses which have touched or pleased her, or when I find in a book the faded petals of a rose or a withered leaf of geranium, or when a dear traveler in other lands sends me a sprig of ivy from some old cathedral or a pressed flower from some historic grave. These graceful acts of sentiment are, as it were, perfumed and beautiful, and bring to one's feeling "the light that never was on land nor sea."

Our greater interest in athletics and our love of outdoor life and sport, making women wholesome and hearty and fitting them for comradeship with men in their recreations, have contributed not a little to the decline of sentiment. Golf and wheeling, and tennis and riding and rowing are favorable to healthful growth and conduce to the elasticity of spirits which a sound mind in a sound body insures. Do not let us fear, however, that true and sincere and honest feeling is going to be endangered by the prevalent enjoyment of outdoor life. Feeling is one thing, sentiment another, and, in its accepted and understood meaning, not a synonym for the first. To feel strongly and keenly, to love without stint, to die if need be for one's friend, and still better to live up to high ideals and to serve one's own to the uttermost is as much the province of noble souls now as at any former time.





ONE FLAG, ONE COUNTRY,
GOD OVER ALL.

The Thriving Family.

Our father lives in Washington,
And has a world of cares,
But gives his children each a farm,
Enough for them and theirs.
No old nobility have we;
No tyrant king to ride us;
Our sages in the Capitol
Enact the laws that guide us.
Hail, brothers, hail!
Let naught on earth divide us.

Some faults we have; we can't deny
A foible here and there;
But other households have the same,
And so we won't despair.
'Twill do no good to fume and frown,
And call hard names, you see;
And what a shame 'twould be to part
So fine a family!

'Tis but a waste of time to fret,
Since Nature made us one,
For every quarrel cuts a thread
That healthful love has spun.

Then draw the cords of union fast,
Whatever may betide us,
And closer cling through every blast,
For many a storm has tried us.
Hail, brothers, hail!
Let naught on earth divide us.

Full thirty well grown sons has he,
A numerous race, indeed,
Married and settled all, d'ye see?
With boys and girls to feed.

So, if we wisely till our lands
We're sure to earn a living,
And have a penny, too, to spare
For spending or for giving.
A thriving family are we;
No lordling need divide us;
For we knew how to use our hands,
And in our wits we pride us.
Hail, brothers, hail!
Let naught on earth divide us.

Some of us dare the sharp northeast;
 Some, clover fields are mowing;
 And others tend the cotton-plants
 That keep the looms a-going.
 Some build and steer the white-winged ship,
 And few in speed can mate them;
 While others rear the corn and wheat,
 Or grind the corn to freight them.
 And if our neighbors o'er the sea
 Have e'er an empty larder,
 To send a loaf their babes to cheer
 We'll work a little harder.

Aphorisms.

When the carpenter has finished your house and hands you the key, that is not your home; it is not yet complete. I remember what happened with my own home; how, after it had been finished, came the wife, and then one child, and then another, and so by degrees ties were added, and the house grew into a home.

These are golden words of Mr. Beecher. The outside of the home is its least important part. The kernel and core of the home are its loved ones.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.—*Bacon*.

The merit of originality is not novelty; it is sincerity. Believing man is the original man; whatsoever he believes, he believes it for himself, not for another.
 —*Carlyle*.

Whosoever hath not patience, neither doth he possess philosophy.—*Saadi*.

The heart has eyes that the brain knows nothing of.—*Charles H. Parkhurst*.

Great works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance.—*Johnson*.

The Deepest Sorrows.

The greatest sorrows which obscure our skies are those which bring with them the branding of disgrace. The soul sickens at the thought of the misery brought upon families by the wrongdoing of some tempted man or woman, some loved prodigal who has wandered into the far country, broken the laws of honor and integrity, shamed a fair name. The public have scorn for such a sinner, but at home a sister weeps, a mother shuts herself up to pray, a father's proud head bows. People age fast under these unspeakable griefs. Beside them, the grave of the dear one who passed away unspotted and victorious is as a soldier's bier, covered with royal purple and crowned with laurel. They are consoled whose mourning is shared by a community, whose dear dead are mentioned



tenderly by all. Not theirs the darkest valley of the shadow. Still, be the burden vicarious or otherwise, remember there is no Gethsemane into which your Lord will let you enter alone. In the wildest storm He will shelter you. In the deepest anguish the hand that was pierced will touch you and heal your wound. The angel of His presence will surely save you. The valley of the shadow! Yes! its other end leads to heaven!

For death is but a covered way
That leadeth unto light.
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

Past and Future.

SIGH, for the old year's gone—
Gone to the far-off shore—
Gone with all its joys—
Gone for evermore.
Many a trusty friend
Could no longer stay;
Many a cherished hope
Has passed away.
We saw the dear ones fade
Like flowers in the field—
The spirit leaves the clay—
Earth to earth must yield.
What matters it how brief
These lives of ours be?

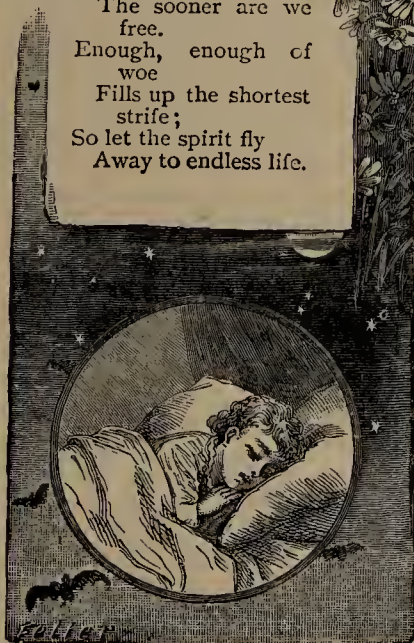
The fewer are the days,
The sooner are we
free.
Enough, enough of
woe
Fills up the shortest
strife;
So let the spirit fly
Away to endless life.



Sing for the glad New Year!
Another chance is given
To touch the hearts of men
And win earth back to
heaven.

A spirit springs to birth—
An influence great and strong—
To elevate mankind,
To crush each giant wrong.
Bear it o'er ocean tide
To earth's remotest place;
Let angels sing again
Glad tidings to our race.
Let errors of the age—
All follies of the day;
Old hates and party strife
All pass from earth away.
Let hope inspire each breast
With firmer trust in God;
And man to man be true—
All brothers on the sod.

W. HOYLE.



The King's Messenger.

BY MARY NICOLSON.

When the King sends out His messenger,
 Shall I be glad to see
 That he is riding straight across
 To visit me?

When the King sends out His messenger
 Shall I be glad to know
 That I shall be called away
 From earth below?

When the King sends out His messenger,
 Hearing the voice say "Come,"
 I shall know the King is only
 Calling me home.

When the King sends out His messenger,
 Approaching fast or slow,
 It will not be an unknown land
 To which I go.

He has shown fair glimpses of the home
 Where I shall enter in,
 Where I shall be with Christ the Lord,
 Safe from all sin.

My Child.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

I cannot think him dead!
 His fair sunshiny head
 Is ever bounding round my study chair;
 Yet with my eyes now dim
 With tears I turn to him,
 The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
 And through the open door
 I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
 I'm stepping toward the hall
 To give the boy a call,
 And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I tread the crowded street;
 A satcheled lad I meet,
 With the same beaming eyes and colored hair,
 And, as he's running by,
 Follow him with my eye,
 Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
 Under the coffin lid.
 Closed are his eyes, cold is his forehead fair;
 My hand that marble felt;
 O'er it in prayer I knelt.
 Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
 When passing by the bed
 So long watched over with parental care,
 My spirit and my eye
 Seek him inquiringly,
 Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
 Of day, from sleep I wake,
 With my first breathing of the morning air
 My soul goes up with joy,
 To Him who gave my boy; [there!
 Then comes the sad thought that—he is not

When at the day's calm close,
 Before we seek repose,
 I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
 Whate'er I may be saying,
 I am in spirit praying
 For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
 The form I used to see
 Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
 The grave, that now doth press
 Upon that cast off-dress,
 Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not there!



THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE.

He lives!—in all the past	Yes, we all live to God!
He lives; nor, to the last,	Father, Thy chastening rod
Of seeing him again will I despair;	So help us, Thine afflicted ones, to bear
In dreams I see him now, “ . . .”	That in the spirit-land,
And on his angel brow	Meeting at Thy right hand,
I see it written—“Thou shalt see me <i>there!</i> ”	’Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there!

In the Valley of the Shadow.

Dear friend, whoever you are, wherever you are, if it be the valley of the shadow you tread to-day, let me bring you a word of comfort. Perhaps you are carrying a load of care which almost bows you to the earth, yet your friends do not suspect that the weight so taxes you; they do not know that you need sympathy. Many a soul must stagger on, without human aid, and in loneliness and solitude, because of conditions and circumstances which cannot be explained. This may be your case, and you are brave indeed if the gloom in your heart does not dim the brightness in your face. One who was situated in this way, during the hard times we have lately gone through, and bearing the additional trial of feeble health and weakened nerves, picked up her hymn book and opening it at random read Heber’s lyric:

The Son of God goes forth to war
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

There came to her as she read the uplift and the courage which was given, you remember, to the little hero of Mrs. Ewing’s pathetic *Story of a Short Life*, the never-ceasing lesson of that beautiful martial hymn. Her valley of the shadow knew a gleam of joy.

Over your head, my sister, there may be invisibly suspended a great apprehension, trembling above you like the sword that quivered high among the garlands crowning the feast. One day, years ago was it, or only last week, you discovered that you bore about within you, near life’s very citadel, the germ of a mortal disease. Somewhere there was a weak spot, a hereditary tendency to morbid disorder, and it had shown some fatal sign; its chill hand clutched at your breath in the night, it meant some day or other good-bye to your dear ones and your everyday concerns, and this bright world of business and occupation,

progression and variety, of quick coming seasons and blessed opportunities. Ah! it takes special grace for one of God's saints, after long discipline, to say from the heart:

Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be *soon*,
Love, rest and home!
Lord, tarry not, but come!

To most of us the Lord does not give this grace when we are in the midst of our work. The children about us, our hands and hearts full, and to waken to a knowledge of some incurable disease with a probably fatal ending, is to enter a valley of the shadow indeed! Yet here, dear heart, take no thought for the morrow.

Autumn Days.

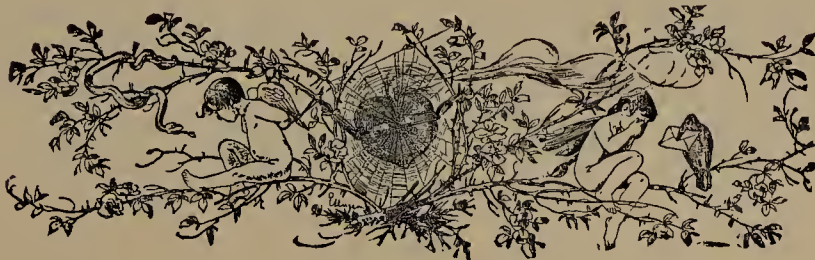
Into the cup of our life to-day
What sweet, what spice is poured,
When every bit of the common way
Is a garden of the Lord,
With the golden lights and the purple shades
Blending in rich accord.

As soon might we count the star beams
Or the sand on the shifting shore,
As number the flowers that baffle
Desire with more and more,
As if heaven had opened her windows
And rained them out of her store.

By swamp and field and meadow,
On the edge of the mountain brook,
By the worn old fence and the hedge-row,
In the tiniest hidden nook,
Flowers in royal splendor
Wherever you chance to look.

And the zest of the autumn noontide,
The crisp of the autumn night,
The sense of rest after labor,
The wonderful crystal light,
It is joy of joys to be living,
With the year at its crowning height.

Thank God for the beauty broadcast
Over our own dear land;
Thank God who, to feed His children,
Opens His bounteous hand;
Thank God for the lavish harvest,
Thank God from strand to strand.





Holy angels o'er thee bend,
In thy happy slumber,
God Himself to thee doth send.
Blessings without number.

Comfort.

Be not disheartened, brother,
 Though weary the task you try;
 Strength will come with the toiling,
 You will finish it by and by.
 Then sweet in your ear at sunset,
 When the day's long course is run,
 Will sound the voice of the Master,
 And His word of praise, "Well done!"

Be not disheartened, brother,
 Though you lose your precious things,
 Though the gold you gained so slowly
 Fly as on swiftest wings.
 There are better than earthly riches,
 And loss is sometimes gain;
 Wait for the Lord's good hour,
 When He'll make his meaning plain.

Be not disheartened, brother,
 In the dark and lonesome day,
 When the dearest and the truest
 From your arms is caught away.
 The earth may be bare and silent,
 But heaven is just before,
 And your path leads up to the splendor
 And the love in its open door.

Be not disheartened, brother,
 However you may fare,
 For here 'tis the pilgrim's portion,
 But the song and feast are there,
 There, in the dear Lord's presence,
 There, in the halls of home;
 You will one day hear Him call you,
 And cry with joy, "I come!"

Be not disheartened, brother,
 For every step of the road
 Is under the eye of the Father,
 Who measures the weight of the load.
 He cares for the tiny sparrows,
 And how much more for you?
 Look up, and never doubt Him,
 His promises all are true.

The Morning Glory.

BY MARIA W. LOWELL.

We wreathed about our darling's head the morning-glory bright,
 Her little face looked out beneath, so full of love and light,
 So lit as with a sunrise, that we could only say,
 She is the morning-glory true, and her poor types are they.

So always, from that happy time, we called her by their name,
 And very fitting did it seem, for sure as morning came,
 Behind her cradle-bars she smiled to catch the first faint ray,
 As from the trellis smiles the flower, and opens to the day.

But not so beautiful they rear their airy cups of blue,
 As turned her sweet eyes to the light, brimmed with sleep's tender dew,
 And not so close their tendrils fine round their supports are thrown,
 As those dear arms whose outstretched plea clasped all hearts to her own.

We used to think how she had come, even as comes the flower,
The last and perfect added gift to crown love's morning hour,
And how in her was imaged forth the love we could not say,
As on the little dewdrops round shines back the heart of day.

We never could have thought, O God, that she must wither up,
Almost before a day was flown, like the morning-glory's cup;
We never thought to see her droop her fair and noble head,
Till she lay stretched before our eyes, wilted and cold and dead.

The morning-glory's blossoming will soon be coming round,
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves uprising from the ground,
The tender things the winter killed, renew again their birth,
But the glory of our morning has passed away from earth.

O earth! in vain our aching eyes stretch over thy green plain,
Too harsh thy dews, too gross thine air, her spirit to sustain;
But up in groves of Paradise, full surely we shall see
Our morning-glory, beautiful, twine round our dear Lord's knee.

Hidden Grief.

O hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lips and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses;

If singing breath or echoing chord,
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven !
—O. W. Holmes.

Idols of Hearts and Households.

BY CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace !
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face !

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear one's must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh ! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child !

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Those truants from home and from heaven—
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child !

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
 All radiant, as others have done,
 But that life may have just enough shadow
 To temper the glare of the sun;
 I would pray God to guard them from evil,
 But my prayer would bound back to myself;
 Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
 But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
 I have banished the rule and the rod;
 I have taught them the goodness of knowledge
 They have taught me the goodness of God;
 My heart is the dungeon of darkness,
 Where I shut them for breaking a rule:
 My frown is sufficient correction;
 My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
 To traverse its threshold no more;
 Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
 That meet me each morn at the door!
 I shall miss the "good-nights" and kisses,
 And the gush of this innocent glee,
 The group on the green, and the flowers
 That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
 Their song in the school and the street;
 I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
 And the tread of their delicate feet.
 When the lessons of life are all ended,
 And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
 May the little ones gather around me
 To bid me "good-night" and be kissed!

The Children's Hour.

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.

We enjoyed the last Hallow Eve, or, as they say in Scotland, "Hallow E'en." Robert Burns puts it into rhythm, and all through Christendom it is celebrated. Ten thousand households ring out at such time with merry laughter, and door-bells are pulled by hands that vanish before the door is



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

opened. The spirit of innocent mischief-making goes abroad, and it is the children's night for games and antics innumerable. All hail, "Hallow E'en," as it comes season after season. Put no restraint upon the harmless hilarities of such a night. All that goes to make children's lives blithesome, I favor. Multiply their sports rather than deplete them. Urge them on rather than discourage them. I wish that as the thirty-first of October is "Hallow E'en," there might be in each season a corresponding day.

The whole tendency of the time is to abbreviate the frolicsomeness of youth. We have no boys and girls nowadays; they are young gentlemen and ladies. They scarcely get out of the cradle before upon them comes an avalanche of books. The rigid proprieties of life crowd up to the verge of the high chair at the table. The children who will be men and women fifteen years from now will not start life with a surplus of spirits with which some of us were endowed by the outdoor romps and recreations of life in the country. Life is a struggle even for those most prosperous, and the chief work of the first twelve years of it ought to be gathering up a reservoir of strength and exuberance that could supply all the years subsequent. Of course parental supervisal must forbid the small cruelties and the meannesses which sometimes creep into children's fun, but I think one of the great mistakes of home-life in our time is the lack of sympathy for the joys of juvenescence. In almost every day and in every household there ought to be the "children's hour," and all the hilarities should be arranged with reference to childish appreciation.

It is a sad thing in a man's life where the boy dies out of his temperament. It is a sad time in a woman's life when the girl dies out of her disposition. If we had more of the Hallow E'en in our hearts our life would be happier and more useful, and childhood in our homes would be a bright experience. But in many a prosperous household there is little provision made for the entertainment of life under fifteen years of age. By day the children are at school, and at night the father comes home tired and with patience gone, and soon after tea the children see the shadow of bedtime approaching. All may go well, even with such small allowance of merriment, but when the great burdens of life come down upon the shoulders of the young people, will they be able to endure the weight?

Blessed are those who enter upon active life with a supply of superfluous energy. Childhood is the time for its accumulation. The ball-playing, the lawn-tennis, the croquet, the coasting down the hillside, the snowballing, the skating, and the "Hallow E'ens," are the means of multiplying the resources of life and good cheer and courage so requisite to the right discharge of the hard work of a lifetime.

A Christmas Song.

There's a thrill in the air,
 There's a joy in the heart;
 There is generous stir
 In the home and the mart;
 For the Yuletide is with us; make ready to greet
 The Child of the Manger; lay gifts at his feet.

No time for complaining,
 For envy or strife;
 Let the swift-flying hours
 With laughter be rife;
 Put by all forebodings, your murmuring cease;
 All hail One that cometh, the bringer of peace!

If, led by false glitter,
 You've wandered afar,
 Come back to your loyalty,
 Led by the Star;
 Give up your vain quest and your wandering wild,
 For the pearl of great price is the Wonderful Child.

Ring out the glad carols,
 Old strifes put away;
 Deck chapel and church
 In His honor to-day;
 Let the great organs tremble with symphonies grand,
 And send the glad tidings all over the land.

O sing little children,
 And sing, young and old;
 Though the joy of the Christmas
 Can never be told—
 But sing and rejoice, with your banners unfurled,
 For the Christ that is come is the hope of the world.

A Puzzle Solved.

Mothers would do well to take to heart this little story told in the *Congregationalist* by an Auntie who loved the childish heroine of the episode.

We could none of us understand what was the matter with Mabel. A brighter, dearer, more obedient little lass was never seen. So when it happened that one day on being told she was to have her picture taken, she positively refused to have it done, we were amazed at her willfulness. In vain we coaxed, argued and held out alluring prospects of sugar plums and rides—but no! Mabel insisted that she did not want her picture taken, and no inducements could



influence her. Her mother was young, and Mabel was her first baby. She turned to me at length and said, "Helen, is this all temper? Must I begin now to see which has the stronger will, and compel her to yield, as the books advise? I don't know what to do."

"She may not be feeling well to-day," I suggested, "let's wait until to-morrow. Perhaps she will want to go then." But the next day found matters no better, for when Mabel was told after luncheon that she was to have her picture that afternoon she broke into a tempest of frightened sobs. We could not find out why she was so unwilling to go. Over and over we explained how easy it would be for her, and how pleased she would be to send one of her own pictures to grandma. But she only cried the more.

"Mabel," her mother said at last, "you are displeasing mamma very much. If you are not willing to have your picture taken when you know she wants you to so much you must not go down town with her. Mamma will put her little girl to bed, where you can think how badly you are making us all feel." So she led her to her room and put her to bed. Mabel did not protest.

"Won't you kiss me, mamma?" she pleaded, as her mother turned to leave the room, dressed to go down town.

"No, Mabel, mamma can't kiss you while you are so naughty," her mother replied and left the room.

When we returned it was nearly six. I went upstairs ahead of my sister and peeped into the room where Mabel lay. She was asleep; her little arms outside the counterpane were tightly clasped around her doll, as if for sympathy; her eyes were swollen, her cheeks flushed, her hair clustered in damp curls on her forehead; and every now and then she caught her breath with a half-sob.

Presently we sent her up some dinner and then her mother went up to see her. When her mother came down she told me that Mabel had given up and had promised she would have her picture taken. She had asked, and received permission, to wait until after her birthday, which came the next week. The child had been promised a party and a doll carriage on her birthday and for weeks had been counting the days. Why she should want to wait until after her party we could not tell. Nor did we understand until two days later, when, going past the nursery, I saw little Mabel sitting on the floor talking to Dinah, her beloved doll, so solemnly that I stopped to listen.

"Dinah," she said, "Dinah, I am going to have my picture taken next week, and then I shall die and go to heaven. Cousin Allie did and everybody does that way. I heard mamma and auntie talking about it. I'm going to have the party first, though, and the carriage. Mamma said I could." She stopped a minute to kiss Dinah and then went on in a grave, childish way. "I didn't want to die now at all, and I was naughty and cried. But mamma wants the picture so. And so

she put me to bed that day—you remember, Dinah, you went too. Then I was sorry I was naughty and I told her I would go. You didn't know what the matter was, for I didn't tell you. Why, Dinah, are you sorry I must die? Never mind, Dinah, perhaps you can come too. But I must"—

I couldn't stand it any longer, and I ran down stairs to my sister to tell her what Mabel had been saying. We remembered then that the morning before we proposed having Mabel's picture taken we had come across a photograph of her cousin Alice, who had been killed in an accident the year before. It had so happened that she had had her picture taken just before her death. We had spoken of the coincidence. Mabel had been on the floor with her blocks, and had gotten the idea in her head that having the picture taken made one die. That explained her fright and reluctance.

"And I wouldn't kiss her good-bye that afternoon when her little heart was breaking—O, my baby!" And my sister ran upstairs as fast as she could; catching up the child in her arms she covered her face with kisses.

"Don't cry so, mamma, why do you cry?" Mabel said. And then, half laughing and half crying, the mother explained that it was all a mistake to think she would die when her picture was taken. So simply and clearly she explained it that the little mind could fully grasp it, and a look of relief and delight passed over her face. A little later, radiant with pleasure, she was talking to her doll again.

"O, Dinah, it was a mistake. They don't die for having their pictures taken; and I shall stay with mamma and papa and you after all." And she hugged Dinah rapturously to her breast.

I stole away with a bit of heartache, and a prayer that we might have wisdom in our speech, so that careless words might never again make the dear little girl suffer as she had suffered those past few days.

Let us take care in the home-beautiful not to offend one of these little ones.



Rock of Ages.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me:—
 Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
 Fell the words unconsciously
 From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
 Sang as little children sing;
 Sang as sing the birds in June;
 Fell the words like light leaves down
 On the current of the tune—
 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee."
 "Let me hide myself in Thee:"
 Felt her soul no need to hide.
 Sweet the song as song could be,
 And she had no thought beside:
 All the words unheedingly,
 Fell from lips untouched
 Dreaming not that each might be
 On some other lips a prayer—
 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee."
 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me:"
 'Twas a woman sung them now
 Pleadingly and prayerfully;
 Every word her heart did know.
 Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
 Beats with weary wings the air;
 Every note with sorrow stirred,
 Every syllable a prayer,
 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me:"
 Lips grown aged sung the hymn
 Trustingly and tenderly—
 Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim
 "Let me hide myself in Thee:"
 Trembling though the voice, and low,
 Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
 Like a river in its flow;
 Sung as only they can sing
 Whom life's thorny paths have pressed,
 Sung as only they can sing
 Who behold the promised rest—
 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me:
 Let me hide myself in Thee."
 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me:"
 Sung above a coffin-lid—
 Underneath, all restfully,
 All life's joys and sorrows hid.
 Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul!
 Nevermore from wind or tide,
 Nevermore from billows' roll
 Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
 Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
 Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
 Could the mute and stiffened lips
 Move again in pleading prayer,
 Still, ay, still the words would be,
 "Let me hide myself in Thee."

My Borrowing Neighbor.

Many years ago I wrote her story and mine, but to-day as the thought of her returns to me across the gulf of the past, I am moved to write about the poor lady in another fashion.

Every housekeeper knows what a troublesome thing it is to have somebody forever asking the loan of this utensil or that, of this supply or that, and the improvident person who, as a habit, has to borrow or else go without, is seldom very conscientious in the matter of returning what she asked for. So that by and by some of us grow disobliging, and draw the line at certain places; there are things we could give, but cannot lend; these are possessions which we are not willing

CHRIST at JACOB'S Well.

Among the beautiful stories
In the book that is best of all,
Is that of the Master whose loving words
Like manna were sure to fall.
Wherever was want or sorrow,
Or the heart-ache born of sin,
To the heart of the lone or the weary
They tenderly entered in.

He was worn with the heat of the journey
When He sat by Jacob's well,
But the woman who came from the city
With her pitcher, went to tell
Her friends and her listening neighbors
The wonderful words He said.
For the grace of His loving kindness
To her very soul had sped.

He told her of living waters
That were pure and clear and sweet;
A fountain, ever springing,
Of rest from the storm and heat,
Of love that could blot out every sin
And make the sinner clean.
Wonderful words of Jesus!
How happy she must have been.

Still are the living waters
Flowing for you and me.
Still from the hand of the Crucified
Is salvation offered free

Oh! weary ones and lonely
Wherever to-day you dwell,
Listen to the word of the Master
As He sits by the wayside well.



should go out of our own hands. This is often the case with books, for which we have a peculiar affection. Even in the shops, merchants tell me that books are greatly marred and injured by the careless or heedless handling of possible buyers; but the borrower, who keeps the book weeks where the buyer holds it minutes, is far more destructive. It is safe to say that the borrowed book rarely comes home in as good condition as it leaves one's hands. It is dog's-eared, or crumpled, or spotted; it is loosened in the binding; it looks disreputable. So it is with other cherished goods which are loaned. They never are quite the same.

And of the really sensitive and conscientious person it is true that the borrower is *servant* to the lender, for till the debt is made good, the party of the first part never so much as thinks of the party of the second part, without a mantling blush of regret and humiliation.

But about my neighbor. The place was Arcadian in its beauty, a fair place on the bank of a blue river, over which white sailed boats flew like birds, or glided softly and tranquilly, as the wind was riotous or gentle, the waves rough or smooth.

Here were great ships of war, too, from which our beautiful flag floated, and from the decks of which, night and morning, we heard the bugles with their shrill music, the drums with their deep beat, the stringed instruments, and the melody of fine bands playing the Star Spangled Banner. Ferry-boats plied about, and tugs went puffing and blowing up stream and down, and the whole river-front and as far as one could see was the scene of crowded, eager and tumultuous life.

Then there was a great old-fashioned garden, where pomegranates grew and luscious figs, purple, green and white, where roses drifted their fragrance and opened their cup-like hearts, filled with honey, to the kiss of the wandering bee, where the crêpe myrtle tree wore its successive crops of blossoms, deepening in color from faintest pink to intensest rose, and where everywhere one's eyes were feasted on green lawn, or dainty flower-borders, or beds crammed with the dear old-fashioned beauties our grandmothers loved.

On one end of this great garden stood an ample modern-built mansion, with wide drawing-rooms, cozy library and stately dining-room, a house sumptuous and elegant, with its out-buildings for stables and for servants' quarters and kitchens. At the other end, a smaller and older house, the original domicile of the owner of the domain, stood hidden, or almost hidden, by bowers of vines and sturdy shrubbery. In the one home, for some happy years, I had my dwelling, and in the other, abode, for I suppose an equally happy season, my irresponsible borrowing neighbor. She has long since been asleep under the daisies, and her kith and kin are all gone, or I should not write of her with the freedom I do, a greater freedom than I allowed myself, when I told the story before.

"Miss Sally say, Miss Molly, *please* send her down a cup o' your good coffee this mornin'. She done got tea herself and cocoa and chocolate, but she ain't got no *coffee*. *Please* send her a cup of yours!"

The speaker was a small specimen of her race, woolly-haired, black as ebony, with soft pleading eyes, white teeth, and a voice like maple-sugar for sweetness and softness. She was the little maid of my neighbor, and as she proffered her delicate china cup, I filled it with real pleasure in doing so slight a favor.

Presently she was back. We were eating breakfast, and the door stood open. Gliding in with bare feet, Chloe was at my side before I knew it.

"*Please*, Miss Molly, Miss Sally say you done forgot to send her the cream and the sugar for her coffee. Two lumps, please, but you might send her some over for Miss Emmy's bird, her canary bird."

The morning passed. The little maid made many trips between the two houses, now asking the pattern of a garment, now a pen and paper, now a pair of scissors, again a paper of needles and some thread.

Miss Sally's requirements seemed to be endless. For those who do not know the ways of the South, let me explain that in the old days the servants never said "Mrs. Smith" or "Mrs. Jones," but always used the lady's Christian name with "Miss" prefixed. If there were two ladies of different ages, one would be "Old Miss," to distinguish her from the other and younger, as we call a dowager "Madam" in order to show that she is the mother-in-law, or grandmother. Miss Sally whom Chloe served was the mother of a large family, and a woman of excellent social position, and brilliant beyond most people in conversation and in accomplishments. She was besides endowed with much beauty of face and great charm of manners.

The morning cup of coffee was borrowed every day, only the cup by degrees became a pitcher, and the pitcher finally developed into a coffee-pot. I simply met the situation by giving out a double quantity of coffee, and making twice the former supply, so that there would be enough to meet the demand of two families. None of the borrowing implied on my neighbor's part any returning, nor did she ever go through the formality of thanking me. It was a veritable spoiling of the Egyptians. When we met the little transactions between us were always politely and entirely ignored. Her manner was often patronizing. Mine, I fear, was sometimes, abject.

"Please, Miss Molly, loan Miss Sally your violet silk gown, and your white gloves, and your black lace shawl. She done gettin' ready to go to a party?"

"Molly," interposed my husband, "you will never be so foolish. Do brace up and say no. This passes a jest."

"Did Miss Sally say my *violet* silk?" I inquired feebly, for my soul clung to the violet silk with a most tenderly wistful regard. Was it not the creation of a New

York modiste after a Parisian design, and were not tint and texture and cut and above all, fit, so perfect that the gown was a dream of delight.

"Yo violet silk," repeated the small servitor with firmness.

"Well, Chloe, here are my gloves and my lace shawl; and tell your Miss Sally she is welcome, but I'll send for them to-morrow, but tell her that I can't lend my new silk gown, it would spoil the fit; but she can have my pink crêpe, if she likes?"

Away sped Chloe, light footed as Mercury, only to come back as if sent whizzing like the arrow from the bow.

"Miss Sally done say she whip me good if I don't bring what she sends for. She don't want yo' crêpe, it not becoming. She must have the violet silk, and please send it right quick. Miss Molly, do, 'cause Miss Sally she whip me *sure* if I go back without it."

"You little imp of mischief," said John, "You are telling a lie. Miss Sally never sent this message."

"*Deed* she did," said Chloe, and I believed her. I knew her Miss Sally's way of managing was alternately to pet and to punish, much as some people bring up their children; I happened to know that her own children were whipped often and severely, for I had more than once shut myself up in my own room and stuffed my ears with cotton to escape hearing their cries under the blows. I have always abominated people who beat children. It is taking so unfair an advantage, over their weakness, with grown up strength, and it always, to this day, breaks my heart when I hear the swish of a switch or the sharp sound of a slap and think of a child's suffering. Miss Sally kept as her weapon of torture a flat, broad, leathern strap, divided at the end into several narrow, stinging tails. Chloe, who was undoubtedly trying, had received her share of correction from this terrible instrument and dreaded it with reason. The habit of cruelty grows by exercise, and the lady did not guess her barbarity. She was not even ashamed of it.

"My dear," said John, "you are being victimized. This is the time to make a stand. You might as well give the gown as lend it."

So I thought, but in the end the violet silk went down the garden path, a brilliant, lovely, shining vision in Chloe's enraptured arms. It came home the next day, but I never wore it again, and was tempted, in very self-defence, to send it back with my compliments to the person who had ruined it and made it quite unfit for my use.

"Please," again it was Chloe, on a Sunday morning, "lend Miss Sally your prayer-book, and your fan, and your cologne. Miss Sally done mean to go to church to-day."

"Please," on a Monday, "lend Miss Sally your soap and your soda and your starch, she done goin' to have washing done in the house."

"Please lend your clothes-brush, your curling tongs, your best veil," there was no end to the ingenuity and the number of the urgent requests.

Once I descended in proper trim for a morning's campaign in the kitchen, to make preserves and superintend pies and cakes. The cook seemed embarrassed, and the kitchen was as bare as Mother Hubbard's famous cupboard.

"Where is the preserving kettle?" I asked.

"Miss Sally Kinchill, she done borrowed it," said old Aunt Matilda.

"And where are the plums I told you to have ready for me, and the sugar, and where are the cans?"

"Miss Sally done *sweep* 'em all off. She say she make them for herself. She take the plums an' the sugar an' the cans."

"And why did you not come to me about it, Aunty?"

"I done heb to mind my Miss Sally," she replied, as one who stated a foregone conclusion, and I recalled the fact that before freedom days she had belonged to my predatory and imperious neighbor.

Pies, cake, everything else had to be left in abeyance that day. Miss Sally had conquered. In the end I had to beat a retreat and move away, leaving her victorious, mistress of the field.

Now, to all housewives, in all seriousness and sobriety, I want to say: Never borrow so much as a pin's worth. Borrowing means to you a momentary accommodation, but it is, even when not carried to excess, an inconvenience to the lender, and it places both relatively in a false position. Beg if you must, but never borrow. Borrowing is the bane of home life.

Do not even borrow little things in the household. Each person should have his or her own individual things. I don't like to see sisters wearing each other's hats, daughters going to their mother's bureau drawer for her ribbons and handkerchiefs. Have your own and take care of them. Give freely, but do not borrow and do not lend. And, above everything else, scorn as a neighbor to be a borrower.



A Hearth-Light Talk.

"It is curious," said Dick, "that one finds traditions of the Deluge everywhere, even among the South Sea Islanders and from the earliest periods of history. That is one of the points which goes to help us when we frame an argument for the common origin of the human race."

"Yes," replied Jenny.

Jenny always looks interested and supplies a sympathetic monosyllable at the exact moment. Dick always talks, and so between our girl and our boy we, as a family, are well entertained.

Dick went on: "Yes, Jane, and the most interesting thing about it is that the Bible account is almost invariably fully sustained and supported in every particular by the traditional stories and legends found among barbarous tribes. The Deity was angry with men for their disobedience to his commands, and so overturned the world into the sea, where it sank in the waters, all except a few projecting points. Let me read you a translation of the story as a missionary heard it:

"Destroyed was Tahiti by the sea; no man, nor hog, nor fowl, nor dog remained. The groves of trees and the stones were carried away by the wind. They were destroyed and the deep was over the land. But these two persons, the husband and the wife, when the tide began to flow in, the wife took up her young chicken, the husband took up his young pig, the wife took up her young dog and the kitten. They were going forth and looking at Orofena, which was a very steep and high mountain, the husband said, "Up, both of us, to yonder mountain high." The wife replied, "No, let us not go thither." The husband said, "It is a high rock and will not be reached by the sea." But the wife answered, "Reached will it be by the sea, we two on the other mountain, round as a breast. Oh, Pitohito, it will not be reached by the sea." They two arrived there.

"Orofena was overwhelmed by the sea, but Pitohito, meaning "alone," was not submerged.

"There they watched many nights. The sea ebbed and the little heads of the mountains appeared. When the sea had all ebbed the land was bare."

"That reminds me of Doré's picture of the flood," said mother.

"Yes," said Jenny.

Dick proceeded with his narrative reading from an old brown book which he had unearthed in the attic.

"All trees of the land had been torn up, and carried high by the wind. The two looked about, and the woman said: "Safe are we two from the sea, but



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CAROL, CHILDREN, CAROL.

death, or hurt, comes now in these stones that are falling. Where shall we abide?" Torn by the roots up had been all the trees and carried above the pathway of the rain in the heavens.

" "Dig a hole for us two; a dwelling place." The hole was dug, covered with grass the bottom of the hole or cave, stones were spread on top of the hole, and these covered with earth. While these two were sitting within they heard with terror the loud voice of the falling stones. Now they fell more thinly, then one little stone at a time fell, and afterward ceased entirely.

" "The woman said: "Arise you, and advance without, and see if the stones fall."

" "He said: "No. I go not out. I shall die." So he waited and they both waited till

the stones fell no more, and the trunks of trees no longer were blown about. Then they went forth, and gazed with amazement. There were no cocoanuts nor palm trees nor bread fruit nor grass; all was destroyed by the sea. The woman



I'LL PLAY AND YOU SING.

brought forth children, a son and a daughter. The bread fruit grew. The land in time became covered with men.' ”

“ Well,” said mother, “ now that we have heard this, we can only say that the Mosaic account is more dignified, more beautiful and more minute. But I am glad that Dick read this to us. What shall we do next ? ”

“ We will have some music,” said the silent one of the house. There is in every talkative family, one silent member; in our house it is Aunt Caroline, who has this unique distinction. She loves to listen, though she seldom speaks, except by way of suggestion.

Jenny laid aside her sewing, and gave us a charming nocturne, then a waltz, then a resounding march, then “ Home Sweet Home,” with variations of her own.

After the music:

“ How elementary and primitive,” said father, “ were the early ideas of an abode for a family. A cave sheltering from the stones, a hut, a place where people could crowd together as the Esquimaux do, or the Indians in the Hudson’s Bay territory. The fact is, our luxurious modern houses are an evolution, and the result is very conclusive as to human progress.”

“ Father,” said Dorothy, “ we need new paper on the parlors.”

“ And new paint, and kalsomine,” added mother.

“ And,” said Jenny, “ if we could have the back stairs taken away, a new stairway in the front. The little rooms at the side of the back parlor taken away, by removing the partitions, and throwing that space into the parlor itself, and then if we might have a bay window, and an open fireplace this house would be evolved to some purpose into another.”

Father looked dubious.

“ Better tear this down and build another, and be done with it,” he said growlingly.

“ Oh no!” Mother poured oil as usual on the waters, “ We won’t ask everything this year, my love. If you’ll let me paint and paper, the rest of the improvements may wait.”

Father did not say yes or no, but after while went to bed.

Whereupon Jenny jumped up and executed a *pas seul*. The Silent One smiled, mother put aside her mending, Dick closed and barred the windows for the night.

Everybody knew that father would yield and say he did it for the sake of peace, and the ugly old house would be made into a house beautiful.

“ After us, the Deluge,” observed Dick, as they all went up stairs by the narrow back stairway.



THE ROBINS.

It's sunshiny weather,
For we are together,
Who cares that the snow-flakes fall;
Though the rough winds blow,
We will sing in the snow;
And God is over us all.

The Day of Small Things.

Many a young man makes a great mistake in his thoughts of women. He says, "I can never ask a girl to marry me and share my poverty." But if a girl loves a man she does not dread poverty. She does not want beautiful clothes to wear, nor good things to eat, nor a fine house to live in. She wants the comfort and joy of a strong, true heart, the companionship of a dear friend, the pleasure of a home. The day of small things is often the happiest day in married life.

A friend said to me, pointing to a picture, "Jack and I saved our car fares, and cut off our desserts for months, in order to buy that. We used to walk past the window of the store where it was and look in, afraid it had been sold, and yet not daring to let the shopkeeper know our wish to purchase, for fear we might never be able to buy it. When at last we had the price in our hands, and could have our desire satisfied, we almost trod on air all day, and when we brought the picture home and hung it up we had a festival. Nothing we have ever bought since has begun to give us the pure ecstasy we knew when we first possessed that dear Madonna, and brought its blessedness into our lives and home."

The day of small things is a day of self-denials, a day of contrivances, a day of doing without. But it is also a day in which true hearts bear each other's burdens and grow closer in intimacy through the mutual relinquishing and common service.

It is a good plan to take the children fully into confidence when there is need for economy in the household. Let the little ones know that they can help father and mother by being careful of their clothing and their pennies; let the older young people assist in lifting the load from the burdened shoulders of their elders. I have known mothers and fathers complain of their children's heedlessness and extravagance, the fact being that the children had been unfairly dealt with, in never being taken into the family councils. The day of small things should be an educational influence, tending for good wherever it exists.

In household management it is well to know where to cut off. I overheard a lady say in a public conveyance: "You see this silk dress of mine? I saved the money for it from my table allowance. I fed the family on codfish and bacon, and snipped here, and snipped there, till I had enough to buy it. They've fairly forgotten how a beefsteak tastes in our house."

This was a very poor sort of management, and that was a very costly silk gown.

"Look at the great cities of antiquity," exclaimed an English clergyman the other day. "Where are they now? Why, some of them have perished so utterly that it is doubtful if they ever existed!"

The Boy.

It was a bright writer and a keen observer who drew this picture of a familiar little figure within our gates:—

When you hear a fearful racket,
Like a miniature cyclone,
With some sounds so strange that surely
Their like was never known,
While the mother listens calmly,
Even with a smiling face,
You may know that it is nothing
But the boy about the place.

When there's famine in the cupboard
And the milk pail soon runs dry,
And you can't keep pies or cookies
No matter how you try;
When you vainly seek for apples
That have gone and left no trace,
Hard times is not the trouble—
There's a boy about the place.

When there's sawdust on the carpet
And some shavings on the beds,
When the rugs are tossed in corners
And your chairs stand on their heads,
While, if a tool you're needing, you
All 'round the house must race,
You may know he's making something,
Is the boy about the place.

When the house is full of sunshine
On the darkest kind of day,
And you have to laugh at seeing
Some outlandish, boyish play,
And when eyes so bright and loving
Oft are raised to meet your face,
You will pray, I know, "God bless him,
Bless our boy about the place."

"Willie," said Mamma despairingly, "Willie, won't you hush for a little while? You make so much noise, my boy."

"I can't help it," said Willie. "When God made me, He forgot to put any 'hush' in."

One little corner child was playing Sunday School with her dolls one day, and began to talk very loud. She was asked not to talk "quite so loud."

"Oh, I am playing I am sup'rintendent now. He is the man that stays out in the big room and hollers, you know."

The same little girl was asked to repeat the "golden text" one Sunday and promptly answered: "It is awful to do good on the Sabbath day."

Sometimes it seems almost as though some older people had learned the text in that same way!

. . . You picture to yourself the beauty of bravery and steadfastness. And then some little, wretched, disagreeable duty comes, which is your martyrdom, the lamp for your oil; and if you do not do it, how your oil is spilt!—So, wisely, says the immortal Phillips Brooks.



AN EVENING PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep ;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.

AMEN.

Such is Fame.

Mr. Roebuck, M. P., in a speech at Salisbury in 1862, related the following anecdote:—"I recollect some years ago, being in Hampshire, I went out of my house in the morning, with the *Times* in my hand, and going into the garden, I found a laboring man whom I rather liked—a shrewd, clever fellow. He said, 'Any news, sir, this morning?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'rather bad news.' 'Bad news! what's that, sir?' 'Why,' I said, 'the Duke of Wellington is dead.' 'Ah, sir,' he remarked, 'I be very sorry for he; but who was he?' Now if I had not heard that I should not have believed it. The man who said it lived within one hundred miles of London; was a clever, shrewd fellow, and yet he wanted to know who was the Duke of Wellington. Could you have believed that within one hundred miles of London there was darkness so great that the name of Wellington was unknown to a man between fifty and sixty years of age? But so it was—"I'm very sorry for he, sir," he said; "but who was he?"

In the Long Run.

It is Mr. Dwight L. Moody who tells the following story with an obvious moral.

A young man was employed by a large commission firm in New York city during the late civil war, to negotiate with a certain party for a lot of damaged beans. The beans were purchased, delivered, and spread out upon the upper floor of the building occupied by the firm.

Men were employed to turn them over and over, and to sprinkle them with a solution of soda, so as to improve their appearance and render them more salable. A large lot of the first quality of beans was then purchased; some of the good beans were first put into barrels, then the barrels were nearly filled with the poor ones; after this the good ones were again put on the top and the barrels headed up for sale.

The employer marked the barrels, "Beans—A 1." The clerk seeing this, said: "Do you think, sir, that it is right to mark those beans A 1?"

The employer retorted sharply: "Are you head of the firm?"

The clerk said no more. The barreling and heading went on. When all was ready, the beans (many hundreds of barrels) were put on the market for sale. Specimens of the best quality were shown in the office to buyers.

At length a shrewd purchaser came in (no man is so sharp in business but he will often meet his equal), examined the samples in the office, inquired the price, and then wished to see the stock in bulk. The clerk was ordered to go with the buyer to the upper loft and show him the stock. An open barrel was shown apparently of the same quality of the sample. The buyer then said to the clerk:

“Young man, the samples of beans shown me are of the first quality, and it is impossible to purchase beans anywhere in the market for the price at which you offer them; there is something wrong here. Tell me, are these beans the same quality throughout the entire barrel as they appear on the top?”

The clerk now found himself in a strange position. He thought, “Shall I lie for my employer, as he undoubtedly means I shall; or shall I tell the truth, come what will?” He decided for the truth, and said:

“No, sir, they are not.”

“Then,” said the customer, “I do not want them;” and he left.

The clerk entered the office. The employer said to him: “Did you sell that man those beans?”

He said, “No, sir.”

“Why not?”

“Well, sir, the man asked me if those beans were of the same quality throughout the entire barrel as they appeared on the top. I told him they were not. He then said: ‘I do not want them,’ and left.”

“Go to the cashier,” said the employer, “and get your wages; we want you no longer.”

He received his pay and left the office, rejoicing that he had not lied for the purpose of abetting a sordid avariciousness, and benefiting an unprincipled employer.

Three weeks after this the firm sent after the young clerk, entreated him to come back again into their employ, and offered him three hundred dollars salary more per year than they had ever before given him.

And thus was his honesty and truthfulness rewarded. The firm knew and felt that the man was right, although apparently they had lost largely by his honesty. They wished to have him again in their employ, because they knew that they could trust him, and never suffer through fraud and deception. They knew that their financial interests would be safe in his custody. They respected and honored that young man.

Hallowed Hours.

We are in the habit of giving a too narrow interpretation to divine service, as when we say, “Divine Service will be performed at —— church, at —— o’clock.” It is not divine service performed in every house in the parish where the housewife does her duty—in the kitchen where she cooks or looks after cookery; in the nursery, where she nurses or directs how it should be done; in the room which she sweeps “as for God’s laws?”

You have perhaps read the beautiful legend of Francesca. Tradition says that she was a noble lady of Rome, who, amid the splendors of court life and the

pageantry of a lofty station, preserved the simplicity of that consecration which loves to sit at the feet of the Lord. Every day at certain periods she retired to her oratory, there to engage in exercises of devotion; but if called away, as she often was, she went cheerfully, saying that "a wife and mother, when called upon, must quit her God at the altar, and find Him in her household affairs." Francesca had a far truer idea of religion than those ladies have who go to frequent church services and engage in district visiting, while they neglect their children and servants, the first district to which they should attend. One lady said to another, "Have you been to church to-day? We had a most beautiful sermon on training children." "No, I was at home doing it," was the reply. Certainly without religion a woman is a monster who is unfit to marry or do anything else that is good; but, like charity, it should begin at home.

Conversation and Its Abuses.

Most important of all a woman's accomplishments is the ability to maintain an intelligent, vivacious conversation with family, friends, and guests. A woman who is a good talker, and who can talk equally well whatever may be the character of her guests, is a blessing to the world. By nature all women are fitted to acquire this accomplishment. All women talk much; that all of them do not talk well is mainly the fault of those who have educated them. They have not been provided with subjects of conversation, and their minds have not been trained to that alertness and that catholicity of intellectual sympathy which are necessary conditions of conversational success in varied company. This need can and should be provided for in the education of girls.

Hannah Moore had a good way of managing talebearers. It is said that whenever she was told anything derogatory of another, her invariable reply was, "Come, we will go and ask if this be true." The effect was sometimes ludicrously painful. The talebearer was taken aback, stammered out a qualification, or begged that no notice might be taken of the statement. But the good lady was inexorable; off she took the scandal-monger to the scandalized, to make inquiry and compare accounts. It is not likely that anybody ever a second time ventured to repeat a gossip story to Hannah Moore.

A few seasons ago, at a drawing-room concert in London, those who should have been listeners very rudely became talkers. The leader of the musicians had suffered annoyance from the same cause on former occasions, so he arranged beforehand that on this occasion, in the loudest part of the movement, at an understood signal, piano, violin, and violoncello should suddenly cease. They did so, to the consternation of the assembly, many of whom were engaged in animated conversation. Clear and loud was heard the silvery voice of a lady saying to her

companion, "We always fry ours in lard!" No doubt this was valuable information, and it is well that anything so innocent should have been heard, but the speaker might have remembered that there is a time to keep silence.

Some people make the foolish boast, "I always speak my mind." To which we might often say, "It is the very last thing you ought to speak. Consider how changeable is the mind. What you imagine to be right in a moment of passion or of thoughtless talkativeness, within half an hour you may see to have been thoroughly wrong."

A youthful compositor, in setting some "copy," came to the sentence: "—— didn't say a word for an hour," the first word having been cut off in clipping from the paper where it first appeared. He took it to the foreman to supply the word. "What shall I put in there?" he asked, when the foreman read it. "Put in 'he,' of course; you don't suppose 'she' would fit in such a sentence as that, do you?" was the answer. In all ages women's conversation has been a subject for ridicule. They are said to talk too much, to have venomous spiteful tongues, to be addicted to nagging, to disdain argumentation, and even sense in their talk. For ourselves we believe that the sins of the tongue are committed about equally by both sexes. Of course women have more talking to do than men have, for social intercourse is mainly indebted to them for its existence, and their desire to please in society may sometimes tempt them to talk too much. It is to be feared that few women or even men are like the great statesman, who, though he could speak seven languages, could hold his tongue in them all.

"I have desired," says King Alfred the Great, "to live worthily while I have lived, and after my life to leave the men that should be after me a remembrance in good works." How lofty the simple words are! Duty, not romantic achievement, is the aim of his life; not to do some "great thing," but the right thing—the right thing being simply what God gave him to do. He seems to have felt in his inmost being that each man was sent into the world, not to live like some one else, but to do his own work and bear his own burden—precisely the one work which God has given him, and which can never be given to or done by another.—*Elizabeth Charles*.

Many people are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed; they chew the bitter pill which they would not even know to be bitter if they had the sense to swallow it whole in a cup of patience and water.—*C. H. Spurgeon*.

"It's no use arguing, my dear; I am going to give up our pew in church. I can't stand that new preacher any longer."

"But, John"—

"But nothing, Maria. I haven't slept a wink for the last three Sunday mornings."



ALL IN THE SAME BOAT.

. . . "Who was it," asked the school-ma'am, "who said, 'Give me liberty or give me death'?" "Patrick Henry, ma'am," replied a small pupil. "And which did he get?" "Both, ma'am."

Passenger (on the vestibule limited)—"Porter, does this train stop at Dinkeyville?"

Porter—"No, sah, she doan' even hesitate dar, sah."

Patience the Best Panacea.

From the very nature of their admirable qualities many wives and mothers fall into the habit of nagging. It is not the slipshod, happy-go-lucky people that are annoyed by the faults of other—the shirking, the want of considerateness, the total disregard of every plain duty. A careful housewife, fully alive to the importance of thoroughness in the little things of the household, as well as in larger things in the conduct of life, sees constantly much undone on the part of husband, children and servants, that in the constant endeavor to set them all right, to restrain this one, or bring that one up to the requisite point, or to ward off the consequences of thoughtlessness of this one, the habit of nagging grows stronger and stronger upon her from day to day. But let her possess her soul in patience.

Better that the peccadilloes in the kitchen should be unobserved at times by the mistress than that the house should be shunned by all the servants in the neighborhood; better that the faults of the children be lightly reproved than that they should learn to do without their mother's sympathy and love, which will most likely be the case if she pursue toward them a course of perpetual and persistent fault-finding; better that the husband's petty failings be passed over in silence than that he should learn to find his happiness away from home, perhaps in some other woman's home.

A Day in June.

With the poet, as we leave the stifling town behind us and enter the heart of the hills, we are fain to exclaim:

"What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Heaven feels the earth if it be in tune,
And softly above it her warm ear lays."

The price of a railway ticket to Arcady is a trifling sum, and the journey to Arcady is an hour's experience of delight, as, passing one wayside station after another, we drift into the deep green country, pass meadows rippling with daisies, smell the lush sweetness of the clover, and breathe air wafted over miles of pine

forest and shadowy copse, where the robins sing at morning, at eve the thrushes uplift their vesper hymns.

Arrived at our own dear station in our own sweet Arcady, beloved by reason of associations in which many summers blend their thoughts of bloom and



OUR QUEEN OF SUMMER.

fragrance, our cheery host with warm hand-grasp and welcoming smile awaits our coming. What a fine art it is, this of the gracious and cordial receiving of friends, how one admires the friend whose very simplest word conveys the feeling of a benediction, and whose smallest act is full of a refined and deferential courtesy.

A drive over a winding upland road, ever skyward, now crossing a bridge, now skirting a bit of wood, now picking up a wayfaring neighbor and giving him a lift, now turning in at a lodge-gate and passing through a long avenue, tree bordered, and sweet with bird-songs in the loitering afternoon, and lo! we are at home in the realm of the honeysuckle and the rose, with the mistress standing on the porch, her hands extended hospitably and her dear face radiant, and behind her a pretty group, friends, children, grandchildren; the family, not complete without that tried and true retainer, a dare, loving dog.

Arcady is always charming, but it reaches its highest point of beauty at the moment in June when the roses are rioting in their splendor and the honeysuckle lavishes its perfume on every wind that blows.

Deep hidden in the vine-wreaths which form a green and bowery screen for the veranda, we are shown several cunningly woven nests, in which we count four or five small eggs, from which the mother-bird has for a moment flown. It is very impressive, the skill of these feathered parents, and one likes to think of their happiness in building their babies' cradle so close to the house which has been long a synonym for peace and love. The little brothers of the air know their friends, and confidently rear their broods year after year in the shelter of this roof-tree. Their single foe in this domain is that prowler among four-footed creatures, the stealthily climbing cat, against whom the birds have to be guarded, she, too, in her fidelity having claims on the household, and, apart from her desire to hunt birds, being a most desirable member of the family's numerous dependents among dumb animals.

I wonder why we call animals dumb, by the way. They have not our speech, but their language is sufficiently eloquent, and though their voices do not articulate sounds as ours do, they understand one another, and convey more or less of meaning to us. The degree of sympathy we have with our animal friends enables us to understand them or measures our stupidity in their presence.

Rudyard Kipling, in his wonderful jungle stories, has managed to show that even wild beasts are governed by laws of their own, and Mowgli and his friends grow dear to us as we watch their intercourse and read between the lines that there is a day coming, foretold in prophecy, when the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and all creatures on the earth live together in harmony.

We do many a pleasant thing in Arcady, but the pleasantest of all is the Sabbath evening sitting on the porch, with the starlight shimmering down on the blue waves of the lake not far off, round which the girdling mountains stand, while the mistress sits in the dimly-lighted drawing-room at the piano, singing the old hymns we love. As her sweet voice lingers in the sweet cords of "Jerusalem the Golden," our souls are uplifted, and heaven is not far away.

A Discussion.

"Did the doctor *read* or *preach* to-day?" inquired the good man of the house, who had stayed at home, of his wife who had gone to church.

"He read his sermon," was the reply. "I like Doctor — much better when he has no manuscript with him, but I suppose on such a very warm Sabbath it was easier for him to have his ideas right there on the paper."

"For my part," said Aunt Isabel, "I don't see what difference it makes to the congregation which mode their pastor prefers. There is an appearance of spontaneity about an extempore discourse, but the probability is that it has been prepared as carefully beforehand as the other, and there is always the danger, if the speaker has only made out his framework, and left his filling in to the inspiration of the occasion, that he will become too diffuse. His illustrations will throng on him as he looks into the faces before him in the pews, and he will very likely wander off on a tack that he did not intend. The written sermon is a strong tower. There it is; the man knows just how long he will be in reading it. If he reads effectively, it goes to the hearers quite as well as the speech which seems more informal."

"The truth is, my dear Isabel," said her brother, "that you go to church to be instructed, and so you don't care about the manner as much as about the matter. Now I am a business man and I have great trouble in keeping my attention fixed in church. I am always worrying over next week, and unless the minister gets hold of me, hammer and tongs, I'm somewhere else, though my visible shape is at the head of my accustomed seat."

"It was a good plan they used to have," said the mother, "that of asking each child for the text, and for some thought from the sermon, after the family came home. By that means the young people were trained to listen, a thing which is very necessary in all education, religious as well as secular."

"If the children only went to church as they used to, it would be a great thing for the twentieth century men and women," said Aunt Isabel. "One sees so few golden heads in church."

"I think no sight is prettier than a pew full of boys and girls seated with their parents, and if the very little ones grow sleepy, their mother's lap is a good place for a nap. I used to keep a picture book in the pew for my little flock, and a pad and pencil, and the smallest ones amused themselves quietly, disturbing nobody, and by always going with me they grew into a habit of church-going which they never lost after they had come to what father called years of understanding."

"The out-and-out Christian is a joyful one. The half-and-half Christian is the kind that a great many of you are—little acquainted with the joy of the Lord."

Why should we live half way up the hill, and swathed in mists, when we might have an unclouded sky and a visible sun over our heads, if we would climb higher and walk in the light of His face?—*Alexander Maclaren, D. D.*

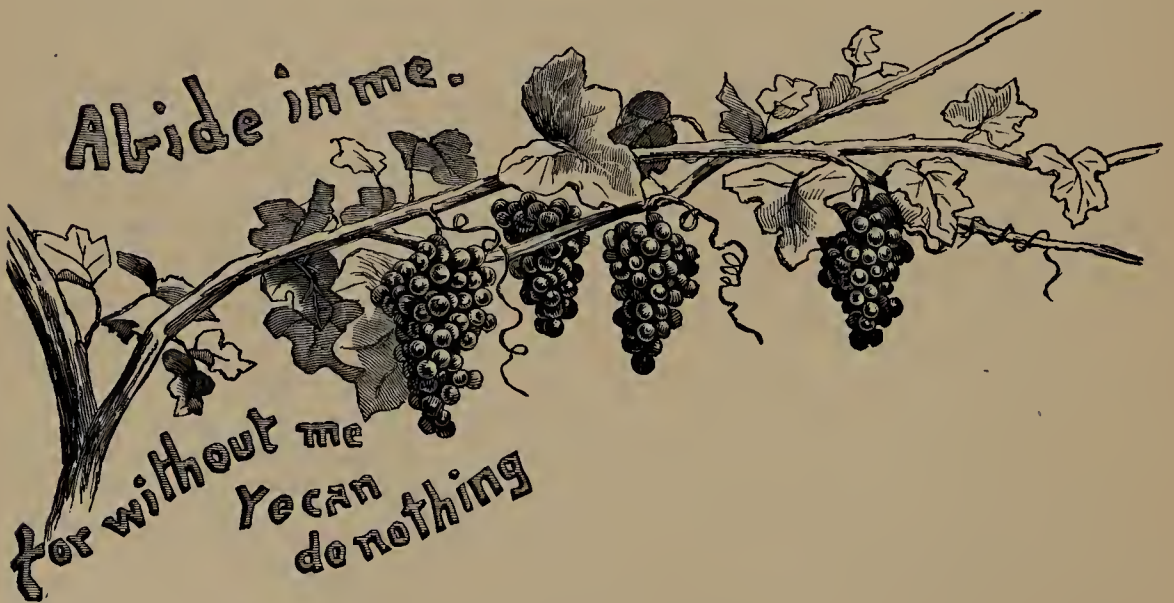
Uncle Bob—"What are you going to be when you are a man, Tommy?"

Tommy—"I am going to be a soldier, 'cos then I can fight all I want to without being spanked for it."

Miss R. telling her Sunday School class of small boys about the Shut-in-Society, whose members are persons confined with illness to their beds or rooms. "Whom can we think of," said she, "that would have had great sympathy for those shut-in?" "I know," said a little boy; "some one in the Bible, ain't it, teacher?" "Yes, and who, Johnnie?" "Jonah," was the spirited answer.

A Texas paper says that, in one of the earliest trials before a colored jury in Texas, the twelve gentlemen were told by the judge to "retire and find the verdict." They went into the jury room, whence the opening and shutting of doors and other sounds of unusual commotion were presently heard. At last the jury came back into court, when the foreman announced, "We hab looked ever'whar, judge, for dat verdic',—in de drawers and behin' de doahs; but it ain't nowhar in dat blessed room."

"My hat b'owed off," said Margie, in relating a recent experience; "an' I tomed tlear home wiz my head bare-footed."



Curious Bits from Many Sources.

How the Capitol of Rome Was Saved by the Cackling of Geese.

The goose appears to have been much maligned by the moderns, who term it a "stupid bird," and even the trustworthiness of modern history has been impeached in support of this imputation. Every one recollects the story in Livy of the geese of Juno saving the Roman Capitol. The historical credit of this story depends in great measure upon the vigilant habits of the bird, and its superiority to the dog as a guardian.

The alertness and watchfulness of the wild goose, which have made its chase proverbially difficult, appear, from the following testimony, to be characteristic of the bird in its domesticated state. The establishment of this fact we have in the following evidence, by Professor Owen, from Richmond Park :

"Opposite the cottage where I live is a pond, which is frequented during the summer by two brood-flocks of geese belonging to the keepers. These geese take up their quarters for the night along the margin of the pond, into which they are ready to plunge at a moment's notice. Several times when I have been up late, or wakeful, I have heard the old gander sound the alarm, which is immediately taken up, and has been sometimes followed by a simultaneous plunge of the flock into the pool. On mentioning this to the keeper, he, quite aware of the characteristic readiness of the geese to sound an alarm in the night, attributed it to a fowmart, or other predatory vermin. On other occasions the cackling has seemed to be caused by a deer stalking near the flock. But often has the old Roman anecdote occurred to me, when I have been awoke by the midnight alarm-notes of my anserine neighbors; and more than once I have noticed, when the cause of alarm has been such as to excite the dogs of the next-door keeper, that the geese were beforehand in giving loud warning of the strange steps.

"I have never had the smallest sympathy with the sceptics as to Livy's statement: it is not a likely one to be feigned; it is in exact accordance with the characteristic acuteness of sight and hearing, watchfulness and power, and instinct to utter alarm-cries, of the goose."

The Gray Lag Goose, identical with the domestic goose of our farmyards, is the Anser of the Romans—the same that saved the Capitol by its vigilance, and was cherished accordingly. Pliny (lib. x., c. xxii.) speaks of this bird at much length, stating how they were driven from a distance on foot to Rome; he mentions the value of the feathers of the white ones, and relates that in some places they were plucked twice a year. In the *Palazzo de' Conservatori*, fifth room, are

“two *Ducks*, in bronze, said to have been found in the Tarpeian Rock, and to be the representation of those ducks which saved the Capitol.”

The Nine Worthies.

These are famous personages, often alluded to and classed together in rather an arbitrary manner, like the Seven Wonders of the World, etc.

The number have been thus counted up as the *Nine Worthies of the World* by Richard Burton, in a book published in 1687:

- | | | |
|------------------|---|---------------------------------------|
| Three Gentiles | { | 1. Hector, son of Priam. |
| | { | 2. Alexander the Great. |
| | { | 3. Julius Cæsar. |
| Three Jews | { | 4. Joshua, conqueror of Canaan. |
| | { | 5. David, king of Israel. |
| | { | 6. Judas Maccabæus. |
| Three Christians | { | 7. Arthur, king of Britain. |
| | { | 8. Charles the Great, or Charlemagne. |
| | { | 9. Godfrey of Bullen [Boquillon]. |

London had also Nine Worthies of her own, according to a pamphlet by Richard Johnson, author of the famous *History of the Seven Champions*. These worthies are: 1. Sir William Walworth, fishmonger. 2. Sir Henry Pritchard, vintner. 3. Sir William Sevenoake, grocer. Sir Thomas White, merchant-tailor. 5. Sir John Bonham, mercer. 6. Sir Christopher Coker, vintner. 7. Sir John Hawkwood, merchant-tailor. 8. Sir Hugh Calvert, silk-weaver. 9. Sir Henry Maleverer, grocer. Sir Thomas White seems to have been the only quite peaceable worthy among them, whose fame lives in St. John's College, Oxford, and Merchant Tailors' School, London, which school he founded.

From the fame of these personages, Butler formed his curious title of *Nine-worthiness*, meaning, it is presumed, that his hero (Hudibras) was equal in valor to any or all of the nine.

The Invincible Armada.

This was the famous naval armament, or expedition, sent by Philip I. of Spain, against England, in the year 1588. It consisted of 130 vessels, 2430 great guns, 4575 quintals of powder, nearly 20,000 soldiers, above 8000 sailors, and more than 2000 volunteers. It arrived in the English Channel on the nineteenth of July, and was defeated the next day by Lord High Admiral Howard, who was followed by Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher. Eight fireships having been sent into the Spanish fleet, they bore off in great disorder. Profiting by the panic the English

fell upon them, and captured and destroyed a number of their ships. Admiral Howard maintained a running fight, from the twenty-first of July to the twenty-seventh, with such effect that the Spanish commander, despairing of success, resolved to return home; and as escape through the English Channel was prevented by contrary winds, he undertook to sail round the Orkneys; but the vessels which still remained to him were dispersed by storms or shipwrecked among the rocks and shallows, on different parts of the Scottish and Irish coasts, and upward of 5000 men were drowned, killed or taken prisoners. Of the whole Armada, fifty-three ships only returned to Spain, and those in a wretched condition. The English lost but one ship. This



OUR LITTLE MAN.

great defeat was commemorated in the tapestry hangings which long adorned the old House of Lords, destroyed in the great fire of 1834. The tapestry was of Dutch workmanship, it having been woven by Francis Spearing, from the designs

of Vroom, an eminent Dutch painter. It had been bespoke by Admiral Lord Howard, and was sold by him to James I. It consisted originally of ten compartments, forming separate pictures, each of which was surrounded by a wrought border, including the portraits of the officers who held commands in the English fleet. Engravings from these hangings have been made by Pine, with illustrations from charters, medals, etc. The Lord High Admiral's remains are deposited in a large vault beneath the principal chancel of the church of Reigate, in Surrey.

History of Manners.

We should not venture to call our levees and drawing-rooms the remnants of barbarism and savagery. Yet they must clearly be traced back to the Middle Ages, when homage was done by each subject by putting his hands joined between the hands of the king. This, again, was originally a mere symbol, an imitation of the act by which a vanquished enemy surrendered himself to his despoiler. We know from the sculptures of Nineveh and from other sources that it was the custom of the conqueror to put his foot on the neck of his enemy. This, too, has been abbreviated; and as in Europe gentlemen now only kiss the king's hand, we find that in the Tonga Islands, when a subject approaches to do homage, the chief has to hold up his foot behind, as a horse does, and the subject touches the sole with his fingers, thus placing himself, as it were, under the sole of his lord's foot. Every one seems to have the right of doing reverence in this way when he pleases; and chiefs get so tired of holding up their feet to be touched that they make their escape at the very sight of a loyal subject.

Who has not wondered sometimes at the fumbling efforts of gentlemen in removing their gloves before shaking hands with a lady, the only object being, it would seem, to substitute a warm hand for a cool glove? Yet in the ages of chivalry there was a good reason for it. A knight's glove was a steel gauntlet, and a squeeze with that would have been painful.

Diogenes: His Sayings and Doings.

Diogenes was a native of Sinope, in Pontus, which he and his father, who was a banker, were compelled to quit, for coining false money. On settling at Athens, he studied philosophy under Antisthenes. From his writings being lost, the extent of his information and his discoveries in science are unknown. That he had the reputation of being a great genius seems undeniable; although much of his celebrity may be referred to the strictness of his tenets, contempt of comfort, and oddity of manner. It must not be inferred that because he despised riches he cultivated humility: on the contrary, he looked down with scorn upon

the whole world, censured with the dignity of a magistrate all mankind, and considered every philosopher as greatly his inferior. Extreme poverty, the result of his despising riches, obliged him to beg—a state to which his raiment was not superior; yet, when Alexander the Great offered him riches, he spurned at the proposal, and said, “All I ask is, do not stand between me and the sun.” In after-life, Diogenes was taken by pirates, who carried him into Crete, and sold him to Xenias, a Corinthian, in whose family he lived as tutor, and refused to be ransomed by his friends, giving as a reason, that “a lion was not the servant of his feeders, but their master.” He died in the same year, and, according to one account, on the same day, with Alexander the Great (323 B. C.) at the age of ninety years. Of him Plato may be said to have given a just character in a few words, that “he was Socrates run mad.” His dress was a coarse double robe, which served him as a cloak by day and a coverlet by night, and carried a wallet to receive alms of food. His abode was a cask in the temple of Cybèle. In the summer he rolled himself upon the burning sand, and in the winter clung to the images in the street covered with snow, in order that he might accustom himself to endure all kinds of weather.

The smart things and witty repartees of Diogenes were collected by his kinsman, Diogenes Laertius; and of them Professor de Morgan has, in the *Athenæum*, collected some specimens.

“Diogenes is not a *Cynic*: that is a name for the snapping school which he raised into fame, nominally founded by Antisthenes. He is as much more than a Cynic as Plato is more than a Platonist. ‘I am Alexander the great king—And I am Diogenes the Dog (κυν).’ The school frequented the Cynosargus at Athens; whence some thought the name was derived. Very likely; and in this way: dirty mendicants haunting a place so called would be called dogs, and philosophic pride would adopt the name.

“Diogenes, must have every stray joke attributed to him. But the genuine stock is in Laertius. He was asked why gold is so pale, and he replied, Because so many are lying in wait for it. Very likely the querist expected Diogenes to answer that he did not know, and would then have answered his own question with—Because it is afraid you and your father will put a wrong stamp on it. For Icesias and Son were bankers at Sinope, and were driven away for operations on the coinage. When Diogenes was afterward reproached with this, his answer was—I was once what you are now; what I am now you never will be.

“When should a man dine? If rich, said Diogenes, when he likes; if poor, when he can.

“Why, said some one, who wanted to be very smart upon the poor tub-tenant who lived by his wit, do people give cheerfully to the lame and blind, but not to philosophers! Because said Diogenes, people feel they may (ἐλπίζουσι) become

lame and blind themselves, but they have no fear of becoming philosophers. He begged of a stingy man who was very slow about producing anything: My friend! said he, what I ask for is to feed me, not to bury me.

“The well-known house, or bed, in which the sage lived—when at Athens, at least; no doubt Xenocrates found him a better lodging—has produced a comparison. Granger said that the large hoop-apparatus which the ladies wore in his day was no more a petticoat than Diogenes’s tub was his breeches. Would they now let Diogenes, tub and all, into an omnibus?

“The humility of Diogenes was of that kind which is ‘aped by pride,’ and is, perhaps, the best understood point of his enigmatical character. It did not impose upon Plato, whose repartee is equally well known. Byron embodies it in one of the stanzas of *Don Juan*:

“Trampling on Plato’s pride, with greater pride,
As did the cynic on some like occasion;
Deeming the sage would be much mortified,
Or thrown into a philosophic passion,
For a spoilt carpet—but the ‘Attic bee
Was much consoled by his own repartee.’”

The same idea is illustrated in a different way by Sir Thomas Browne: “Diogenes I hold to be the most vain inglorious man of his time, and more ambitious in refusing all honors than Alexander in rejecting none.”

The tub story has been demolished: “And why?” says De Morgan. “Because it is not mentioned by Cicero, Plutarch, Arrian, and Valerius Maximus; only by Lucian, Laertius, Juvenal, and Seneca.”

An Old Story.

A farmer’s daughter was carrying her pail of milk from the field to the farmhouse, when she fell a-musing. “The money for which this milk will be sold will buy at least three hundred eggs. The eggs, allowing for all mishaps, will produce two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will become ready for the market when poultry will fetch the highest price; so that by the end of the year I shall have money enough from the perquisites that will fall to my share, to buy a new gown. In this dress I will go to the Christmas junketings, when all the young fellows will propose to me, but I will toss my head and refuse them every one.” At this moment she tossed her head in unison with her thoughts, when down fell the milk-pail to the ground, and all her imaginary schemes perished in a moment.



The Secret of Pleasing.

A cheerful temper, not occasionally, but habitually cheerful, is a quality which no wise man would be willing to dispense with in choosing a wife. A good wife is courteous, gentle, and sweet in all her dealings. She may be a plain woman, but she takes pains to be always fascinating. Her first thought is never to disarrange, even for an instant, that drapery of pleasantness which a woman should always wear. She knows that if it is the duty of a husband to make the money, it is hers to make life ornamental and charming for him. Her perpetual aim is to give pleasure, to be agreeable, and to be amiable, and she succeeds in making "a happy fireside clime," which "is the true pathos and sublime of human life."

Pilgrim Songs.

The way is long, my darling,
The road is rough and steep,
And fast across the evening sky
I see the shadows sweep.
But oh, my love, my darling,
No ill to us can come,
No terror turn us from the path
For we are going home.

Your feet are tired, my darling—
So tired, the tender feet;
But think, when we are there at last,
How sweet the rest! how sweet!
For lo! the lamps are lighted,
And yonder gleaming dome,
Before us, shining like a star,
Shall guide our footsteps home.

Art cold, my love, and famished?
Art faint and sore athirst?
Be patient yet a little while,
And joyous, as at first;
For oh! the sun sets never
Within that land of bloom,
And thou shalt eat the bread of life
And drink life's wine at home.

The wind blows cold, my darling,
Adown the mountain steep,
And thick across the evening sky
The darkling shadows creep;
But oh! my love, press onward,
Whatever trials come,
For in the way the Father set,
We two are going home.

In the Wine Press Alone.









In the dusk of our sorrowful hours
The time of our trouble and tears,
With frost at the heart of the flowers,
And blight on the bloom of the years,
Like the mother-voice tenderly hushing
The sound of the sob and the moan,
We hear when the anguish is crushing,
"He trod in the wine-press alone."

From Him in the night of His trial,
Both heaven and earth fled away;
His boldest had only denial,
His dearest had only dismay.
With a cloud o'er the face of the Father,
He entered the anguish unknown;
But we, though our sorrows may gather,
Shall never endure them alone.

How sudden soe'er the disaster,
 Or heavy the hand that may smite,
 We are yet in the grace of the Master,
 We never are out of His sight;
 Though the winnowing winds of temptation
 May forth from all quarters be blown,
 We are sure of the coming salvation,—
 The Lord will remember His own.

We bend in the human frail fashion,
 And sway 'neath the weight of the rod,
 But swift in its blessed compassion
 Still hastens the help of our God.
 And the sight of the spirit faint-hearted
 Goes up in a song to the throne,
 Such strength in its need is imparted:—
 "He trod in the wine-press alone."

And therefore he knows to the utmost,
 The pangs that the mortal can bear;
 No mortal hath pain that the Master
 Refuses to heal or to share.
 And the cries that ascend the Loving
 Who bowed Him for us to atone,
 Are hushed at the gentle reproof,
 "He trod in the wine-press alone."

It was one Saturday evening after  at Bethany  a village east of Jerusalem that Jesus was at the house of Simon; and as  He sat at meat there came Mary, having  a flask of perfume which she broke  and poured the perfume on his head  to show her love for him. It was very costly  and some found fault with Mary, but Jesus said  everyone would remember it in years to come because "She hath done what she could."

A Message.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

He who died at Azan sends
 This to comfort all his friends.
 Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
 Pale and white and cold as snow;
 And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
 Weeping at the feet and head,
 I can see your falling tears,
 I can hear your sighs and prayers;
 Yet I smile and whisper this—
 "I am not the thing you kiss;
 Cease your tears and let it lie;
 It was mine, it is not 'I.'"

Sweet friends! what the women lave
 For its last bed, called the grave,
 Is a hut which I am quitting,
 Is a garment no more fitting,
 Is a cage from which at last
 Like a bird, my soul has passed;
 Love the inmate, not the room;
 The wearer, not the garb; the plume
 Of the falcon, not the bars
 Which kept him from those splendid stars!

Loving friends! be wise and dry
 Straightway every weeping eye:
 What ye lift upon the bier
 Is not worth a wistful tear.
 'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
 Out of which the pearl has gone:
 The shell is broken—it lies there;
 The pearl, the all the soul is here.
 'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
 Allah sealed, the while it hid
 That treasure of its treasury,
 A mind that loved him; let it lie!
 Let the shard be earth's once more,
 Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
 Now thy world is understood;
 Now the long, long wonder ends!
 Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
 While the man whom ye call dead,
 In unspoken bliss, instead,
 Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
 By such light as shines for you;
 But in light ye cannot see
 Of unfilled felicity—
 In enlarging Paradise—
 Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
 Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
 I am gone before your face
 A moment's time, a little space;
 When ye come where I have stepped,
 Ye will wonder why ye wept;
 Ye will know by wise love taught,
 That here is all, and there is naught.
 Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
 Sunshine still must follow rain—
 Only not at death; for death
 Now we know is that first breath
 Which our souls draw when we enter
 Life, which is of life the centre.

Be certain all seems love
 Viewed from Allah's throne above,
 Be ye stout of heart and come
 Bravely onward to your home!
 La-il Allah! Allah-la!
 O Love divine! O Love away!

He who died at Azan gave
 This to those who made his grave.

Ethel (age six): "I don't love you any more, grandpa."

Grandpa: "Why not, Ethel!"

Ethel: "Cause I love you so much already that I couldn't love you any more if I tried. Please give me five cents."

The Thinning Ranks.

The day grows lonelier; the air
Is chillier than it used to be.
We hear about us everywhere
The haunting chords of memory.
Dear faces once that made our joy
Have vanished from the sweet home band,
Dear tasks that were our loved employ
Have dropped from out our loosened hand.

Familiar names in childhood given
None call us by, save those in heaven.
We cannot talk with later friends
Of those old times to which love lends
Such mystic haze of soft regret;
We would not, if we could, forget
The sweetness of the bygone hours,
So priceless are love's faded flowers;
But lonelier grows the waning day,
And much we miss upon the way
Our comrades who have heard the call
That soon or late must summon all.

Ah well! the day grows lonelier *here*
Thank God, it doth not yet appear
What thrill of perfect bliss awaits
Those who pass on within the gates.
O, dear ones who have left my side,
And passed beyond the swelling tide,
I know that you will meet me when
I too shall leave these ranks of men
And find the glorious company
Of saints from sin forever free,
Of angels who do always see
The face of Christ, and ever stand
Serene and strong at God's right hand.

The day grows lonelier, the air
Hath waftings strangely keen and cold,
But woven in, O, glad, O, rare,
What love-notes from the hills of gold!
Dear crowding faces gathered there
Dear blessed tasks that wait our hand,
What joy, what pleasure shall we share,
Safe anchored in the one home-land.

Close up, O comrades, close the ranks,
Press onward, waste no fleeting hour!
Beyond the outworks, lo! the banks
Of that full tide, where life hath power,
And Satan lieth underfoot,
And sin is killed, even at the root.
Close up, close fast the wavering line,
Ye who are led by One divine.
The day grows lonelier apace,
But heaven shall be our trysting place.

A Beautiful Classic.

"Ailie" is the gentle old heroine in that touching story of "Rab and His Friends," told by Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh. If you know it you'll be glad to hear it again; if you never heard it, you'll love it from this time on. Never mind the beginning which tells of Rab's grim fight with another dog. The part I like best is that which concerns the dog's comradeship with his master and mistress. For his relations to this loving human pair, it is that I like Rab, the great, grave creature, old, gray, brindled, massive as a Highland bull, strong as Aberdeen

granite. Ailie, the wife of James, is not unlike Jess in that favorite book of a later period, "A Window in Thrums." She is an old woman, when we meet her first, with "her white mutch set off by a black ribbon, her silvery smooth hair



THE YOUNG DOCTOR.

banded plainly above her dark-gray eyes, eyes such as are seen only twice or thrice in a life time, full of suffering, full also of the overcoming of it; her eyebrows black and delicate, her mouth firm, patient and contented. The poor woman was

brought to the hospital for an examination. The thing in her breast was cancer, and no merciful anæsthetic had yet been discovered to cheat the sufferer under the knife of the terrible pain.

I will let Dr. Brown himself tell the rest.

“As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. ‘Ailie,’ said James, ‘this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rab’s freend, ye ken. We often speak about you, doctor.’ She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James, the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie his wife. The contrast of his small, swarthy, weather-beaten, keen, worldly face to hers—pale, subdued and beautiful—was something wonderful. Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up,—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

“‘As I was sayin’ she’s got a kind o’ trouble in her breest, doctor; wull ye tak’ a look at it?’ We walked into the consulting-room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be the reverse, on the same terms. Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and without a word, showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it





GOING SHOPPING

carefully,—she and James watching me, and Rab eyeing all three. What could I say? there it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, so “full of all blessed conditions,”—hard as a stone, a centre of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its gray, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet, resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome. Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?

“I got her away to bed. ‘May Rab and me bide,’ said James. ‘*You* may; and Rab, if he will behave himself.’ ‘I’s warrant he’s do that, doctor,’ and in slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now. He belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said; he was brindled and gray like Rubislaw granite; his hair short, hard and close, like a lion’s; his body thickset, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds’ weight, at the least; he had a large, blunt head; his muzzle black as night, his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two—being all he had—gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton’s father’s; the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it

was a tattered rag of an ear, which was forever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud were very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the oddest and swiftest.

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar.

The terrible day came. The poor wife was brought to the hospital. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to his suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on,—blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled and gave now and then a sharp, impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a *glower* from time to time, and an



OUR LITTLE SAILOR BOY.

intimation of a possible kick;—all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she curtsies,—and in a low, clear voice, begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon happed her up carefully,—and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy shoes, crammed with tackets, heel-capt and toe-capt, and put them carefully under the table, saying, “Maister John, I’m for nane o’ yer stryngie nurse bodies for Ailie. I’ll be her nurse, and I’ll gang about on my stockin’ soles as canny as pussy.” And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, snell, peremptory little man. Everything she got he gave her: he seldom slept; and often I saw his small, shrewd eyes out of the darkness, fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

Rab behaved well, never moving, showing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day, but he was sombre and mild; declined doing battle, though some fit cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to that door.

Jess, the mare, had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had doubtless her own dim and placid meditations and confusions, on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

For some days Ailie did well. The wound healed “by the first intention;” for as James said, “Oor Ailie’s skin ower clean to beil.” The students came in quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle,—Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may suppose, *semper paratus*.

So far well: but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, a “groosin’,” as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek colored; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret: her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick, she wasn’t herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp



GRANDMAMMA'S DARLINGS.

at times. He was vexed, and said, "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon—the dear, gentle old woman: then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and then came that terrible spectacle,—

"The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on in its dim and perilous way;"

she sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David and the diviner words of his Son and Lord with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager, Scotch voice—the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "fremyt" voice, and he starting up, surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard; many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all, and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her when there was a lull, short bits from the Psalms, prose and metre, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doting over her as his "ain Ailie." "Ailie, ma woman!" "Ma ain bonnie wee dawtie!"

The end was drawing on: the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed. The body and the soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking alone, through the valley of that shadow, into which one day we must all enter—and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

One night she had fallen quiet and, as we hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bedgown which was lying on it rolled up she held it eagerly to her breast—to the right side. We could see her eyes bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her sucking child; opening out her nightgown impatiently, and holding it close, and brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth, and who sucks and is satisfied. It was pitiful and strange to see her wasted, dying look, keen and yet vague—her immense love.

"Preserve me!" groaned James, giving way. And then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite

fondness. "Wae's me, doctor; I declare she's thinkin' it's that bairn." "What bairn?" "The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she's in the Kingdom, forty years and mair." It was plainly true: the pain in the breast, telling its urgent story to a bewildered, ruined brain, was misread and mistaken; it suggested to her the uneasiness of a breast full of milk, and then the child; and so again once more they were together, and she had her ain wee Mysie in her bosom.

This was the close. She sank rapidly: the delirium left her; but, as she whispered, she was "clean silly;" it was the lightening before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still—her eyes shut, she said "James!" He came



close to her, and lifting up her calm, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently, that when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank clear darkness of the mirror without a stain. "What is our life? it is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless; he came forward beside us: Ailie's hand, which James had held, was hanging down; it was soaked with his tears; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some time,—saying nothing: he started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out, and put them on, breaking one of the leather latches, and muttering in anger, "I never did the like o' that afore!"

I believe he never did; nor after either. "Rab!" he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leapt up, and settled himself; his head and eye to the dead face. "Maister John, ye'll wait for me," said the carrier; and disappeared in the darkness, thundering down-stairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window; there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid; so I sat down beside Rab, and being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was *in statu quo*; he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out; and there, at the gate, in the dim morning—for the sun was not up—was Jess and the cart,—a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out—who knows how?—to Howgate, full nine miles off; yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of clean old blankets having at their corners, "A. G., 1794," in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme, and James may have looked in at her from without—himself unseen but not unthought of—when he was "wat, wat, and weary," and after having walked many a mile over the hills, may have seen her sitting, while "a' the lave were sleepin'"; and by the firelight working her name on the blankets, for her ain James's bed.

He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage and down stairs, followed by Rab. I followed with a light; but he didn't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the candle in my hand in the calm, frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before—as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was

only "A. G."—sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided behind the cart.

I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicolson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton Brae, then along Roslin Muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands and making them like on-looking ghosts; then down the hill, through Auchindinny woods, past "haunted Woodhouselee;" and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

James buried his wife, with his neighbors mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black, ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling, spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the



THE ACME OF BLISS.

A child mounted pick-a-back on a man, and carrying a flag upstairs, is for the moment a perfectly happy being. Life will never hold to him a sweeter cup than he is drinking now. Earth will hold for him no completer triumph. Blessings on man and boy and our country's flag.



NO TREASURE IN BANK COMPARES TO THE GIFT OF A CHILD.

village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion and his misery made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to reopen. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

The Sacredness of the Home Bond.

In these days we should hold very firmly the doctrine that the home bond is a sacred thing. No light difference of opinion, no transient unhappiness should be allowed to even suggest to married people the thought of separation. For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part, reads the beautiful old formula of the marriage service. Time was when divorces were regarded as the last resort, only to be tolerated after years of crucifixion, after woeful troubles of which men and women do not speak except in the privacy of their chambers, after trials which it was not thought possible to proclaim on the housetops and from the street corners.

But the sentiment of the period perhaps in fashionable quarters rather than among plain people has brought about a change in the point of view. Divorces are cheap and common, easily sought, easily attained, because of the varying marriage laws of the country. Re-marriage of one or the other party is too frequent to excite more than a passing remark, and the divorced wife or husband goes about in society as if no tragedy had laid waste life, and no besom of destruction had made bare its poverty and showed it naked and sad to the eyes of the pitying or indifferent world.

Those who enter on the wedded life which makes sacred the home bond should do so more prayerfully and thoughtfully than in the heyday of youth and pleasure they sometimes do. Once those obligations assumed, that covenant engaged in, no subsequent friction should be allowed to produce a strained state of relationship.

As married lovers go on in life, their companionship brings about a soul-likeness often visible in their countenances. In their children, as the features and expressions, the shape and coloring of the parents are blended, this is common, that the observer can hardly tell whether son or daughter is most like father or mother. And the father and mother grow ever more alike in spirit and in character, one complementing the other, grace for grace, strength for strength, as the years pass, and the marriage is a union of souls, and the home bond is a sacrament.

Still always groweth in me the great wonder,
When all the fields are blushing like the dawn,
And only one poor little flower ploughed under,
That I can see no flowers, that *one* being gone:
No flower of all, because of one being gone.

Mary.

She walked amid the lilies
 Upstanding straight and tall,
 Their silver tapers bright against
 The dusky mountain wall;
 Gray olives dropped upon her
 Their crystal globes of dew,
 The while the doors of heaven grew wide
 To let the Easter through.

All heaven was rose and golden,
 The clouds were reft apart,
 Earth's holiest dawn in dazzling white
 Came forth from heaven's own heart;
 And never since on Eden
 Creation's glory lay
 Had ever garden of the Lord
 Behold so fair a day.

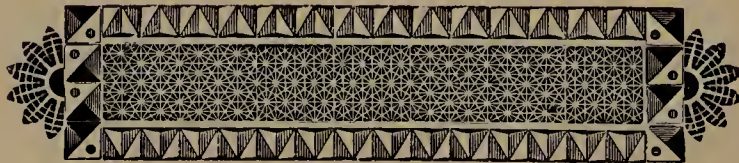
Her eyes were blurred with weeping,
 Her trailing steps were slow;
 The cross she bore within her
 Transfixed her soul with woe.
 One only goal before her
 Loomed through her spirit's gloom,
 As in the early morning
 She sought the guarded tomb.

But down the liliated pathway
 A kingly presence came,
 A seamless garment clothed Him,
 His face was clear as flame,
 And in his hands were nail-prints,
 And on his brow were scars,
 But in His eyes a light of love
 Beyond the light of stars.

For tears she could not see Him,
 As o'er the path He came,
 Till, like remembered music,
 He called her by her name;
 Then swift her soul to answer,
 The Lord of life she knew,
 Her breast unbarred its prison gates
 To let the Easter through.

Such light of revelation
 As bathed her being then,
 It comes anew wherever Christ
 Is known indeed of men;
 Such glory on the pathway,
 It falls again on all
 Who hear the King in blessing,
 And hasten at His call.

Rise, King of grace and glory,
This hallowed Easter-tide,
 Nor from Thy ransomed people
 Let even death divide;
 For yet again doth heaven
 Throw all its gates apart,
 And send the sacred Easter
 Straight from its glowing heart



The Old, Old Story.

BY SALLIE V. DUBOIS.

"The truth of the matter is, I am lonely, Thomas. You are out almost all day, the nearest neighbor is five miles away, and I weary of my own company."

The speaker, Harriet Bowers, a tall, dignified, refined maiden of forty, stood beside the kitchen table in working dress. Her brother, Thomas, an old type farmer, with milk pail in hand, leaned against the outside door, his boots heavy with mud, a slouch hat carelessly set upon his head, and with a personality, taken as a whole, not delightful to contemplate.

"You had'n't used to talk like that as I can recollect."

"You are right; I have not. When father and mother were living, and the home circle was unbroken, there was then no aching void in my heart to fill. Do you forget how for more than ten years I was their constant companion? Now—Thomas, do not look scornful—I must have something to love."

Thomas closed the door with a sharp bang. He seemed determined not to understand. "Ain't you got Shep and the cat? It always appeared to me you was uncommon fond of them both."

Harriet turned slowly and gave her brother a long, earnest look. Her eyes were full of pleading and her voice quivered with emotion.

"You wilfully misunderstand me, brother," she said. "There is a craving in my nature, a depth of love which must be spent or I die. Have you never felt it, a desire, a craving to be lifted out of self, growing in the likeness of another in whom one's fondest hopes are centered."

Thomas began drumming on the table impatiently, while a sullen look settled on his face. "No, I hain't, and it's all nonsense on your part, Harriet," he exclaimed. "Old Brindle and Shep are all the company I want, together with the evening paper, when I am through with my day's work. Can't say that I like the idea of having somebody's kid about here, turning things upside down and making no end of work and trouble."

"I have thought it all over a hundred times and am resolved to do it. It need not add to your expense; I have enough for myself and another."

"Well, if you must, there's Sam Hardy has got seven. I calculate you could git one of his without much trouble."

"Sam Hardy is able to provide for his own. My idea is to go to-day, after the morning work is done, to New York, visit the orphans' home, select a little one who has no kin, no one ever likely to claim it, and pledge myself to provide for it as if it were my own."



Thomas whistled aloud. "You'll regret it, sis. It hain't likely I'll ever know where my evening paper is when it gits here, and the kitchen will be topsy-turvy all the time. Come, now, Harriet, don't make a fool of yourself."

Harriet's pale cheeks flushed crimson. "Oh, brother, do you not see this inanimate life is killing me. There is no choice, I must be called out of myself. My life is empty and my heart hungry for the love of little children. I want to feel baby hands in mine, to know I am the stay and support upon which they rest. I am growing old, Thomas, by and by I shall want someone to minister to my need, and to return the love I am so ready to lavish now."

A sarcastic smile curved Thomas' lip, and he emphasized his words with an impatient gesture. "It's most likely the brat will grow up and rob us of all our possessions. I shall always have to hide my specs when I am done reading, or they will be pawned off."

"But you will be kind to the little one, oh, say that you will!"

The brother turned abruptly and looked the sister keenly in the eyes. "I haint never been cross to you, have I Harriet?"

"No, oh, no, but I know how averse you are to having children around. It makes me fear that you may dislike and even refuse to treat with kindness my little waif."

"Have your own way, Harriet, I know your judgment is generally correct. If you make a mistake now and then, its no more than human; but mind, if you get tired of your bargain, don't expect me to get over-much sympathy for you."

Three hours later Harriet Bowers, dressed in neat bonnet and coat was conversing earnestly with a nurse in an orphan's home. A dozen or more little waifs were about the room, ranging from three years to ten, some bright and attractive, others forsaken in appearance. There was a pathetic ring in Harriet's voice and an unmistakable earnestness about her whole demeanor. "You tell me their parents are all dead, and that I am free to choose any of these?"

"I do, madame. This little one"—drawing a pretty child to her side—"we call Lily-bud, although her real name is Betsy, I believe."

Harriet toyed with the child's curls. "She is indeed fair to look upon, but it is not over such as she that my heart yearns." Turning suddenly she beheld a forlorn looking creature of about four years sulking on the opposite side of the room. "But what of that little one yonder, is she without friends?"

"Ah, that she is, madam, and likely to remain so. The child is that disagreeable that not a nurse in the home loves her. She will never hold still to have her hair brushed and declares she hates us all. Only a moment ago I had to shake her soundly for pulling Lily-bud's hair, just because she was'nt willing to give up an old broken toy."

Harriet looked at the child with yearning eyes. "Perhaps the little one has a history. I wish I could know it."

"I am able to gratify that wish. Truth is, the child deserves pity, but it is difficult to love the unlovely. A year ago last June, madam, one of our large hotels here was destroyed by fire, you recollect it, perhaps. It was a most disastrous fire, and many lives were lost. Among those who had sought temporary shelter was a young and beautiful woman and a little child. The woman was lost in the flames and all her valuables, this little one only was saved and was brought here, her clothes burned, her body discolored with smoke.

"But could you not trace where she belonged?" cried Harriet.

"Prompt effort was made; we advertised and inquired diligently for more than a year, and did finally succeed in getting some information. The wife, it appeared, had recently returned from a European trip, while the husband and father was detained in France. She was to await his arrival at the hotel, where her life was lost."

"But did not the father come to claim his child?" continued Harriet, with increasing earnestness.

"He never did. We thought he would come for more than six months, and tried to endure her patiently, when we read an account of a wrecked vessel, and among those lost was Madcap's father."

"Madcap? What a name!"

"We gave it to her because of her spiteful nature. When she came here she said her real name was Joy, but who could call her that?"

"Alas, who? I have never seen a more forsaken child. Come here, little one, I wish to speak to you."

"Don't you hear the lady speaking to you, Madcap?" sternly commanded the nurse.

Harriet approached the child and laid a loving hand on her head. "My little one, would you like to live with me?"

"Mamma, I want my mamma," was the plaintive cry.

"That's all you can get out of her, madam, any time. We have told her a dozen times that her mamma is dead, but she don't understand; is sure she will come by and by."

Harriet's voice was full of pity. "Little one, suppose I take your mamma's place?"

"Mamma; I want my mamma!"

"Dear, I think you must be satisfied with me," as she drew the child tenderly to her. "Your papa and mamma are no longer upon earth. I have no little girl of my own, but am hungry for the love of one. Poor, lonely one, will you come and nestle close to my heart?"



LAUGHING FACES.

The child looked long and earnestly into Harriet's eyes then, clinging suddenly to her, cried, "May I call you mamma?"

"You may, dear precious one, you may," exclaimed Harriet, her voice tremulous with emotion.

It is evening, Harriet is busy in the farmhouse kitchen preparing supper, the child clinging to her skirts. Thomas is sitting with his back to the window surveying the scene critically.

"So, this was the best you could do? And to think you went all the way to New York for her! Children must be scarcer than gold up there."

"Thomas, you forget the child is listening!"

"Listening? Bah! I'm bound she's too dull to comprehend. I say, Harriet, wasn't there any respectable-looking kid you could find? I'll bet even Shep won't make friends with her. He wouldn't come in the house a moment ago; it hain't in the nature of that dog to like tramps."

Harriet put her arms tenderly about the child. "Oh, Thomas, don't? I chose this little one because among them all she seemed most desolate."

"Yes; she would be hard to beat."

"But she is homeless and friendless no longer. Already my heart is warm toward her, and I love her the more because of her distressing history. Thomas, she is only four years old, and until I took her there was no one to love her or care for her condition."

"What's her name?"

"Joy. I shall her Joy Bowers!"

Thomas laughed heartily. "That caps the climax, Sis. To call a forlorn little wretch Joy. Joyless is more to the point, I think."

"But, Thomas, I did not name her. That name is all that is left to her of what, by God's providence, she has been denied. It is not so very long ago since she brought joy into a home very different from this one."

"That's hard to believe."

"Yet it is true; and I am imagine she looked very different from what she now does. Oh, Thomas, can you not see that nothing ails the little one only she is hungry for love."

"And victuals, too, or I'm no judge."

"No; you are mistaken. The institution from which she was taken provides plenty of nourishing food, but the natural body cannot thrive upon bread alone. Oh, Thomas, if I might unseal your eyes. Cannot you find a place in your heart for this little blighted bud?"

Six months later, and Harriet and Joy are by the window in the neat living room. Harriet is smiling and happy, Joy, becomingly dressed, her cheeks



GREAT FUN.

rounded, her eyes beaming, her hair gracefully arranged. Love and care had made an indelible impress and she was undeniably a pretty child.

"Mamma, oh, mamma!"

"Yes, Joy."

"But there is a gentleman crossing the road, and he looks like my papa."

"Oh, Joy, you are mistaken."

"But, mamma, he is coming here!"

The next moment Harriet was facing a gentleman, bearded and dignified, with handsome mien. He bowed to Harriet, but, upon perceiving the child, caught her hastily in his arms. "Found at last," he exclaimed.

Harriet had seated herself, her frame shaking with emotion.

"She is my child, madam; there is no mistaking the fact, although the accounts that I received of her condition when she left the Home did not prepare me to find her as she now is. I was shipwrecked, it is true, but rescued by a passing steamer and taken to a distant port. There I was obliged to remain for some months, and reached New York last week, where I have since been searching for the child. Yesterday I learned she had been taken to the Orphans' Home, and hastened there to find she had been adopted by you. "Madam,"—surveying the child earnestly—"I thank you for your care of her."

Harriet clasped close her hands. "It has not been a care to me, and must I give her up?"

Joy hastily leaves her father's arms, and impetuously embraces Harriet. "This is my mamma now! Am I not rich with one on earth and one in heaven?"

"Sir, I have loved her as my own. She has been a sacred charge, coming like a sunbeam into an empty heart. Alas! my Joy, must we part?"

Mr. Hale surveyed the scene with thoughtful countenance. "I see no necessity for parting you, madam, since the bond uniting you is so strong. Joy must have a home and some one to care for her. Who is more fit to do it than the one who rescued her from distress. I am a business man and must be with my child. My work lies in New York. If you will open your doors to me also you shall not be deprived of the company of my little one."

"Our home is humble and I may not be able to gratify your taste," said Harriet, with quiet dignity.

"My tastes are quiet," said Mr. Hale, smiling. "You forget that I have been living on an island, almost destitute of comfort. Where the child is there I can also be content, since she is my all."

"Then I shall have you both," cried Joy. "Ah, what a happy day is this!"

There has been an elapse of several months. Joy is seated by Harriet in the twilight.

"Is not papa the most lovely man in the world, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," she answered, stroking the fair hair of the child. "He is one of nature's noblemen."

"But, mamma, dear mamma," said Joy, half sadly, "there is one thing about papa that I do not like. He has so many kisses for me, but he never kisses you."

"Oh, hush, dear Joy, hush!"

"But, mamma, I spoke to him once about it, and he did not even smile, looked rather sad, I thought, and said, 'Dear little one, I dare not.' What did he mean, mamma?"

"Hush, my dear Joy, hush. I cannot answer you. You are young; there are many things you cannot comprehend. But, Joy, it is past your hour for bed. Why are you waiting?"

"Why?" reproachfully, "I haven't kissed papa yet!"

There was a slight noise, and Mr. Hale stepped from some hidden recess.

"Good night, papa," kissing him heartily.

"Good night, my pet."

Joy, softly whispering, "Why don't you kiss mamma?"

The child is hastily put aside. "May I, Harriet, may I," he whispered.

The Right Way to be Rich.

Says a sensible writer, Do you know how to be rich? You need not burst into inextinguishable laughter and cry, "Any fool would know that." Any fool might, but you are not confessedly a fool, and the question is worth your consideration.

A very rich man said to me once: "I do not really know how to be rich and enjoy my riches. I was brought up in a very plain way, and had to look, for many years, long at a sixpence before I spent it, and I cannot get used to paying out money for a thousand things which I see other rich people find necessary and pleasant. It seems wasteful and extravagant to me. Nor can I accustom myself to very liberal giving. I do not wish to be mean, but it seems to me as if I would be doing wrong to give away as much as I see people doing who are not as rich as I am. I do not understand it, and to do the like would be to me positively painful and unnatural." Now, the man who said this was a most excellent and worthy man, and, while I pitied him as I would pity a blind man living amid lovely sights, I felt the truth of what he said, and that a certain education, a certain training, was really necessary to enable a rich man thoroughly to enjoy his riches. A lesson easily learned, you say; but, however that may be, I notice that a good many rich men do not learn it. . . .

It is the fashion now to abuse rich men, and nag at them, and it makes many who are rich afraid of making any display; but comfort yourselves with the



thought that it is righteous and just and proper that you should have all the comforts and luxuries your riches can procure you, so long as they are not demoralizing luxuries. "Extravagance" is a relative term, just like "economy." Their meaning depends on the man to whom they are applied. It would be mean in a millionaire to haggle about some little expense, or to save his candle-ends; it would be extravagant in the poor man not to do so, for if he did not he would be apt to fall into debt. A man has a right to live according to his means; nay, more, if you have a good income, it is your duty to live well. It helps trade, it makes life more comfortable; it broadens your own views of life, and puts you above those belittling and depressing cheese-parings which poverty often entails. I really do not know any material blessing for which a man ought to be more truly thankful than the feeling that he has an income sufficient to make both ends meet without pinching and stretching. Enjoy life, then, in a comfortable, happy way, without any compunctions of conscience, if you are rich enough to do so, though, if you have the temperament and the Christian philosophy, you will be surprised how much enjoyment you can get out of very little.

One great good you can get out of riches is to show hospitality with them. Dinner-parties and pleasant recreations for those in your station of life are all right and perfectly consistent, but do more than this. I know a rich woman who lives and entertains according to her fortune; but every week her carriage goes to take some hospital nurses out riding, or some tired sewing girls are sent to see a good play, or some old women in an institution are invited to tea, or some young men, lonely in the great city, are asked to come to a Sunday dinner. I do not know anybody who enjoys a fortune more, or who makes more people enjoy it with her. You can do the same, and, believe me, it brings a great deal more happiness than sticking big diamonds in your ears, or sewing lace at one hundred dollars a yard on your frocks.

Riches enable you to travel, to hear good talk, to buy good pictures, to enjoy good music, and, in fact, to employ a hundred ways of softening your character and enlarging your mind, but do all this with somebody who cannot afford it; for that will make your own enjoyment infinitely greater. I do not believe you can get any good at all out of riches unless you part with them. What fun can there be in just counting over your bank account, and making a new list of your investments? The world is full of good causes that need help, and if you will only take time and study the subject (and there is no more delightful study), really finding out where your money is to go, and what a little timely supply will advance, you will be the happiest man in the world. There is no keener delight than the feeling that you are helping on a noble work, but just sending a check will not give you that delight. You must know about it and interest yourself in it.

Playing at Housekeeping.

The Queen Regent of Holland is a practical-minded German woman. She has caused her little daughter, Wilhelmina, who will be queen four years hence, when she is twenty, to be carefully trained and educated. Her play is educational and has trained her to realize the ideal of Dutch women, a good housekeeper. Says the *Woman at Home*:

“Queen Wilhelmina’s favorite home is in Gelderland. It is a lovely country estate not far from Apeldoorn. The house is a big old Dutch mansion on the edge of a wood, and the home park is her young Majesty’s special playground.

“Here she learned to ride, and to drive, and to row. She does all these things with skill. Here she has a truly royal playground, for a portion of the park is hedged off for her particular diversions.

“She has here a miniature farm, which she has learned to superintend for all the world as if she were destined to be a model Dutch housewife. She gives the produce of this little farm to the poor and to neighboring hospitals. She has a flower garden which she tends with enthusiasm.

“But chief of all, she has her chalet, a pretty little house in the Swiss style, completely equipped, and serving partly as a plaything and partly as a training school for its lucky mistress. The chalet is well stocked with the toys that have accumulated during the last dozen years, and which are now laid aside.

“Here, too, the young queen has learned to ‘keep house,’ and nowadays she manages her little ‘chalet estate’ on her own responsibility, receiving her friends there, and cooking for the most favored ones some delectable Dutch dish.”

Dining with Victoria.

Dining with Queen Victoria is a great honor. Of course full court dress must be worn by the ladies; the gentlemen either wear their court dress or the Windsor uniform, which is really an ordinary dress coat, faced and cuffed with red silk, and adorned with gilt buttons instead of the ordinary black ones.

The guests assemble beforehand in a waiting room. At Balmoral this is called the anteroom, but at Windsor the grand corridor is used for this purpose. They range themselves in two rows, the ladies on one side and the gentlemen on the other, and the persons of highest rank are placed farthest from the door at which the Queen will enter.



GOOD MORNING, FIDO !

About nine o'clock Victoria appears, and when she has received the salutations of her guests, she passes down between the two rows to the door of the state dining-room, and goes straight in to dinner.

The guests join in couples and follow her. During dinner there is very little talking. The guests converse among themselves in whispers, for it is not according to etiquette to speak aloud.

From time to time the Queen speaks to some one of her guests, but, as it is not proper to disagree with her, there is naturally not very much done in the way of conversation between her Majesty and her subjects. Dinner usually lasts for an hour or so, after which the whole party adjourn to the drawing-room.

Here the Queen makes a few remarks to each guest in turn, which the latter reply to suitably, and without the smallest trace of originality. This ended, the Queen returns to her private apartments, and the dinner-party is ended.

It must be added, however, and everybody agrees in this opinion, that, dull as these entertainments are, there are few in England who would wish never to be present at one, for an invitation to dine at one of the royal palaces with the Queen is the highest social honor that can be conferred on a subject.

The Country School.

I saw the young teacher of a country school running up a beautiful flag, our country's flag, at the schoolhouse door, on a superb September morning which made life a joy. The little schoolhouse had a beautiful range of hills for its background, and the children, looking from the windows, could see the beautiful panorama of the Berkshires unrolling before their eyes.

Not far from the school-house stands a church, its white spire pointing heavenward, and the two influences, that of the church and the school, seemed to me the most vital and uplifting which could be brought to bear upon any community.

I accepted a cordial invitation given by a little pupil whom I knew, and entered this small school, while the children were assembling. They were not, as a rule, the girls especially, so rosy and healthy looking as one might expect, their complexions often being sallow and their carriage less graceful than one would wish to see. Country girls live too much indoors, and sleep too often in ill-ventilated rooms, while their food is not always so nourishing as it should be. Abundant in quantity, it is less carefully prepared than the food eaten on city tables, and there is not so much variety. This tells on the looks of the girls; the boys, with their sturdier play, and their inevitable "chores," have better health and more vigor. In these Berkshire farmsteads one still finds the matron who



TRUDGING OFF TO SCHOOL.

thinks it a sign of elegance in her daughters to be delicate; and who coddles them in illness, instead of taking pains to keep them well. In the school which I attended, I regretted the absence of religious exercises in the opening of the school. The roll was called. Then the teacher asked the pupils to read and recite a quotation from Emerson, which he had written on the blackboard. After this he called for quotations, previously committed, and in different parts of the room the scholars rose, and recited sentiments, admirably chosen, from Marcus Aurelius, Longfellow, Browning, and other authors, ancient and modern. I missed the chapter from God's Word and the prayer which used to open every school, and I am grieved that the Bible is not now always read in the hearing of our school children. Everywhere, with the Bible and the flag, we shall conquer evil, and assimilate the mingling foreign elements which are crowding into our land, and making complex our national problem. The flag alone is not enough. We want the Bible, too. It may be read without comment, but it should be read.

Here let me say that we owe a debt of gratitude to the Junior Christian Endeavor societies, the young, active members of which are pledged to read a portion of Scripture every day. Parents used to insist on this with their children, till the habit became established, but among other good things, the custom of Bible study at home is being allowed to sink into general desuetude. We shall gain nothing in the higher culture which is becoming general, to compensate us for loss of familiarity with the Bible, God's own book.

Parents who have children at school should visit the class-rooms from time to time, and see whether the light is properly adjusted to the children's eyes. Whether the air in the school-room is pure, and kept so. Whether, on the whole, the associations are good. It is not enough to send a child to school. The home must march with the school, step by step, if the best results are to be achieved.

The other day I was talking with a bright young woman who had grown up in a new portion of the West. She told me that for years she attended school, walking four miles there, carrying her dinner, and walking four miles back. Eight miles a day in all weathers was no slight thing to accomplish, but the strong young body had not proved unequal to the task. Now, the young lady spins about on her wheel, on her various errands, and I cannot but rejoice that the wheel is here, and our young people are gaining in physical endurance by its use.

Memories of school days go with us along life's journey and are among our brightest and dearest mental treasures. School friendships last, and when the old girls get together, or the old boys, fathers now, or grandfathers, talk about the frolics they once had, there is laughter to make the roof ring.

The Daughter's Confidante.

In a sensible and thoughtful paper on the relations which ought to exist between mothers and daughters, Mary Lowe Dickinson, widely known as one of the founders of and the general secretary of the Order of the King's Daughters, tells younger and older people some truths which would, if put into practice, help to make all home life more beautiful by far than it often is.

"I should never think of telling mother," said one young girl to another in the confidence of a morning *tête-à-tête*, into which came the discussion of the triumphs and *contretemps* of the last night's party. "She would never understand in the least, you know, why I should have said to him what I did, or have allowed him to say to me what he did. Mothers look at all those things so differently, you know." And yet this particular mother was one of the most faithful of chaperones, and sat patiently throughout the dances, and in more than one instance confided to another mother that her "daughter told her everything, and if it was not for the conventionality that required it, she could be trusted to go everywhere by herself;" and the things she did not tell her mother, but did confide to another young woman, included an appointment to meet at the house of her friend a young gentleman against whom both father and mother had warned her, as not at all the sort of acquaintance whom they would like to have her receive.

Nor am I, in stating this incident—an absolute fact, by the way—speaking of an exceptionally bad or headstrong young woman, but simply showing that in her choice of pleasures and her cultivation of that which made life attractive, she had acted and was acting not only with entire independence of the views of the mother, but leaving her in absolute ignorance of her own thoughts, feelings and pursuits. Such and similar cases belong to what we call "our best society," were in what we term "good families," of social standing, prominent church relations, people who had given their young people the best opportunities for education, and supplied them with the freedom of action that comes from the liberal use of wealth. In such cases there were the pleasant home, the constant going and coming of charming friends, old and young, the frequent entertainments and every outward indication of oneness of family feeling. And yet the real boy, as he is to his companions, and the real girl, as she is to her intimates, are to a great extent strangers to the mothers who flattered themselves that they knew about their children all that there was to be known, and more than anybody else could know.

At just this point I hear some one ask, "Well, what is the special harm of it?" That is the way of the world. It looks onward and never backward. The

youth of the world must have its own experience, is finding pleasure in the present, and it is quite natural that it should be conscious of lack of sympathy in the generation just before it.

And yet that generation just before it embodies in its parenthood all that is best that the young life has known—the tender care of infancy, the devotion and affection so dear to childhood, all the hard labor and sacrifice that make possible the pleasures of youth, all the struggle of the manhood and womanhood of the parents centering largely in the future welfare of the child. All the highest self-sacrifice and the best devotion that the life will ever know lies just there in this past, to which the young decline to look, and which to quite too great an extent they ignore.

One harm of it lies in the injustice and hurt to the fatherly and motherly affection, which usually expends itself without stint; but the chief harm lies in the deterioration of character that invariably comes when a life takes upon it any phase of deceit. It is a very old-fashioned thing to say—and it has been said a great many times over—that the child's life, whether of a little child or one of older years, begins to decline in essential nobleness of character when there comes into it deceit in action, in thought, in speech, or any plan or scheme that must be hidden from the highest home love of which the world can know. In that subtle separation of heart and thought that comes between parents and children, especially when it comes between mother and daughter, lie the beginnings of the ultimate destruction of all that high and noble sentiment whose presence makes the home, and without which no true home exists. A disintegrating and deteriorating process begins with the first separation; and yet the mothers into whose faces we look to-day, if their eyes gave back the true answer of their souls, would reveal by their looks, though the trembling lips might refuse to utter the word, the awful fact that in innumerable homes this process has long been going on.

The contrast between this state of things and the life where the confidence still remains, is one of the things not only recognized, but felt, as one of the strong factors in the beauty of manly and womanly nature. The question of this loss of our children out of our innermost hearts really underlies many another problem that we are trying to solve from the outside, when the true secret of its solution lies in this inward situation, of which we do not like to speak. If mothers' hearts were not often too sad to speak, or if we did not guard our family life by that pride that keeps our home hurts from other women—if the veil were once lifted from the experience of mothers in this particular, we should find ourselves at once transformed into a conference, in which we should be most eager to discuss the question, "How shall we find and win back again the little ones that we have lost, the children out of whose hearts has departed the loving, clinging sense of childhood, the clear-eyed frankness that speaks out the hope and longing and thought



GIRLHOOD'S UNCLOUDED SKIES.

and aspirations and desires, in full confidence that all these things will be welcomed and shared by the heart of the mother?"

Women, recognizing what they have lost, would gladly study the problem of how to win back this most precious treasure of confidence and love. They would be ready to ask to what extent they themselves are responsible for the lack of it, and to see what influences they can bring to bear toward a gathering up of their own scattered treasures. Compared to this treasure of absolute, trustful affection, nothing else that the world has given or can give counts for a moment with the true mother. Her daughter's life is her own domain, and how to find her way back into it once she finds herself excluded from it, is a problem worthy most strenuous and thoughtful study. Her experience in finding her way back into the land of these younger lives, having found herself outside, cannot fail to be helpful to other mothers, and that experience is invited by the author of these words.

Answer for us the following questions:

Are you acquainted with your own daughter?

Is it true that you know her, and she is glad to have you know her?

To what extent are you allowed to share the inner life of her thought and feeling and purpose?

If you have lost her, how are you going to win her back?

If you have her still, how are you going to keep her?

For the sake of other mothers mourning for their children while yet no grave sod covers their dead faces, let us all profit by that which you have learned; and the result of this "conference of mothers" may be the finding of more than one child now as truly lost as if the young face were under the daisies and the dear name were cut in stone.

The Daughter in Her Own Home.

Girls in this period are very uneasy about staying in their own homes. They wish to earn money and to take a course of training for this, often very hard and exhausting. Marriage no longer seems the desirable thing it once did in the eyes of young people; they covet independence, yet many girls break down in the course of their preparatory studies, which is rigid and severe.

It seems wise that every thoughtful mother and prudent daughter should consider well any proposed training work the latter contemplates, and with this consideration should be taken, if practicable, the advice of some person who has been through the proposed course and has since made a success in practical work.

At present it seems to some observers that a technical course means for a girl, who has probably been steadily at school or college since childhood, a giving up

of most of the recreations which come naturally to maturer girlhood; it also means in many cases that she is to be the bond-slave to an enthralling work, without the daily satisfactory feeling of "something accomplished, something done" which earns the night's repose. Life becomes a breathless state of trying to "catch up," and, the demand being so much greater than the supply she has ready, a constant borrowing goes on from brain and nerve and physical force, with many unredeemable promises to pay at some unattainable time.

A Song of Wintry Days.

When golden-rod and asters and plummy gentians go,
When all across the land we hear the bugles of the snow,
And on the shore the breaking surf is like the roll of drums,
And o'er the sky in brooding awe the northern tempest comes,
O, then we'll light the fires of home, and, dear ones close together,
We'll love each other tenderly and dare the wildest weather.

We'll think how brave the fathers were, who did not fear the sea,
Who did not fear the icy coast that pledged them liberty.
From grand old books the boys will read and grand old songs we'll sing,
And thought will take a wider range, to nobler tones will ring;
And by the fireside clustering, the dear home folk together,
Will serve the good Lord faithfully, nor dread the wintry weather.

Sweet flowers there are that never bloom beyond the doorsill's space,
That need the daily sunshine of the mother's gentle face;
Sweet hopes there are that only wake within the homely arc,
Where father sets the melody from dawning until dark;
And when the cold is all abroad and icy crystals feather,
Then bloom these flowers and spring these hopes in home's delightful weather.

Good-by to cheery gentian, to the purple aster's nod,
To the flaming of the sumac and the swaying golden-rod;
Another year will bring again their splendor to the lea
As surely as the heart of calm is deep beneath the sea.
Till then our hands we join at home, thank God we're all together;
We'll love each other, trust in Him and face the stormy weather.





A WINTER'S FROLIC.

Merrily, merrily, here we go,
Over the ice and over the snow ;
Shouts and laughter ringing free,
Who are happier than we ?

Our Father's Will.

BY S. V. DUBOIS.

"Not My will, but Thine be done." This is the prayer that should be made hour by hour our own. We may rest peaceful and still when our will becomes submissive to the will of God.

Harry had not thought in the first days of his grief that he could ever learn the lesson; but since the grace of God had entered his heart he had found a quiet joy in submission of priceless worth. Surely Infinite Wisdom must know best. Then he repeated the precious promises one by one: "Like as a father pitieth," "As one whom his mother comforteth," "My God shall supply all your need," "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

Since the hour when the dear mother was taken and the home broken up, there had been in his heart the agonizing cry:

"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And a voice forever still."

Then had come anxious thoughts of the future, and weary wonderings as to what he should do; but the turmoil had ceased now since that last earnestly spoken prayer, "Thy will be done." Since our times are in the hands of God, why should we fear? So he had questioned in his heart and was satisfied.

A new field opened before the young Christian—a new work untried was taken up. He went bravely about his duties day after day, and found a joy so full and new that a sweet peace filled his heart, hitherto unknown.

Are you submitting to the will of this Heavenly Father? Is the prayer, "Thy will be done," often upon your lips? God sees the end as well as the beginning, and while even the wisest of human minds often blindly err, He never makes mistakes. Cannot you trust yourself entirely in His keeping, "casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you?" Why should we carry needless burdens, when Christ has promised so freely to carry them for us? Do we not dishonor His precious name when we refuse to accept the comforts He offers?

When we wish for naught but that alone which pleases God, we have learned the beautiful lesson of perfect trust. Since there is only a veil which divides us from the joy of the life beyond, we may know its peace here by living in subjection to the will of the Heavenly Father.

If our will constantly conflicts with the will of God, how shall we be called His children? Is it not natural to delight to do the will of those whom we love? And if our lips breathe the prayer, "Thy will be done," and our hearts rebel against it, how shall the words be construed?



THE STORY OUR GRANDMOTHER TELLS.

When you want to hear a bona-fide story of old times then go to grandmother. She remembers lots of things, and she's never too busy to tell them over.

Ah, shall we not delight to honor Him since His will is just and holy and righteous altogether?

Home and Children.

"Come, let us live with our children," said Froebel, the originator of the blessed kindergarten system. A thoughtful writer has recently said:

"I have an idea that we can make a great deal more of home than we do, and that we must learn to do so. This cannot be done by insisting that women give up their ambitions and scour and scrub more, or rock cradles and fry doughnuts. The point is to get a bigger idea of what a home is, and so be able to live a great deal more of our life at home and in home. I should like to call back the children and devise ways for doing for them much more than we leave for outsiders to do. Complaint is made by some of our best thinkers that we are sliding into socialism. Why not? Our individual life is nearly dissolved into a great public commonalty. As for religion, if we have any, why shall we send the children to priest or pastor? If we are educated, why cannot a large amount of our intellectual life be lived in a family way? I cannot comprehend the reason that sends a boy away from home to learn to read while his parents read the dailies and the monthlies. The dull dreariness of this business is hard to describe. There is not a farm, and there is hardly a cottage, in the United States that does not cover more material for education than the best schoolhouse ever erected. There is geology, chemistry, entomology, botany, physics, all here. Can it be realized? Or must it all lie idle, while the boys and girls are sent off to get what can be picked up at public resorts?

"I do not doubt the value of the schools; I only wonder why we must dull and deaden our homes so completely, and overlook all the rich material every home has so abundantly. Why we may not be mutual investigators is the puzzle. Why may not parents and children study nature together? There is no botany like applied botany. What a fool a schoolgirl is with her botany under her arm, and no application of it to the practical work of making the plants grow in the garden. Applied geology not only explains soils, rocks, streams, land, but it expounds land culture and how to utilize rocks and soils. Applied biology in general makes the farm boy master of the bugs and moths and of the mischievous plants that hinder culture. There really is no life so eminently delicious as where a home is a school. A school does not mean a place where one teaches, but a place where all study. No one should ever get to the end of study. A wise father goes through life with his children hunting after the facts and truths that are written on every leaf and bedded in every spadeful of soil. The real home can easily have cabinets or museums, laboratories for studying chemistry and physics, forges

for working at problems in mechanics. It is not expensive to have such houses—not nearly as expensive as it is to farm out your children in all directions and pay for it, and then have spoiled children. Work *first* for fine homes, and after that for good schools, churches and public institutions.”

Here and Now.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Here in the heart of this world,
 Here in the noise and the din,
 Here where our spirits were hurled
 To battle with sorrow and sin.
 This is the place and the spot
 For knowledge of infinite things;
 This is the kingdom where Thought
 Can conquer the prowess of kings.

Wait for no heavenly life,
 Seek for no temple alone;
 Here in the midst of the strife
 Know what the sages have known.
 See what the Perfect One saw,
 God in the depths of each soul;
 God as the Light and the Law,
 God as beginning and goal.

Earth is one chamber of heaven,
 Death is no grander than birth,
 Joy in the life that is given,
 Strive for perfection on earth.
 Here in the turmoil and roar,
 Show what it is to be calm;
 Show how the spirit can soar,
 And bring back its healing and balm.

Stand not aloof or apart,
 Plunge in the thick of the fight;
 There in the street and the mart
 That is the place to do right.
 Not in some cloister or cave,
 Not in some kingdom above;
 Here on the side of the grave,
 Here should we labor and love.

Heroic Acts.

It never occurred to me until yesterday, when I stood by the coffin of Ezra Brown, that he was a hero. I used to watch him sometimes limping down the back lane on his way to the wood lot, and wondered curiously about his circumstances. The aged wife and invalid son at home were maintained by him. He suffered silently and patiently and died at his post of duty, with his axe lying beside him. Nobody ever thought or questioned about Ezra; he always paid as he went. But as I gazed at his seared hands, and noted the wrinkled, aged brow, I wondered if the angels would not have cause to rejoice over the record of such a life.

And Phoebe Ely, poor, plain, honest Phoebe, who had a mole on her chin and a nose unpleasantly prominent. She had a quiet, unobtrusive way, and when she smiled her face lighted up into something like beauty. We were all glad to see her when she came, and she was never known to outstay her welcome, she was so generally useful. She never considered herself, and seemed unconscious even of

the deficiencies bestowed upon her by nature. Yet who of us ever dreamed of thinking of Phoebe in the light of a heroine. She never did any great thing worthy of renown. We talked together about Clara Barton, and gloried in such womanhood, and forgot all about Phoebe Ely's unselfish devotion, until one day word reached us that she was dead. Then one after another took up the cry, and all bewailed the loss as that of a dear friend. Always plain, simple and retiring, seeking not her own. Eternity alone can reveal the secret of such a life.

Then there was Edward Hamilton, a young man who received an injury in early youth, and who suffered an unusually cruel form of spinal disease. So weak was he that often it seemed his body and soul could hardly hold together. He was patient, sympathetic, thoughtful of those about him, and, though shattered and agonized, had words of praise for his Redeemer upon his lips. He never sat up for a moment and his position was not varied. We always asked after him daily, but he lived so long in our midst that we grew used to thinking of his affliction. One day word reached us that the fetters which bound him here had broken, and that he was with his Saviour in glory. Then we called him a hero, one of Christ's bravest and boldest soldiers, one whose robes were washed in the blood of the Lamb and made spotless.

Little Anna Jeans seemed like anything rather than a heroine. She used to scrub and wash dishes in the house on the hill, and take the hard-earned money home for her drunken father to spend. There were often bruises and stripes upon her slight form, but she never complained. Her dress was so uncouth, and her face so wasted and pinched, that we never thought of caressing her or cheering her with loving words. But the day came when her tasks remained undone, and the news reached us that she had crossed the valley and entered the city of God, eternal in the heavens. Then we thought how we might have lightened her path and grieved that we had not done so. Ah, there are heroes and heroines that the world knows not of.

Life's Best Work.

BY SALLIE V. DUBOIS.

It never pays to do anything less than one's best work. It matters not how obscure and humble the task, true, honest labor is bound to tell. We are apt to look upon certain gifted and wise men as possessed of genius, but the fact is that

“They, while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.”

“No great thing was ever lightly won.” Write the words in glowing characters where the eye may often rest upon them. Most of us are too easily discouraged. The smallest hindrance is enough to check us. When our efforts fail

we quit the race and yield up our rights to others. It should not be thus, since success is bound to crown honest effort, and

“A blessing failing us once or twice
May come if we try again.”

Make stepping stones of failures and by them rise to loftier heights. Envy no man a life of indolence and ease, for “a useless life is an early death.” There are great possibilities in us, heights which may be attained, talents unburnished, awaiting development. Spend no time in looking for lofty work; the common tasks about us are those which concern us now. The qualifications which fit men for high positions were not lightly learned. Most of them worked steadfastly, eagerly, honestly, during the play hours of those about them.

It is not the feeble strokes that count, nor the half-hearted effort that tells. Ah, there are so many that start out eagerly in the race, with bright, expectant faces and hopeful hearts, but they fall behind, drop out one by one, satisfied to do and to be less than they had purposed. For this reason alone has there been a general acceptance of the term that “there is always room at the top”—so few have the patience of soul requisite to hold out.

How beautiful is life with its unlimited possibilities. Shall we take up the web, weaving a design so wondrously fair that those who gaze find new hope and inspiration? Or shall we allow the frail and delicate web to trail in the dust, slighting our task, disdaining advice, yielding up our place to others?

There are possible heights which we may attain, since great men are only earnest editions of ourselves. To me it seems an awful crime, this yielding up our places, shrinking because the task implies hardships and trials. It does not do to be too reverent; the world is apt to take us at the value we place upon ourselves. If we think we can do nothing, it is very certain that we never shall. An unshrinking determination is an inestimable inheritance. Genius has been defined in two words, eternal vigilance. No one but God can measure the possibilities of the earnest soul. To us has He given minds capable of great things, and we refuse to fall in with His plans for us when we neglect or slight our duties.

Look around you, note the men and women with whom you are thrown and make a character study of them. We all possess an individuality which tells what we are, and the world is apt to take us at our true worth. Are you doing your best work? With you it rests whether it shall be done or not. If not done, then it must stand forever in the annals of Heaven—unfinished.

The Joy of Loving.

We only begin to live when we learn to know and to love God. A new happiness enters the heart, an unspeakable peace, which the world can neither give nor take away. The sense of having one's sins all forgiven, and the hope of heaven indisputably ours, buoys up the soul, and fills the heart with song, even when temporary clouds drift between, casting their shadows about us.

The joy of such loving enters into every motive and action of our lives. A little child was once heard to pray, "Oh, God, I don't want anything in particular, but I love Thee so; I love Thee so!" It was the expression of a full heart on which the image of Christ was impressed. A widow, smiling through her tears, said, "Since the precious promises of God remain and are mine, I can still rejoice. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee." So a closer walk with God followed, and the sunshine of her countenance made many a path cheerier. A young husband, bereft of his companion, exclaimed, "It is the religion of God that upholds me. When I am disposed to give way to gloomy feelings, I sing 'Old Hundred,' and gain the victory over self."

"I wonder what this change means, and why I feel so happy?" said a repentant sinner. "Why even the beautiful things in nature have freshness; the flowers, the leaves, the sky, all possess new tints of glory." "It is nature's God speaking to you out of these things" was the answer. "When we learn to know the world as being created by God then is its magnitude revealed. His divine hand opens our eyes and we see a world of beauty."

On every side is the smiling countenance of God revealed to us. Though He may sometimes lay a chastening hand upon us, yet we are not cast down, for our hearts are stored full of precious promises, gleaned from His word, any one of which is sufficient of itself. "I try to learn every lesson well, to please God," said a dear little boy to his teacher. "I used to be idle, caring only for play and making fun for the others, but it is all different now."

And the teacher kissed the brow of the manly boy, while in her heart arose a prayer of thanksgiving for the unspeakable gift of such love.

Who can estimate the joy of loving? "A partial half religion is a state of terrible anxiety." But the supremacy of a whole-hearted devotion cannot be over-estimated. Sunshine and cheerfulness invades the heart and overflows the life.

"I choose the path of Heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice."



“A Narrow Place!”

“A narrow place!” You know that place; you have been there, you will very likely be there again ere long; some of you may be there at this very moment. For it is not merely a defile away somewhere among the mountains to the east of Moab. It is a life passage in individual experiences—a time when there is no evading or escaping responsibilities; where we are brought face to face with some inevitable question. . . . Temptation is such a “narrow place.” In the serious crises of the soul’s history it is alone. It is a path on which there is room only for itself, and before it there is God. Between these two always the matter has to be settled. Yes or no is the hinge on which everything turns. Shall I yield and dishonor God, or shall I resist, and triumph in His might? There is no possible compromise; for compromise with sin is itself the most insidious form of sin. . . . No man can pass through these crises, and be after it precisely what he was before it. He has met God face to face and he must either be the better or the worse for that. Either like Jacob, at Peniel, he can say, “My life is preserved,” or like Saul, after he had thrown off his allegiance to his God, he has to exclaim, “Jehovah has departed from me, and is become mine enemy.” It was the dearly-beloved Dr. Wm. M. Taylor who said this, and his words are pertinent still.

Their Wedding Journey.

BY S. V. DUBOIS.

The quiet little hamlet of Brookside was in a tumult of joyful expectation, for sweet Priscilla Hibbs was to become Mrs. Jonathan Perkins.

Never a fairer morning dawned than that which saw the nuptials solemnized in the church on the hill. A church wedding, of itself, was something to be chronicled, but that the bride should be Priscilla Hibbs, whom everybody loved, made the event one of unparalleled interest, and when it became generally known that Jonathan Perkins intended to take his bride on a wedding journey the climax was capped, and fond, ambitious friends expressed sincere gratification. One or two of Jonathan’s friends called it a sheer piece of extravagance on his part, and quietly insinuated that he had better save his money for future need. However, such remarks were quickly hushed, and the general opinion still prevailed that the young couple deserved all they were getting.

The sun shone its brightest and the birds sang their sweetest songs on the fair morning of that eventful day. “For better or worse!” Sweet Priscilla smiled fondly as she slipped her hand into that of Jonathan’s. The worse could not be

very dreadful while she had his protecting love. And Jonathan felt, when the final amen was said, that he was the happiest man on the continent.

"Now, Priscilla, dear," said mother, "you must be very careful! Jonathan, see that no evil befalls her."

"Not likely to do that while I am her protector," he smilingly replied.

After the wedding breakfast father drove the happy pair to the railroad station, seven miles away. After hours of discussion, they had decided to go to Philadelphia, because Priscilla had never been there. To be sure Jonathan had visited the city when a boy, in company with his uncle Thomas Shoemaker, but that was before the city hall was built and William Penn looked down from his mighty pedestal on the world below.

So, when Priscilla modestly mentioned Philadelphia, Jonathan expressed himself as greatly desiring to visit that city also.

"Be careful, children," was father's parting admonition, as he left them at the station.

In half an hour or so the train came looming in, and Jonathan assisted his bride up the steps of the car to discover that he had left his ticket lying in the office window. He turned quickly to regain his property and was an instant too late, for just as his foot was about to bound the step, the train went whizzing down the track.

Jonathan called loudly and waved his arms frantically, but to no avail. Pretty little Priscilla put her head out of the car window—one of the things she had been strictly forbidden to do—and while Jonathan could not hear her words he fancied he could see her tears, and they drove him almost insane.

"Have that train stopped immediately," he cried to the operator.

"Impossible," said that gentleman, as he coolly put on his hat and left the office. "That train will not make another stop till it reaches Glenwood, twenty miles away. There is another train due in two hours; you must wait for that, sir."

In the meanwhile Priscilla had sunk back on her seat, the picture of abject despair. She had never traveled before, and to be alone on such a day and occasion seemed more than she could bear. Tears flowed freely, and she locked her hands together in vain efforts to control herself. An elderly lady noting her distress, took the vacant seat by her side.

"What is the matter, dear," she said.

Priscilla's eyes rested yearningly on the motherly face.

"Oh, madam," she sobbed; "this is my wedding-day and Jonathan got left."

As Priscilla explained, the lady's sympathy expressed itself in tender words.

"Why, my dear child, this mistake can easily be rectified," she said. "Glenwood is only twenty miles away, and Jonathan can meet you there."



Cheered and comforted the little bride dried her tears and began to smile.

"I was so heart-broken that I never thought of that; of course Jonathan will meet me at Glenwood."

When they reached Glenwood, Priscilla parted from her newly-made friend and seated herself on a rude bench fixed for travelers outside the station door.

"I'll sit right here," she said to herself, "so that he may see me at once."

So Priscilla sat at her post, and when a sharp whistle announced the approaching train how her heart beat and her cheeks flushed in anticipation of the meeting. A moment more, Jonathan's hand was waved from the car window, then the swiftly moving train was lost to view by a distant curve in the road.

"Oh, why did it not stop," sobbed Priscilla.

"That, madam, is the limited express; its next stop is Philadelphia," said an elderly gentleman.

Priscilla rested against the door for support.

"Is there trouble?" the gentleman kindly questioned.

Again Priscilla told her story, and again was cheered by hopeful words.

"Your husband has made a mistake," he said. "I go by the next passenger train to Philadelphia and will see you safely there."

Priscilla lifted her tearful eyes to his face in mute thanks. When the one o'clock passenger train stopped at Glenwood, Priscilla and the elderly gentleman took a seat together in the rear of the car. How slowly the hours dragged by and how weary Priscilla was. The train crept in and out among the hills and stopped at every hamlet on the way. "Would they never reach their journey's end?" "Not until sunset," the elderly gentleman answered. In the meantime, Jonathan tore up and down the car of the limited express like one bereft of his reason. Great beads of sweat stood on his brow, and there was every appearance that a cyclone had struck his person. Timid women shrank from him and little children hid their faces and cried. By-and-bye a lady dressed in deep mourning approached him. "Sir, are you bereft?" she said. "I have lost my wife," he said, the words coming from his lips like a groan. "I, too," she said, "have lost my husband, but I would not dare rave in the face of Providence as you are doing." "But, madam, you do not understand the case; my wife and I are parted." The lady gave him a scornful glance and seated herself; she considered his case hopeless. Even the car venders hastened by him, although one, bolder than the rest, ventured to offer him a "box of chewing gum, good for solace, sir!"

Even the longest day, however sad, does end, and when the train entered the Broad Street depot, Priscilla was kindly escorted from the car to be received into Jonathan's arms.

"I was just starting back home," he said.

"Oh, let us go," she answered.

"But we should have to travel all night and you are tired out now."

But Priscilla pleaded still and Jonathan finally consented.

"How we do miss that dear child," said mother, the following morning, as she cleared away the breakfast things. "She was the light of our home."

"And will continue to be," father answered.

"I don't know," sighed mother. "Somehow I feel uneasy about her, as if all was not well with her."

"Now, mother, don't give way to brooding thoughts; leastwise since we are going to have company. There's a wagon turning in the lane this moment."

Mother hastened to the window.

"Why, 'tis Priscilla," she sobbed, and the next moment Priscilla was in her mother's arms.

Do What You Can.

There is a good lesson in this bit of a story:

"Thanks, I do not sing," and the politely offered hymn book was declined.

Ella Talbott was but a young girl, absorbed in her school work, scarcely bestowing a thought upon the use she was to make of her talents and acquirements. Some years afterward she found herself a missionary across the waters, needing all the ability of a well trained mind, but constantly called upon for knowledge of simple, practical affairs she used to consider trivial. And, of all things, she was expected to sing! Not merely to play the tiny organ in the chapel, but to sing a hymn, solo fashion. The preacher who asked this of her saw refusal in her eye.

"Although the door stands open, and we wait here ready to teach, you see the people are passing. If you should begin to sing, I believe they would come flocking in; then we might have a chance to offer them the message of salvation."

Ella turned over the leaves of the hymn book, printed in a foreign tongue. She saw, "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken," and at once she took up this new cross bravely.

"No wonder the people came trooping in," she said afterward, "for you know I have no voice at all. But they, poor things, though nature may have given them voices, could sing no better than I—indeed many had never heard a song. Such a hubbub as they raised! And when I stopped, they would have crowded out, but Mr. Harris promised that when he was through speaking I would sing again. He told of Jesus, our Friend, and I sang, 'What a Friend We Have in Jesus!' They were perfectly quiet, and must have understood the simple



words. Since then I have never refused to do what I was once sure I could not do."

How many gifts are there among your classmates? Did you ever ask one to consecrate her talents to the Lord's service? Why are you taking lessons in music year after year? If some one should ask you to choose a song, or to start the tune at the next missionary meeting would you refuse?

Bertha's Trials.

When Mr. and Mrs. Strong were planning a summer trip to Europe their great puzzle was to know what to do with their only child, Bertha. For several reasons they thought it not best to take her with them, and it was some time before they could think of a good place in which to leave her.

At length, one evening, when they were deliberating over the matter, Mrs. Strong suddenly exclaimed, "Why, there's my cousin, Isabel Gray! She is a very kind, good woman, and knows how to treat girls, for she has daughters of her own. I haven't the least doubt that she would take charge of Bertha. The Grays have a fine farm, and we all know that the location is healthy. It's the very place."

"The very place," echoed Mr. Strong, between two puffs of his segar. "Why didn't we think of it before."

"O, some people's wits move slowly, and I suppose ours are among them. I'll write to Isabel at once."

So without delay Mrs. Strong wrote a letter which within a week brought a reply to the effect that Mrs. Gray would do all in her power for Bertha during the two months of her parents' absence. Accordingly, as soon as things could be arranged, Mr. Strong escorted his daughter to the pleasant country home of the Grays. They were met at the railroad station by the entire family, Mr. and Mrs. Gray with their daughters Ellen and Marion.

These occupied a comfortable, three-seated carriage, drawn by a pair of beautiful black horses. The visitors were placed on the middle seat with the two girls behind them and their parents in front, so that it seemed as though Bertha might have an opportunity of getting acquainted with her four entertainers at once. Mrs. Gray talked to her in a kind, motherly way which soon won her heart; but the girls acted rather shy; at least so it seemed to Mr. Strong. The truth was that a glance at their cousin had confirmed them in their preconceived notion that she was proud and stuck up. They had no reason for this at all, excepting that she was from the city and her father was understood to have more money than theirs. Besides, they noticed that her pretty traveling dress was of

fine material and made with considerable care. They might have been satisfied with knowing that they themselves looked very attractive in their neat shirt-waists and plain skirts.

However, Ellen nudged Marion in a way which plainly meant, "Didn't I tell you so?" and Marion returned her look with a disagreeable one of her own which, to say the least, was very unbecoming.

Arrived at the house, Mrs. Gray, who had no suspicion of her daughters' feelings, said, "Now, my dears, show Bertha to her room, and do all you can to make her feel at home." But Marion and Ellen, though they showed the way to the pretty apartment which had been prepared for their cousin, simply took her to the door and left her there.

Poor Bertha! she felt at once that she was regarded as an intruder by these girls from whose society she had hoped so much.

As soon as she could make her toilet she went to look for her father, whom she found on the broad piazza.

"What do you think of this as a summer home?" he inquired.

"Everything is beautiful, papa dear, and Mr. and Mrs. Gray seem very kind, but I'm afraid that Ellen and Marion don't like to have me come." Bertha's lips quivered and an unmistakable tear stood in each blue eye.

"Oh, nonsense, my darling. Don't imagine that. Why they couldn't possibly have any objections. You'll be the best sort of company for them. I confess that I quite envy them myself."

Bertha smiled at her father's way of putting the matter and no more was said on the subject, so Mr. Strong dismissed it from his mind.

"What do you think of her?" This is the question that Marion asked of Ellen while father and daughter were on the piazza together.

"I think she's just what we supposed, nothing but a proud city girl, and the less we have to do with her the better." Foolish, mistaken girls! Had they never read about the charity that thinketh no evil?

Mr. Strong left Bertha the next morning in full confidence that she would have a delightful summer. He did not imagine that the two young cousins would try to make things disagreeable. As for them, after attending to the household tasks which they were expected to perform every morning, they set off for a walk without inviting Bertha to accompany them. Left to herself, she spent some time in reading, and afterward in painting a book-mark for her mother.

When her cousins returned they seated themselves under a tree with a couple of story books and paid her no attention whatever. Difficult though it is to believe, they continued this neglect for days, making no effort to entertain Bertha or to please her in any way. She could only bear this ill treatment in silence; but she had already learned the secret of looking to Christ for help in every trial.



LEARNING BIT BY BIT.

She remembered the promise, "As one whom a mother comforteth, so will I comfort you," and she found it fulfilled.

One day her cousins received an invitation to a picnic which they were very anxious to attend. Bertha heard them talking about it and heard their mother say, "I am very sorry girls, but I do not see how I can well spare you both, for I expect to be particularly busy in canning fruit just at that time, and I shall especially need your help."

"Can't I assist you?" asked Bertha. "You know that I am not invited to the picnic, and I have been in the habit of helping my mother with such work."

The cousins looked at her in surprise. Certainly Bertha was returning good for evil, and they both felt this to be the case. Mrs. Gray wisely accepted the kind offer. Her daughters went on the excursion, and Bertha proved to be a cheerful and able assistant in the preparation of fruit for canning.

The next day both of her cousins were ill as a result of some imprudence at the picnic. Then it was that Bertha had the opportunity of showing them a number of small kindnesses—an opportunity which she did not fail to improve. Both girls were inclined at first to receive these attentions sullenly, but before the day was over they were both won over by the loving, forgiving spirit of Bertha, and each in her own way made an apology for past rudeness and unkindness. They remembered this, too, when they were well again, and the remainder of Bertha's stay with them was made very happy. The two cousins invited her to share in all their pleasures and even allowed her to participate in their tasks, so that she might feel exactly like one of the family.

It is not easy to overcome evil with good, but it is possible through God's grace.

Politeness to Hired Help.

Mrs. Alice Hamilton Rich, whose graceful pen never touches a theme without illuminating it, reminds us that our children should be courteous in their treatment of domestics. I do not myself like the word servants, though it is honorable enough when we think that our Lord himself did not scorn servants' work, and said, "I am among you as He that serveth."

Even good mistresses do not always require their children to be courteous to servants. Usually, if father and mother show the same courtesy to the maid that they do to the other members of the family, the children will naturally follow their example; yet even then it is well to look after the matter, lest in the absence of the parents the children impose upon the servants. A child needs precept as well as example.

A little discussion I overheard between two children will illustrate. They were telling each other how many there were in each family. "But you have forgotten Olga," said one of the little ones. "She doesn't belong to our family; she is only the girl." "But Hilma," naming the housemaid, "does belong to our family," replied the other. It is not difficult to see there was a difference in the place given the servants of the two households. Often the house of the employer is the only home of the servant girl. If in that household she is counted out, she is indeed homeless.

There are two reasons why children should be taught to be courteous to servants. It is due the servants, and the lack of such courtesy is unladylike and ungentlemanly on the part of the children. It is as harmful to the latter as unjust and unkind to the former. If I had only the thought of the good of my children in mind, I would see that they treated the servants not only with deserved courtesy, but with kindness as well.

An incident which came to my knowledge is in point. In a household where the key mentioned is in use there is a daughter of thirteen. She has been taught, and her own sweet nature is in harmony with the teaching, that the servants *are* a part of the family—entitled to thanks for service and the utmost consideration as to their rights in their own domains, the kitchen and dining-room. The daughter, however, is a welcome visitor in the kitchen, and can "fuss" over the stove making candy, as girls like to do, to her heart's content. It is to this young girl that the maid brings her troubles, often before they reach her mistress. This daughter is always treated with the utmost respect by the servants, without undue familiarity, while there is a spirit of mutual helpfulness between them. Not long ago this young girl came to her mother, saying: "Mamma, Hilma has never been to the public library. May I go with her next Thursday and take her through the building to see the museum and art gallery?" The mother gladly assented and, as there would be too short a time to see so much, the child was excused from school early, and dinner hour changed from night to noon that Hilma might have a longer time, and the dear girl took as much pains for the housemaid as she would have done for an honored guest. Do you wonder that the grateful maid in her broken English said, "I am so glad that Miss Dorothy would go with me," and the emphasis upon the words "would" and "me" expressed her appreciation of the courtesy.

I well remember an incident which occurred in my own family. My boy was about eight years old and beginning to assert himself, as mothers know boys will. I had a new cook, and the little fellow in my absence went into the kitchen and ordered her to do something for him, and was really very disrespectful to her. When I learned of the matter, I required him at once to go to Christine, beg pardon and promise future good conduct, and I shall never forget the girl's

look of surprise. Some months afterward I learned that Christine had left her former mistress because she could not get along with the children, and came to me with fear and trembling because there were children in the house. We often hear it said, "I cannot keep my servant, she does not like children." May it not be that it is as much the fault of the children as of the servant?

Heavenly Helpers.

Thick starred as is the sky at night with golden shining lamps, the Word of God glows with its stories of angel ministries. In the dim days, when as yet there was no open vision, these messengers of our King came and went, serene and unhurried, rebuking, sustaining, revealing, consoling, and always bringing a breath of heaven to earth, always showing how intimate and tender the relation between here and beyond, always proving how constant in the mind of God is the thought of His children, over whom He giveth His angels charge.

Should we go through the Bible, selecting and setting by themselves the passages wherein allusion is made to the angels and their errands, we should have a beautiful book of selections full of inspiration and encouragement for ourselves, in this time when we do not take the comfort we might from the knowledge of our Father's care, when we shut the angels out of our modern glaring day, and think of them as poetic beings, or beings above us of another order, but not as of God's continual errand-bringers, yet attending on us who dwell below and have need of their help. We lose much by our opacity and slowness of belief in this matter, for, to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear,

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

It may be objected by those who take a literal view of all experience, and who hesitate to accept what they cannot at once weigh in the scales, analyze, define and classify, that we, at this period, neither realize nor expect angelic help. Perhaps not, regarded from the standpoint of those who appreciate only the tangible, and demand full rounded and concrete facts at every step. On the other hand, who of us has not had to deal with moods of depression, when an unseen and impalpable, yet terribly strong enemy bore us down, when out of the fog and



YOUNG DEFENDERS.

"Fall into line, fellows, forward, march!"
The captain speaks, and the lads obey;
The men who will carry the nation's flag,
Who will vote, and work, and never lag,
Are our boys who are now at play.

the mist of thought and imagination came suggestions and whispers and voices which made us cry to our Father for relief from the torments of the adversary? We are compelled to battle with the prince of the powers of the air, with many and incessant forms of temptation, and in the conflict we require, and I think we receive, as the saints of old did, actual assistance from those who are always sent to "minister unto them who shall be heirs of salvation."

Often, too, in those hours of poignant anguish when the solid ground quakes under our feet, as our best beloved are taken from us, may it not be that some of those who ever stand waiting to carry consolation where it is needed cross our thresholds and uplift our fainting heads? Sometimes, too, in lesser moments, when the indiscreet or angry word is hushed before it reaches our lips; often in our times of temptation, when we are almost ready to yield but are suddenly and strongly helped to resist, so that we feel as if re-enforcements had reached the field; again, in our life with our little children, where we need so much tact and wisdom and gentleness, may we not thank God for the coming of his angels?

"I was about to do thus," said a friend, describing an occasion which might have been disastrous but was saved by prompt action, "when all at once I was aware of a strong inward compulsion, as of a hand holding me back. I obeyed the invisible touch, and I have been grateful ever since."

We are ourselves supernatural beings, living in tents of clay, but aware of powers which transcend space and time, and conscious of an immortality caught from the divine nature which enfolds us and to which we belong. For, beloved, though it doth not yet appear what we shall be, yet now are we the sons of God. In the calm of our quiet resting on our Heavenly Father, let us take whatever he gives us, confident that among other hallowed gifts is the ministration of his angelic host.

Just here is room for another and very practical thought, pertinent to every one, and quite readily applicable to those who do not fully enjoy, in literalness, the benediction of belief in God's ever coming and going angel servants. Faber crystallizes it in half a stanza:

We are not angels but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

No one is denied the privilege of engaging, so far as man or woman may, in work befitting the angels. To enlighten those who are ignorant, to sympathize with the joyful or the sorrowing, to share a brother's load, to strew flowers where else would be barrenness, to speak words of love and kindness everywhere, this is to do the work of the angels, and this may be your lot and mine.

Beginning the Day Well.

More unhappiness is caused by fits of the blues than by any other single occasion in our daily life. People rise from their beds not feeling quite well, or quite rested and they give way to impatience. We have no right to inflict our bad weather on other people. There is always blue sky somewhere, and our Father is watching over us, and we must be brave and cheery.

Breakfast is the foundation-stone of the day's edifice. In a family where this is a cheerful meal, with everybody at the table promptly, the work of the house gets a good start, nothing falls into arrears, and the mother and maids are not all day struggling to make up a lost half hour which eluded them in the early morning.

On the other hand, there are people who simply cannot eat an early breakfast with the least relish. They are not hungry in the morning. Delicate children, old people, nervous invalids are not able to eat until appetite has been whetted by waiting, and if they are compelled by an iron system to rise before they have finished their sleep, to dress and appear at the table at a fixed hour, they are made uncomfortable, and their day is not well begun. One hardly knows what to say about this much-mooted breakfast question. For some weeks I have been staying in a well-ordered family where the breakfast bell rings at half-past six, and the household, a large one, is promptly at the table. This is necessary when several of the gentlemen must catch a train, and ride thirty miles to reach their business in town. After a little, the early breakfast, even to one accustomed to the leisurely ways of a home where early rising is not obligatory, and nobody is pressed or hurried in the morning, becomes a pleasant experience, particularly as it gives one hours for reading or writing or driving or walking, a splendid long morning, which brings one to move with an agreeable sense of "something accomplished, something done."

But the breakfast question should not be arbitrarily settled. It is an easy matter, where people are not obliged to go out, and prefer to have their morning nap unbroken, to save their breakfast until they are ready for it, and if they are sensible persons, they will not feel it a hardship to wait on themselves. A cereal can be set back on the range, an egg is easily boiled, coffee can be freshly made with very little trouble, and, as a rule, the late comer does not wish for the hearty breakfast of chops, steak, potatoes, etc., which the business man may require as a basis for his day's work, or the growing boy, with his phenomenal capacity in the matter of food, may find quite appropriate before he goes to school. Breakfast ethics, however, should be maintained on a high plane. If ever we are to repress irritability, to be gentle, sweet and perfectly courteous, we must be so in the

morning. The mother's mood is repeated in the children. The father's cheerfulness sets the melody of the day. More and more I am learning to believe that the sin of sins in home life is crossness. We have no right to inflict our moods on other people; no right to indulge our tempers in expressions of fretfulness, no right to be cross or difficult. If it ever comes over us that we are growing uneven and hard to live with, and perhaps unreasonable and crotchety, let us guard the door at that point. We must be amiable if we would be Christian.

On the tombstone of a mother, in a New England graveyard, there is this inscription following name and date: "She was so pleasant." Could there be a lovelier epitaph?

Tranquillity Under Trials.

Amid all our perturbations and agitations the old promise holds good in the experience of those who live daily by the word of our God, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." Many are the temptations which come to us from without and from within to discount the promises and to take with reservations of our own the literal words of the Lord as given us in the Bible. But when we have the gift of the childlike heart, the utter unquestioning confidence of the little ones at our knees, we do not ask doubtingly or explain anything by human reason; we simply reach out the hand and take the bounty offered, and the name of that bounty is perfect peace. "My peace," said our dear Lord, "I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

One of the commonest causes of lack of peace in this world is insufficiency of income. The householder whose expenses, without fault of his own, have increased, while his salary or his profits have lessened in the same proportion, finds the cup at his lips very bitter, and is apt to think scornfully of those who can be acquiescent in such a state of affairs. Often he not only works harder and retrenches more, which is all right, but also frets and worries and wears himself out, which is all wrong. The gift of perfect peace is not intended by the Lord to accompany only riches and ease and plenty. It is meant for the woman with a houseful of small children to support, for the man who is growing old and infirm, for the citizen whose taxes are a weary burden, for the farmer with the menace of the mortgage that may be foreclosed. In every circumstance, in every conjunction of adverse conditions, there is one rule: Pray without ceasing, do your very best and wait God's leadings in perfect peace. With the sea before them and the Egyptians at their back the word of the Almighty Jehovah to Moses was, "Say unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." God is always strong enough

to supplement our weakness, and "when He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

Another very natural provocation to restless anxiety is in our proper ambition and thoughtful forecast for our children. Many a Christian lies awake at night wearily meditating on the future of sons and daughters for whom he would give his life, so dearly he loves them. How will they turn out, what provision can he make for them, will they marry to advantage, or wreck their prospects by some undesirable connection, will their choice of a profession be wise, will this be, or shall that occur, and the parent grows wan and ages early in a solicitude which actually incapacitates him for enjoying the children while he has them under his care. I have seen the mother of a lovely little boy of five greatly disturbed over his probable career at college, certainly a dozen years off. We all know how deep the grief and sorrow may be over a false step made by a child, not a criminal step, but simply an error of judgment. In every such case, if the right relation be maintained between the Master above and the disciple below, there will be a cessation of strife and fear and a realization of peace. "Thy peace shall be like a river."

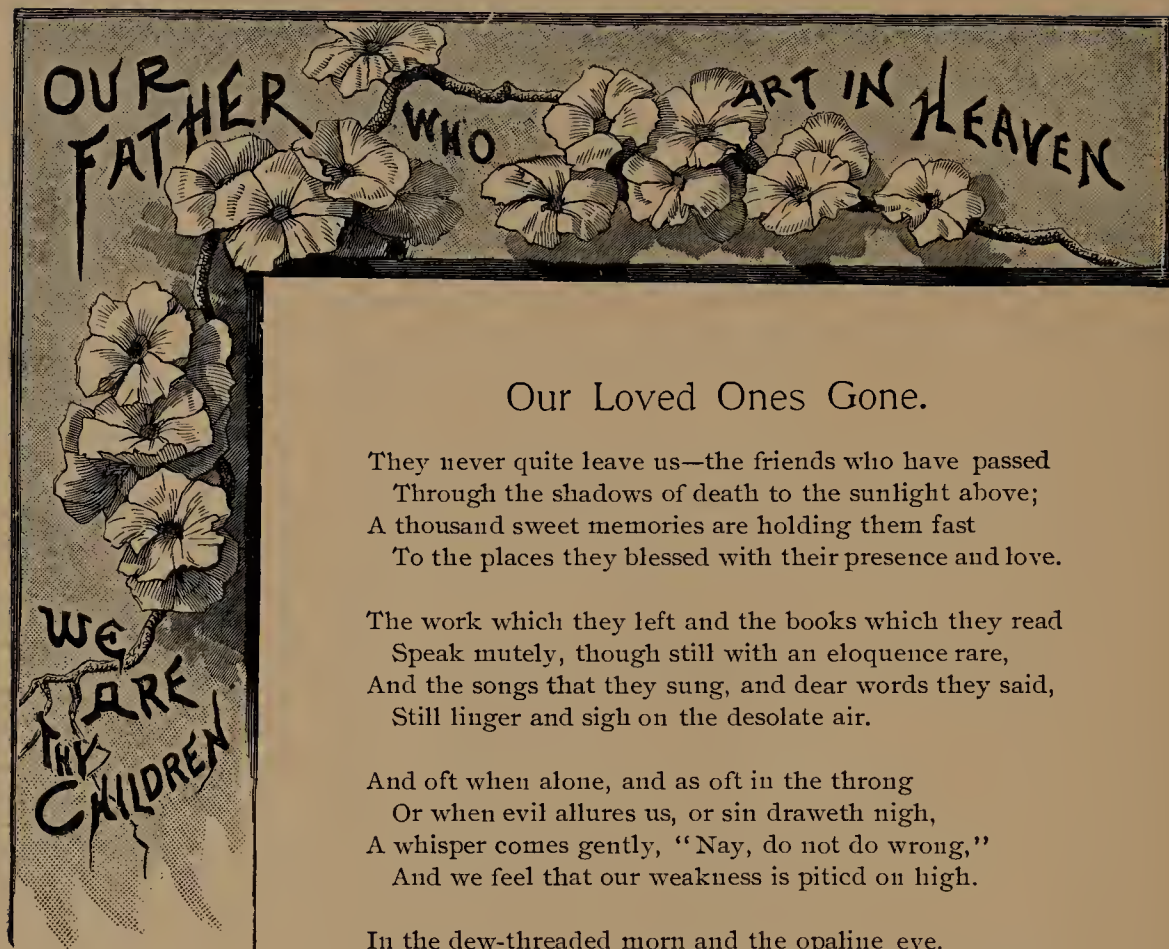
Living with the uncongenial is another fruitful occasion of annoyance and querulous unrest. Shall serenity be ours when we dwell in the house with a kinswoman or a neighbor whose "ways" are incessantly irritating, whose point of view is as opposite to ours as pole to pole, whose presence ruffles us, and whose contrariness (it is always hers, not ever ours) is something beyond description? Yes, if we take the daily discipline as our Father's gift we shall find sweetness in the most thorny rose, and day by day peace will be our portion.

So, too, in sorrow. "There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently adversities, troubles and sicknesses. For He himself went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain; He entered not into His glory before He was crucified. So truly our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ."

If this be our creed, can we ever fail to have peace?

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."



Our Loved Ones Gone.

They never quite leave us—the friends who have passed
Through the shadows of death to the sunlight above;
A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast
To the places they blessed with their presence and love.

The work which they left and the books which they read
Speak mutely, though still with an eloquence rare,
And the songs that they sung, and dear words they said,
Still linger and sigh on the desolate air.

And oft when alone, and as oft in the throng
Or when evil allures us, or sin draweth nigh,
A whisper comes gently, "Nay, do not do wrong,"
And we feel that our weakness is pitied on high.

In the dew-threaded morn and the opaline eve,
When the children are merry, or crimsoned with sleep,
We are comforted, even as lonely we grieve,
For the thought of their rapture forbids us to weep.

We toil at our task in the burden and heat
Of life's passionate noon. They are folded in peace.
It is well. We rejoice that their heaven is sweet,
And one day for us all the bitter will cease.

We, too, will go home o'er the river of rest
As the strong and the lovely before us have gone.
Our sun will go down in the beautiful west,
To rise in the glory that circles the throne.

Until then we are bound by our love and our faith
To the saints who are walking in Paradise fair;
They have passed beyond sight, at the touching of death,
But they live like ourselves, in God's infinite care.



